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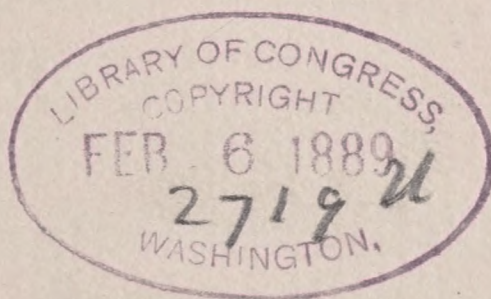
FOURFOLD

BY

MRS. NATHANIEL CONKLIN

(JENNIE M. DRINKWATER)

“If children, then heirs”



NEW YORK

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS

530 BROADWAY

1889

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FOURFOLD.

I.

AMONG THE MORNING GLORIES.

“A being, breathing thoughtful breath.”

“I HAVEN’T an *idea*,” emphasized Marigold, the sweet fretfulness in her voice more fretful and less sweet than usual.

“About what—this time?” questioned Tanzy, whose voice could not hold one strain of fretfulness; like herself it was wholesome.

Marigold said it was queer about Tanzy, but she always knew what to do next.

“About anything—this time.”

“That’s the song you are always singing. I’d get an idea and keep it, simply to be uncharacteristic.”

“You might tell me, simply to be uncharacteristic.”

“You are a year and a half older,” retorted Tanzy, with assumed meekness.

“I am not two years older than father and mother, and they never know what I want next,” retorted Marigold, not meekly, “and you always know, and you are cross and will not say.”

The sweetness was still tangled in among the chords of fretfulness ; the queer thing about Marigold, was that she could be so sweet and so fretful in the same breath.

Her lips were sweet, even when they pouted, as they were pouting at this moment ; Tanzy had told her, warningly, that she came into the world sweet, but if she didn't take care she would go out of it sour ; it was the sweet things that did turn sour.

“It's shameful to speak so of father and mother,” rebuked Tanzy, coloring high with anger ; “you ought to be ashamed of yourself.”

“I am not, and it's true,” pouted Marigold, flushing, but with less feeling.

“Perhaps it is just as true that you do not help them,” said Tanzy, with her rebukeful air ; “daughters are made to help fathers and mothers, after they are grown up.”

“Who’s grown up, the fathers and mothers?” with a tantalizing laugh.

“I wouldn’t want to stay in this world just to be helped; I’d be the one to help, or give it up,” said Tanzy, spiritedly, not noticing the repartee.

Lifting her arms, Marigold wound them about the post against which she was leaning, and caught her fingers in the morning-glory vines. Dropping her head against a purple cluster, she said wearily, “I’ve given up, then. I don’t see any fun or any good in living, anyway.”

“Neither do I—of living any way, and that’s why I am going to try some other way.”

“O, Tanzy,” loosening her arms, and lifting her head, “*are* you going to find some new thing to do? Will you dare ask papa?”

“I shall, whether I dare or not.”

“When? To-day? He never stays angry long with you.”

“It will come out of itself—when it can’t be kept in any longer. When I told him yesterday that I was twenty-one, he said that he could not think of anything to do for me, or give me; that he had given all. It nearly broke my heart. I told him that I wanted to do it for myself. I only

wanted *natural* things. And he did not understand. And poor mamma looked so uncomprehending. She said every girl did not inherit her great-grandfather's money on her twenty-first birthday; and I said I liked better as many thousand daisies. Papa said that showed my taste for natural things, and there it ended—as it always does. What has your birthday inheritance done for you? You had it first, and you have not done one new thing.”

“No,” said Marigold, in her manner of childish helplessness, “there was nothing new to have or do.”

“If there isn't, then I want to go to heaven,” answered the younger sister, decidedly.

“O, Tanzy, you don't want to die!” with a cry of dismay.

Tanzy said dreadful things, but she had never said anything as dreadful as this before.

“Perhaps I wan't to live, then, and have that other world come to me. If we have had all, what is the use of staying here any longer?”

“Here? At Daisy Fields?”

“No; here in this dull, empty, full world, where you get tired of the things money buys; where you have nothing to do but to be happy. Papa has

told me about that until I am so tired of being happy, that I want to be unhappy for a change. Mamma always says she is happy, and so she is, or looks so ; but she has a happy disposition, and doesn't get tired of the old things. For years I have said that when I was twenty-one, I could do as I liked to do ; but I have been twenty-one a month and three days, and the old ways go on."

Marigold gradually sank back into her old position ; Tanzy was standing upright, clasping and unclasping her hands.

"Nobody's life is a success, I read this morning, so I do not see how ours can be. Perhaps that 'rare, pale Margaret' is as tired of things as we are," said Marigold.

"No, she is not. She is not tired of anything. She is as fresh as a bird ; I believe it is she who makes me more discontented than ever. I want to be as free as she is. I believe she can go to walk or drive or go out and find people, or ask people to come without having to ask, or give an account of it. And she is not older than we are. Papa thinks our life counts for nothing, and we have lived and had experience these twenty years."

In Tanzy's tone the years were prolonged to

more than the one score, and the 'experience' signified a life time.

Marigold did not look as though she had lived and had experience these twenty years; when the frown smoothed itself out, and her eyes twinkled, and her lips parted over her pretty teeth, her face in its round, fair girlishness, was as fresh as at sixteen. She had "hated" to look at herself ever since she first learned that her forehead and cheeks were freckled (and even the tips of her ears) and that her hair was not black like Tanzy's, but red and yellow. She loved Tanzy's black hair and clear skin, and when she was seven years old had been discovered by nurse with the contents of a bottle of shoe polish streaming from the crown of her red head down over her white dress, in a premeditated and determined effort to make black hair like Tanzy's. She was named Helen for her mother, but her father had called her Marigold in honor of her pretty, babyish locks, and then continued it for love of it, and to distinguish her name from her mother's name, which was hourly on his lips. The second baby girl, in her third summer, which was passed at Daisy Fields, had shown such a fondness for a green herb that nurse found growing near the ruins of an old house,

that she had it to hold and trot around with, from morning till night, and would cry when it was taken from her, and put out her hand on awaking from sleep to find it. At first in playfulness, her father began to call her Tanzy, then nurse and mamma and little sister took it up. Before she was four years old, her acknowledged name, Louise, seemed to have passed entirely out of the household calendar, and Marigold and Tanzy became the children's names.

"Helen" and "Louise" were written upon the first page of their childish copy-books, but Marigold and Tanzy were a part of themselves.

Marigold was taken by strangers to be the younger sister; no one had ever mistaken them for twins; Tanzy was believed to be at least two years the senior.

Tanzy felt old, and believed that she looked old; her life had been so long and lived in so many places.

Marigold did not hold on to things and grow old as she did. An English lady, who met the family in Switzerland, in speaking to her friends of the Hendersons, that "interesting and unusual American family," said that Tanzy was the oldest of the

family, older, even, than her father and mother.

The mother, like Marigold, never held on to anything; each day brought something worth living for and being happy about—with this difference, that Marigold was capable of being awakened and finding out that she was hungry, and hungry for something better than anything that had been given to her. The mother had lived eighteen years longer than Marigold, but she had not had “experience.”

She said she had not had a trouble in her life; that is, nothing that she could not go to sleep and forget.

The father, who had lived twenty-two years longer than Marigold, had not seemed to have “experience;” if he had he kept it to himself. The current of family life would have run on as sparkling and clear as a brook in the sunlight, but for Tanzy. But for Tanzy and her twenty-first birthday.

Tanzy had rebelled and demanded a freedom that her father was not ready to grant. She did not ask that she might spend her money; she simply wished to spend herself.

“I wish I hadn’t,” was Marigold’s response to her sister’s last remark. “I wish I could be born over

and begin again. I'd travel the world over to find some one to tell me how."

"We never found any one," said Tanzy, "and we've travelled since I was seven years old."

"We never asked."

"I've seen people that looked as though they knew. I believe Margaret knows. And I am sure her mother does."

"Much good they do us," frowned Marigold.

"I asked papa yesterday if we might call, and he told me not to speak of it again," said Tanzy. "I shall speak of it again. I shall speak again of everything I wish to do."

Marigold's face was a picture of delight.

Her strongest faith was in her sister.

With a laugh, Tanzy sprang forward, and snatched into her arms the kitten basking on the door-stone. The kitten was a shining black, with a pure white vest, and a cunning white head, with a black spot on its saucy nose. Tanzy had coaxed it away from the stable, and three times daily poured cream into a decorated saucer, and gave "Baby" breakfast, dinner, and supper out upon the back porch.

Framed by the morning-glories, Tanzy stood

upon the low door-stone, holding Baby close to her cheek, her lips pressed into the soft fur; her short plaid skirt of brown and blue scarcely reaching to the tops of her walking-boots, a rim of red stocking appearing above the boot-top. A half-worn basque of red cloth finished the upper part of her girlish attire. The sleeves were pushed away from her plump wrists; the red collar, unfastening itself, had fallen back from the warm flesh tint of the full throat; her tumbled hair was coiled loosely upon the top of her shapely head. The mischievous gleam in the dark gray of her eyes gave way to deepest seriousness, as she kept her face hidden close to the black fur.

She had arrayed herself for a tramp in the woods, and had reached the kitchen porch on her way to the garden gate, where she found Marigold, confiding her fretfulness to the morning-glories.

“I can’t go with you, Tan. I told papa I’d read ‘Percy’s Reliques’ with him this morning. I’d rather go in the woods. But he told me how Sir Walter Scott read Percy under an oriental plane tree in a Scotch garden, when he was thirteen, and it made him a poet. He was thirteen, and I am years older, and I haven’t read him yet. Poor

papa ! What a medley the education of his two girls is ! Tanzy, wouldn't it be dreadful if papa should be disappointed in us ? You know, with his invalidism, he hasn't anything else in the world to live for."

"I shouldn't think he would be disappointed as we are now. He shall not be, if he will let go of me."

The half sob was muffled in the soft fur.

"He will never do that. He says he never will."

"Then he will have two dreary nonentities to be the stay of his declining years, that's all," laughed Tanzy, setting Baby down in the sunshine.

II.

IN THE LAND OF WISHES.

“Hope rules a land forever green.”

“I AM glad father and mother have me,” Tanzy had had occasion to think many times in her thoughtful life ; but her loyal heart had never made occasion to put it into words.

Before she was twelve years old she felt, without knowing how she felt it, that her father, loving and indulgent as he was, was different from the other fathers that she saw every where ; she remembered the first time that the feeling came to her. They were in a big, lonesome, crowded hotel in Washington, and an English girl was starting off for church with her father ; *she* never went to church with her father,—and this father was so straight and strong and tall, but that was not the difference ; the difference was in something she could not define ; she remembered that Marigold found her crying, and she could not tell what for.

And her mother was not like other mothers ; she petted and kissed her children and then sent them away to nurse ; she was proud of their health and beauty and pretty speeches, but she never taught them anything, and never knew how to answer their questions.

As she grew up she began to feel that if she might only have been the mother of her father and mother, some things in their lives would not have been as they so sadly were.

This father and mother had never once thought that the life that contented them, was not wide enough and deep enough for two growing girls ; they were sure they were devoted to their children, that they were giving their lives to them ; and they expected the same untiring devotion in return. Beside each other, their children were their only real object in life.

In winter, all that Ernest Henderson asked of his present state of existence, was a climate cool enough for an evening fire, and warm enough for an afternoon drive without an overcoat ; any book he cared to read at hand, his wife not far away to do his bidding, his daughters within range of his watchful eye ; in summer, shade and coolness, his wife and daugh-

ters, his books, with always the knowledge that any hour of the day he might toss aside his book, speak the word of command to his family, and start for any quarter of the globe whither impulse prompted.

All that Helen Henderson asked of life, and this present life was the only existence she ever thought about; was her husband's favor, the presence of her girls, rather, perhaps, to know that no harm was befalling them, her afternoon nap, her dinner, and her fancy work. She did not dislike the constant travelling, and never resisted her husband's will, or considered any sudden and unreasonable change a whim.

The pity of it was that both were born rich and ease-loving. He lost his father before he could speak, and she was early orphaned.

They were cousins, and had played together on the wide lawn at Daisy Fields since he could remember. After they grew older, his books and her fancy-work were always strewed together over the same table. When he could not find his book, it was hidden away under something that belonged to her. When her wool, or silk, or paint-brush was missing, it was sure to be found among his

books. Having been injured by a runaway horse in his tenth year, he became delicate, and was never afterwards sent to school. She begged to study at home with him, and thereafter a governess was installed. Her tears fell upon book and slate. She could never remember dates or learn the difference between numerator and denominator. The governess told her grandfather that Miss Helen had no brain for study ; but she had a taste for fancy-work and drawing, and he might better educate her fingers.

The day she was seventeen, he decided to send her to boarding-school. She was a pretty, stupid little thing, and, with her cousin, the heir to his fortune. She must, at least, learn how to write a letter and compute interest.

The cousins were late in the school-room that afternoon that she was seventeen—the school-room fire being still the gathering-place.

The next morning, his mother being ill in her own chamber, and grandfather writing in his study, they had another talk over the school-room fire.

The conclusion of it was that grandfather was disturbed, and Ernest and Helen stood before

him—she trembling from head to foot, and hiding her face in her handkerchief, and he taller and braver than he had ever been in his life.

He was five feet and four inches in height, and her yellow head reached his shoulder; neither weighed one hundred pounds.

The little cousins and playmates and devoted friends had come to grandfather's study to beg that the boarding-school decree might be revoked, and that, instead, they might be married.

"I am twenty-one to-day," he announced, throwing back his head.

Grandfather lifted his head, and looked at them.

In the awful silence Helen clung to Ernest, and burst into frightened tears.

"We can't live without each other, grandfather," she sobbed.

"Go away," he answered, sternly. "Ernest, I will talk to your mother."

The next month they were married. Grandfather had said it was a sure way to keep the money in the family.

Before Marigold was born, his mother died; and when Tanzy was five years old, grandfather

died, bequeathing, in a will made one summer morning after a sleepless night, to each little great-granddaughter the sum of twenty thousand dollars, of which they were to become possessed upon their twenty-first birthday, the interest to remain until that time untouched.

For a year after the old man's death, their home was at Daisy Fields, and then Ernest, who had not been like his own careless, good-humored self since the day of the funeral, in one of his fits of restlessness, told his wife that he hated Daisy Fields, that they had never seen the world, and now was the time to see it; after this they were at home only when the mood seized him. His wife sighed secretly for rest and quiet, and in all the world they had seen, Daisy Fields was the place the girls held dearest.

“East, West,
Home's best,”

was often on Tanzy's lips. Nurse had been with them since Marigold's birth; both the girls had promised her a pension when they should no longer need her care.

“But we shall always need you,” Marigold had added.

With her basket and broad straw hat, Tanzy went out the garden gate, across the fields, and up the slope to the woods. Marigold, with her eyes alight and hope singing in her heart, kept her engagement with her father. She found him on his lounge in the darkened sitting-room, with the book that made Sir Walter Scott a poet, open in his hand. Sitting beside him, as he drew himself upright, she nestled her head on his shoulder and immediately began to read aloud.

From her chair in the bay window, the mother glanced across to the poetry lovers and smiled at the picture they made; the father's dark cheek was resting against the girl's red gold head; he was as dark as a Spaniard and she as fair as any Saxon maiden. His long black beard and heavy moustache lent a fierceness to the face that was contradicted by one look into the large, wistful, pathetic eyes.

He was a restless being, never quiet unless absorbed in one of his absorbing books; when in the humor, haranguing his limited audience upon any subject that he chanced to be interested in, and, at intervals, wrapping himself in silence day after day, only the light touch of his hand, or an unsought kiss

betokening that he was not grievously offended with some of his "own."

"My Own" was one of his many pet names for his wife and daughters.

Papa had his moods. Sometimes even venturesome Tanzy dared not speak to him; but mamma never had moods, she never had anything that troubled anybody; it was not what this mother was, so much as what she was not that made the difference to her girls.

"Papa is such a lovely Christian," she said to them that morning, in her worshipful tone.

Marigold assented somewhat uncertainly, and frank Tanzy assented not at all.

Ernest Henderson believed that he acquiesced in the will of God, so far as he was aware. The will of God never crossed his purposes. It had taken his mother, but not before it had given him his wife. His mother had humored and spoiled him, but she was quick-tempered and unjust, and he had never loved her as he loved his small cousin. The will of God had permitted his accident, and taken his health; but that was years ago, and he had forgotten that he missed physical energy. The will of God had taken his grandfather, but his grand-

father was stern, and he was afraid of him, and impatient of his rule. The will of God had given him more money than he cared to use, if not more than he cared to hoard. It had given him riches with his wife. His children were abundantly provided for. The will of God had given him children, beautiful and strong, obedient and very loving. He told his wife that he revered and loved this beneficent Will. That he had no desire to change it by any prayer of his own. "Happy in my lot," was the motto of his life. The words in Latin were scribbled in many of his books. His days were so filled with ease and plenty that he had never to give a thought for anything provided. His check had hitherto answered every demand. For the future he had no more need of carefulness than for the abundant present. The birds in their nests were no more trustful than he. Could any but an ingrate rebel against such a kindly Will?

His wife's blue eyes swam in tears as she listened. It was always so beautiful to hear Ernest talk. Had she thought about herself at all, she would have said that she felt as he did, and loved the Will he loved; but she did not think at all—she did not know how to think. In all her life she

had never been anything but sweet, and stupid, and loving.

“That sounds very musical,” she said, as Marigold read.

When the girls grew up, and began to read aloud to their father, she was fretted with the interruption; but she had learned to love the sound of their voices, while she did not follow the words.

The stories she was interested in—particularly the more sensational ones—but the poems were merely pretty sounding words, uttered by familiar voices.

“Mamma, what do you think?” was a question her daughters had learned not to ask.

“I don’t know, dear; judge for yourself,” had wearied them with its endless repetition.

Marigold read her father to sleep—he was always begging to be read to sleep; and Tanzy, bending over mosses and discovering tufts of new ferns, was forgetting for the hour that she was discontented. She was pondering anew words that her father had spoken that morning at breakfast, words that she was weary of (she did not like to acknowledge, even by herself in the woods, that she was weary of papa’s talk), but she was heart-sick of his boast, given with

the appearance of modest self-confidence, that his grandfather had not been inside a church, except for music and the study of architecture, for half a century, and that he was his worthy successor; that his grandfather's life had been full of the good things of this world, without any appeal to the Divine Mercy; that he had not set his judgment in array against Infinite Wisdom, and that he had been gathered to his fathers in a good old age, leaving behind him, wealth for his children's children; and what was he, that his grandfather's prosperity should not satisfy him? What more could the All Powerful ask, than perfect submission to his infinite power? Why were any form of words necessary to the heart that beat ever in gratitude and in tenderest compassion and goodwill towards its fellows?

That might be very beautiful, and it might be wise and best; but with her heart aching with its overfulness of throbbing hopes and wishes and yearnings, she knew she was not satisfied, and the disappointment had opened her lips, although she had tried to keep them shut.

Her father told her she was rebellious, and she had retorted that she was glad she was, for rebels gained something by rebellion.

But alone, in the solemn woods, her tears dropped slowly and with real penitence, for she would not rebel against the One who had fashioned that tiniest flower in the heart of the moss; for how loving and gentle he must be to care to do such a little thing as that? For her, perhaps, for no one else had ever stooped to touch it. If he would only care for her to speak to him, she would love to thank him for that moist green life that he had thought about; and, if it were not rebelling against his choice for her, she would love to ask him to change her own life into something that would reach out into different things. The people in the cottage over the way, —Mrs. Kenderdine, and Margaret and Mark—nurse had learned their names, were living in a different world, as different as though it were in Mars or Venus. It was a world where sacrificing one's self seemed to make one joyful; for Margaret's father had brought her home with her ailing mother from India, and left them, and gone back alone; and the mother would die and never see him again, and she bravely urged him go when she knew what the end would be. That was too hard for her to do, but she was glad that somebody was heroic enough; nurse said Mrs. Kenderdine laughed like any one else, and

Margaret was as bright and pretty as any other girl, even if they did have such "heathenish notions"; they might as well throw themselves into the Ganges at once.

But nurse could not appreciate heroism; papa spoke with a pitying contempt of the father and husband who would desert wife and daughter, and mamma said it was "too dreadful to think about," and she was thankful papa hadn't such ideas. Marigold said it would do for poetry, but she would have such things in real life; such sacrifices would make one brave and strong.

That was her idea of being a Christian. That was like Christ, of whom she knew only that he had given himself for the world and died—how that life and death benefitted the world she had but a dim idea; he must have been nearest what God is of any human being; perhaps that was why people who wanted to be unselfish and true, called themselves after his name: Christians.

Papa had taken a Bible she found among his books away from her, saying she was not old enough to understand it, and he had forbidden nurse, when they were little, to teach them her "religious ideas"; all the truth and purity she needed would

come to her in the air and sunshine, he said to her yesterday; all she had to do was to obey him and read nothing he forbade, and give herself up to the sweet influences of nature; she was born into the world pure and sweet, and everything was given ready made, for her growth and pleasure.

It must be that she was "rebellious"; she was not sweet; if she had been made sweet, she had unmade herself; and she would rather die here in the woods and be covered up with the dead leaves, than go home and go on as she had done all her life, and be like mamma, and not know or care about anything outside in the world, and never be any nearer to the One who gave her everything, and never be strong and brave and full of service like her ideal of Margaret.

A girl they met in Rome had told her she always prayed to Christ, and she knew he heard her, and answered her; she died afterward of the Roman fever, and sent a message to "Marigold and Tanzy"—beseeching them to read the New Testament. The little note was one of her treasures; but she had not read the New Testament. Papa said the appeal was very pretty and poetical, and befitting a girl of such a susceptible and adoring nature. He

had covered it with words—he covered everything with words, and there it ended. Margaret must be like that girl in Rome; she wished she might ask her if she prayed to Christ. But unless he heard and answered, might she not as well fall down before that bleeding head that haunted her so long after she stood before the painting in Florence?

If she prayed, she *must* have an answer.

Would He approve papa's teaching?

She would tell papa that she must have a New Testament. She was surely "old enough" now to read it. If this were her grandfather's—her great-grandfather's—influence, she would rather give him back his money than be fettered by his life. Why could not papa *find out* if his grandfather's way was the best way? Did not Mark Kenderdine believe as his cousin believed?

With no brother, and no boy cousin, Tanzy envied the girl over the way. The tall cousin who took walks with her, who shelled peas on the piazza with her, who stood at the piano and sung with her, and who read aloud evening after evening. It must be splendid to have somebody laugh at you, and love you, and know more than you, and help you; somebody that you need not obey unless

you pleased, somebody that you might even quarrel with, like your sister—and yet not be your sister, nor your father; and with the delicious certainty, or uncertainty, that some day he might love you better than either.

Tanzy's eyes might not have grown wise and wistful at the thought of Mark Kenderdine, as girls' eyes will grow in their innocent day-dreams, had she heard him say to his aunt that morning: "Auntie, why don't you cultivate those two pretty heathens over the way? You wouldn't find two girls with much less right teaching among your caste girls. Mrs. Lancaster told me all she knows about them and their ancestry, when Margaret and I called last night. Their father is a Nothingarian and their mother a Nonenity. The girls are bright, notwithstanding, and have some life and energy, with all the parental pressure. This place they call Daisy Fields—the name is on one of the posts at the entrance. They like the old fashion of it, and come back to it as lambs come back to the fold at night. She says they have been all over America, and Europe, and into Asia and Africa; and the girls have teachers when they winter or summer in a place. An old grandfather is at the

bottom of the depravity, with his teachings, his example, and his money. The girls are kept down like children in the nursery, and are not allowed to make friends in the village, or even to return calls. Mrs. Henderson has never called on the Lancasters, but she is not to be counted on. She's only her husband's plaything, and the girls are his obedient subjects. She says he is afraid of fortune-hunters—the girls will inherit a good-sized fortune, so he keeps them inside of the garden-wall. I don't know how he manages when he has them on the wing; keeps a string to each of his wrists, I suppose, and brings them down if they flutter above his head. They are both over twenty, too, and rather inclined to assert their womanly independence, Mrs. Lancaster suspects. I wish Margaret could be friendly with them. I'd like to see what they are made of. Do you know, I believe they are the girls Uncle Mark noticed with their father in the British Museum. He described the father, and you do not see his like every day. Uncle Mark measured him with the eye of a physician, and he said what Mrs. Lancaster suspects "——

The young man bent over and spoke a few words in a lower key.

“Poor things,” exclaimed Mrs. Kenderdine, compassionately.

Tanzy, with her splendid health, her youth, her beauty, and with every desire gratified that her father’s wealth and will could gratify, would have lifted her proud head in unfeigned surprise, had she overheard the compassion of Mrs. Kenderdine’s reply ; but the proud head would have drooped in utter shame had she learned what “Uncle Mark” had divined of the father talking to his girls in the British Museum, and what Mrs. Lancaster, another over-the-way neighbor, suspected.

A few years ago, it would have hurt her less, to lose her love for her father than to lose her faith in him ; when she was weary of him, it was because she herself was wrong ; when she did not love to obey him, it was her own disloyalty ; but, of late, a pity was creeping into her love, her admiration was not as open and warm ; one of her acknowledged reasons for being ever at his side, was to keep him from the humiliation of learning the bitterness and disappointment of his own life.

“He can’t begin again,” she had told herself, “and it might kill him to find it out too late.”

How she was finding it out she could not have

told you. She knew that corner cabinet held a secret, but she had not dared to wonder what it might be; she knew, also, that with her great-grandfather's memory, was connected some sorrow to her father, and with that, how could he begin again?

Digging with her bare, strong fingers at the root of the moss, her thoughts roved to the cottage over the way; Mark Kenderdine was to her, like a hero in a book, he was hardly more real, for she did not look forward to speaking to him; she thought she would like to be the invisible fourth on their piazza, or in that small, pretty parlor that she had had peeps of; she would like to know what they loved best to talk about; she was curious to live awhile in their unfamiliar world.

They were somebody to watch; all her life she had watched people; it was her way and Marigold's of making friends; she liked to weave stories out of the little she saw, and the much she imagined, and tell the stories to Marigold.

Her story about Mark was that he was high-spirited, with rare self-control; a fine, sympathetic nature, and great daring, making him a treasure as a friend; Margaret was like a violet by a mossy

stone; and in her shy way, loved him better than he knew; she hoped they would all stay long enough that she might see some ending to their story. They did not stay long enough anywhere to see the ending of anything.

Life was all tag ends, she told Marigold. She hoped some one whole thing would happen to her sometime.

Their life in a crowd, was solitary; a hotel in Paris was lonelier than Daisy Fields.

Their father had a decalogue of his own for his girls. Outside of it was danger.

The stories she told were of strangers that would ever, if her father had his will, remain strangers.

He had told her that she had few relatives, he scarcely remembered their names; they were among the poor and hard-working class; her great grandfather had made his money apart from them and acknowledged no kinship.

“This is our Real Life,” she often said to Marigold, when she began her stories, and the actual days with the tiresome round of permitted pleasures, and the barriers built higher and higher as the children grew into girlhood, and from girlhood into womanhood, were the “Unreal Life.”

When some good fairy gave them three wishes, the first would be that the unreal life might be scattered to the four winds, and the book of "Real Life" be opened and lived in from beginning to end. But in all their travels they had never met the good fairy.

Even mamma would no longer coax papa to let them "go outside the gate," as she used to do when they were little things in Switzerland.

"I will not have my life," she exclaimed with new vehemence, as she lifted her moss and fern crowded basket. "I will have something different." And then, as she pushed her way through the underbrush, the vehemence smothered itself out in the sigh. "There's no one in the world to give it to me." Before she unlatched the garden gate, another sigh was freighted with, "Perhaps the different isn't any better—and that's hardest of all. Papa says he has kept us from the danger, and given us the best."

As the gate swung shut, Marigold appeared on the porch.

"Hurry, Tan," she called, "papa wants to drive, and you must dress."

III.

AMONG THEMSELVES.

“We think caged birds sing, when, indeed, they cry.”

THE day was over. The drive of thirty miles was ended before afternoon tea at home. The girls played several duets in the long June twilight and sung several songs. Then their father asked for a game of chess, and their mother sat back and dozed with a pile of silks in her lap, and her gold thimble crowning her plump finger. She was awakened by her husband's voice speaking eagerly : “Speak first, Marigold. You are the elder. Where shall we trip off to this summer ?”

Marigold was sitting on a hassock at her mother's side, tangling her silks, and then untangling them. Tanzy had pushed the chess-board aside, leaving the chessmen for Nurse to put away, and came to a chair in the bay-window opposite her mother. Her restless fingers were clasped, to compel them to be

still. Her head was thrown back against the silk cushion her mother had fastened with ribbons to the chair to serve as head-rest, her foot, compelled into stillness, like her hands, was tapping the rug at her feet.

“I do not want to go anywhere, papa,” said Margold, glancing up into her sister’s face. “No, Mary Ann,” to the maid, who entered to light the lamps, “leave us in the moonlight. I want to stay here, papa. We have not stayed here all summer since we were little girls.”

The father, in his restless moving about, paused at her side.

““Chained to one spot,
They draw nutrition, propagate, and rot,””

he half growled.

“But the chains are the honeysuckle vines, and the daisies, and the odor of the rye and the wild grapes, and that thrush in the woods! Oh, Tan, if we could sing like that.”

“I will take you into the country, if it is country you wish. I want to take you the length of the St. Lawrence.”

“Oh, we’ve been there!” sighed Tanzy.

"I don't want rivers," added Marigold. "I want *home*. No place but this is home. Papa, we were born at Daisy Fields."

"That is no reason why we should die here. You remind me of the Greek who thought he could speak English. He said, 'Here is where Hercules used to be born,' and did not see the fun when some one asked: 'Where was he accustomed to die?'"

The girls laughed, and their mother smiled drowsily.

Marigold pushed the silk pile away, and rested her head against her mother's shoulder.

"Let's not decide anything, papa. Let's just stay here without deciding," proposed Marigold, mischievously.

"Marigold, you remind me of a definition of woman: a good idea—spoiled."

"That's what we both are," said Tanzy, in her stern young voice.

"What has spoiled you?" he inquired, as sternly.

"My life—my money—myself, perhaps."

"Your life and money," he repeated, sharply.

"Your life is shielded and safe, Louise."

“Too safe,” she answered, unafraid of the dreadful “Louise,” which was brought forth only to add authority to rebellious occasions. “I want to resist something——”

“It does not seem that your life needs to be changed to do that,” he rebuked. “O, my little Tanzy, you never used to thwart me.”

“I never used to be grown up.”

“You never had money in your own right, before; you are spoiled, indeed, if a little money has so changed you and given you airs.”

“Papa, you *will* not understand,” she sighed.

“I understand that you are twenty-one; you have thrust the glorious fact into my face daily.”

“And when mamma was twenty-one she was not held in as we are. She had two little girls; she could have a mind of her own, if she wanted one——”

“She never did. She had a husband to think for her, as you have a father. You shall mingle with people, if that is what you desire.”

“I do not know all I desire. I believe I am homesick without knowing what my home is like. I felt it when I passed that pretty white church to-day, with its doors wide open; that rude, loud singing sounded sweet, and the preacher’s voice sounded

as though he were teaching something I need to know ; something I need to know and do."

"All you need to know your father knows, and can tell you."

"When?" was the impatient question; "you have had me twenty-one years, and you have not told me."

"You have never asked me," he evaded, uneasily.

"May I read the New Testament?"

It was not a question, it was a demand.

"Why do you wish to read it?"

"Because Christ knew what to do with life—he knew what to do with his own; he will tell me what to do with mine."

"And make a fanatic of yourself!" he cried, angrily; "a pretty life we would all have of it, if you took literally the precepts of that book and followed its teachers. You would soon be thinking it wrong to eat butter on your bread; you would give away every cent you have inherited; you would give up your life to the poor and miserable—you would be as fanatical as that woman over the way. You would not think your finger nails were your own—there's enough in you of that spirit already. As soon

as you give up to a religion like that, you are no child of mine ; you may take your twenty-one years and go."

"O, papa," pleaded the soft voice of Tanzy's mother.

"You would go to hospitals and prisons, you would go among vile sinners, you would be another Sister Dora, you would preach in the open streets, you would unsex yourself ; you wouldn't use a tooth brush or wear shoes on your feet ; you would rather starve than have another starve——"

"I don't believe that," interrupted Tanzy ; "we never saw anybody do that."

"I have kept you from the knowledge of such people."

"Did you ever *see* them ?" she asked.

"No," he hesitated, "but I have read of them. That woman over the way is example enough ; in her invalid condition, she is willing for her husband to leave her and go back to the miserable heathen, and he is fool enough to go. What would you think of your father if he should desert you like that ?"

"You couldn't, papa," said Marigold.

"No, you couldn't," reiterated his wife ; "that

man is heartless and cruel. Don't let Tanzy read books about such cruel things."

"That girl we knew at Rome was not like that," said Tanzy; "she dressed as prettily as we do, and she loved pictures and music, and she bought pretty things, and she wore one diamond ring. She was so good, too; her New Testament was open on her table. It did not spoil her life."

"She had some one to keep her within bounds."

"You may trust me, I'll keep myself within bounds," promised Tanzy, proudly. "I shall buy the book the next time I go to the city."

"Read it with me, and I'll keep you within bounds." Tanzy would not promise.

He came to her side and laid his hand heavily upon her head.

"I have not had a son to defy me; will my daughter do it?"

"No sir," was the faint, quick reply.

"What will you do, then?"

"What I think is right, papa. Please let me alone, that is all. I promise you I will not do any of those things. Did Christ do them?"

"What he did is nothing to you. He was the most perfect man ever born into the world—as Jo-

sephus says,—if it be lawful to call him a man. No one can do as he did, surely not a girl like you.”

“If he were so good he must have taught the truth.”

“It cannot be taken literally; the world could not go on; how could every one sell all he had and give to the poor? You cannot go into the world and preach the gospel to every creature.”

“No, not that. But perhaps I can help. Is that why Mr. Kenderdine has gone? Is that why he has given up everything? Oh, isn’t it splendid!”

“I told you so!” cried the father, with more anger than he had hitherto spoken. “I know what you are made of. That young fellow is as daft as his uncle, and is preparing to go.”

“Who told you, papa?” asked Marigold.

Tanzy’s heart was beating a sob into her throat. And she was forbidden to know people who could do such brave things!

“Lancaster. He brought me a package from the city last night, and I asked him about our neighbors. I wanted to learn if they were safe to know. I have decided that you are not to speak to them unless you cannot avoid it without rudeness.”

“Papa,” began Tanzy again, “we are always travelling. Why is it any more harm to travel and help somebody? We give up our home every year for pleasure—only they cannot come back. I suppose they are happier to do it.”

“Enough said,” he commanded. “I trust that you will regard my wishes. I am not afraid Marigold will defy me. When shall we start for the St. Lawrence, mamma?” his tone changing to playfulness.

“Say you don’t want to go, mamma,” coaxed Marigold.

“Don’t be naughty, Gold,” pleaded her mother’s soft voice.

Mrs. Henderson’s gentleness held no strength. It was the softest thing her girls knew.

“Papa, if you hold me in so, I shall do something dreadful, I know I shall,” sobbed Tanzy, stretching out both hands to her father, who had moved away, and stood facing her. “I don’t know what is the matter with me. I have kept in so long, trying to be good. And now I’ve *got* to do something, or I shall burst.” She ended between tears and laughter.

“You are tired, darling,” consoled her mother;

“you have been in the woods and had the long drive ; go right up-stairs to bed.”

“I never minded before, because it was Sunday,” sobbed Tanzy, dropping her arms and hiding her face in her hands ; “but now I know I’ve been wicked. Susie Hartwell talked to me about it in Rome, and Margaret has been at church to-day, and we have been so different.”

“I told you so,” said her father, lifting a warning finger ; “this is only the beginning, if you know such people. You will away your judgment and will against mine. Go to bed and sleep it off, and may your Sundays always be as innocent.”

“I don’t feel innocent, I feel wicked,” cried Tanzy, still sobbing ; “and I don’t know how to be forgiven.”

“You do not need to be forgiven ; trust your father ; he has lived longer than you have. Good-night, little girl.”

Feeling herself dismissed, she arose ; in an instant her father’s arms were about her.

“You are not in a mood to read anything exciting ; wait until you are quieter. We will go away and find something new. My birdlings are

getting wings and the old nest is too cramped for them. An old Buddhist hymn runs :

“She is the bearer of burdens,
He is the dreamer of dreams.”

I will dream some way of bearing your burdens for you. How much money do you want ? ”

“Money ! ” she cried, scornfully. “I’ve had money all my life. Money can’t make me strong and brave, money can’t forgive me. Money is hindering and choking me, and keeping me from having the best things. Susie Hartwell told me so, and I wondered how she knew, and how it could. But I don’t love it ; do you love it, papa ? ”

“I love the power it gives me,” he said. “If you were a poor man’s daughter, earning your bread and butter, you would know the worth of it. If money will not satisfy you, how will love do ? Have you had that all your life, too ? ”

“Yes,” she returned, gratefully, “you are too kind to me when I am so cross.”

“That’s all I’m good for, love and money. Draw your check.”

“Perhaps you haven’t enough,” she said, saucily ; and then the penitent lips relented and she kissed him good-night.

In the moonlight the mother's eyes had a new, worried expression; she had never known Tanzy to talk so to her father; she was glad Marigold was more content. But papa was wise, he would talk Tanzy into behaving.

After a moment, Marigold lifted her head and said "Good-night;" her mother settled herself in her wide, low chair for another nap, and her father began again his restless tramp about the room.

After a hesitating step that paused several times before a cabinet in a far corner of the room, and then pushed itself on, he came, at last, to a decided stand-still. Even then he stood for fully a moment irresolute, with a sharp, suspicious turning of the eyes towards the moonlighted, long window where his wife sat asleep, her face half shielded by the fan in her hand. His eyes melted and filled with large, slow tears. Every muscle in his whole frame seemed to weaken, and then his fingers grasped the small key, always in custody about him, and he turned it in the lock with a snap.

"Love and money, and—the curse of my life," he thought. "I did not offer her this."

After another stealthy backward glance, he tossed into his mouth the large pill he found in a

vial, snapped the key again, and with erect head and strengthened muscle walked away.

“To-morrow I shall be stronger, and not worried,” he promised himself.

When his wife dropped her fan, and starting up, asked in a sleepy voice if it were not bed-time, he was stretched upon the lounge, with the blaze of light above his head falling upon the pages of “The Ancient Mariner.”

“Had not Coleridge been a slave, and De Quincy?” he asked himself, and who was he that he could break chains forged link after link since the years of his boyhood?

“Helen, dearest, come and soothe me to sleep. Lend to the rhyme of the poet, the music of your voice. Your lullaby ought to banish even such dreams as mine. By-and-by I must sleep a long sleep, and then what dreams may come?”

“O, Ernest, do stop!” pleaded the smooth, low voice. “You and Tanzy are just too dreadful to-night.”

“And she falls asleep and forgets, and I go to sleep and remember. Last night I was being thrown from that horse again. Helen, had it not been for that, you might have had a husband to be proud of.”

“Not more than I am now!” she said, fondly, standing in the full blaze of light, a sleepy, flushed, pink and white little creature, crowned with hair as pretty as Marigold’s. A picture of pretty middle-age that the mild experiences of life had touched with softened beauty.

“Helen, you never dream, awake or asleep. You breathe and enjoy. I have not spoiled your life, my darling.”

Her fingers were laid on his lips with a light laugh: “You shall not talk about such things. Tanzy will be good to-morrow. If you were like that cruel husband of Mrs. Kenderdine, you would have spoiled my life. I should not think she would love him.”

“I know one thing; I shall get Tanzy and Marigold away before there’s danger of their influence. It wouldn’t take much urging for Marigold to found a hospital and Tanzy to become a nun.”

“I don’t know what makes them so,” said the mother of the girls, her white forehead knitting into a frown like Marigold’s. “It is not an inheritance from us, is it?”

“Perhaps some martyr or hero in the far back

ages, has sent their blood throbbing down into our children ; grandfather was all on fire when he was moved. And, Helen, there's a God in heaven, who lays his finger on us once in a while."

The blue eyes dilated with fear; she clung to him, afraid of that God in heaven.

"Do you say that because it is Sunday?"

"Our Sunday is like our other days, one is as right and as wrong as the other. My poor mother used to tell me Bible stories Sunday nights, and show me Bible pictures.

"Not wholly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hours."

"I remember her big Bible, Ernest—where is it?"

"In grandfather's study."

"What did that man mean who told you your check book was your Bible? That man who was angry when you wouldn't give him money—in San Francisco."

"O, that man! Beggars are always mad when I refuse them. Don't tell Tanzy that big Bible is in grandfather's study. I don't want her or any one to disturb anything in that room. His private

papers are as he left them ; I shall look over them when I am stronger."

"I wish you would get strong," she sighed.

"Helen, I am either in an idiotic state of self-complacency or a savage state of irritation ; do bear with me."

IV.

BY THEMSELVES.

“Her soul grows as the leaves grow,
Up to the light.”

“NURSE ! ”

Tanzy spoke twice before the drowsy figure in the arm-chair at the window stirred ; and then nurse gathered her sleepy self together, and making an effort, asked in a thick voice what was the matter.

“ It’s only I, nurse,” answered Tanzy, gently. “ Will you lend me your New Testament for a little while ? ”

“ My New Testament ! ” nurse repeated, “ at this time of night ! It struck eleven before I went to sleep. I sat here to see the moonlight, and before I knew it, I was asleep. You don’t want it this time of night, Miss Tanzy.”

“ Yes, I do, please,” said Tanzy, impatiently.

“Well,” ejaculated the old woman, prolonging the monosyllable into two, “then I suppose you must. But I hadn’t unpacked it yet. I keep it in a safe place, because it’s got in it all the family record I ever had; my father’s death and my mother’s, and my marriage, and my poor husband’s death two years after, and the date that my poor little Billy was hurt and died; and I want you to put my death day in it. I feel somehow as if that makes us all safe, somewhere.”

“Will it trouble you very much to find it for me? I am blue, or something else, to-night, and I can’t go to sleep until I have it. Papa has a Bible among his books, but I could not search without disturbing him; I would like very much to have yours,” said Tanzy, with the sound of tears in her voice.

“Bless your dear heart! you shall have it if I have to turn all my goods upside down. I *think* it’s in the little black leather trunk. And if it isn’t there, it’s in a drawer somewhere. It’s the very same one that I read to your poor grandfather in the night before he gave me that letter. I read about Zach—something, a little man.”

Nurse was a tall, spare old woman; the flash of her lamp as she lighted it, revealed blue eyes deeply

sunken, a sharp nose, hard cheeks, colored with a cold, smooth red, and puckered lips ; her iron-gray hair was as smooth as satin, and fastened in a tight little knot at the back of her head.

There was nothing lovely about nurse, excepting her devotion to the two girls she had loved twenty-one years.

Tanzy waited while she dropped on her knees before the leather trunk, holding the lamp as she dived into one corner and then into another. After some mumbling and grumbling, she drew out a large, leather-covered volume, and held it up to the light.

“That’s it. Don’t let it get hurt. It’s good, big print, so I can read it when I get old. I shall need to read it then, for everybody has got to be prepared when their time comes.”

“Thank you, nurse,” said Tanzy, gratefully. “I am so glad to have it. I think my time has come now.”

Nurse smoothed carefully her tumbled “goods,” repeating her injunction to be careful, for money could not buy that book, and twice money could not replace it.

Tanzy waited till the black leather lid was dropped, extinguished the lamp, that nurse might be left in

the moonlight, and then with her soft lips touched the hard red of the old cheek.

Nurse blessed the child in her heart; she was not given to the demonstration of spoken words.

“I have it!” cried Tanzy, joyfully, hastening back to Marigold.

Marigold was sitting on the side of her own small bed, her hair braided for the night in two long braids; in a loose blue wrapper, with her feet in pink bed-room slippers.

“And now you will keep me up till daylight,” she pouted.

“Only a little while. Lie down if you are sleepy, and I will read to you.”

Cuddling down among the pillows, Marigold drew her pink feet upon the white coverlid. She liked nothing better than to have Tanzy read her to sleep.

The narrow, white beds were not far apart. Tanzy seated herself upon the foot of her bed, bracing herself against the low foot-board. The light from the lamp against the wall fell on the words in large type, as she opened the book:

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO
ST. MARK.

“O, Marigold, this is just what I want! The *beginning* of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I want the very beginning, and I want it all. We can begin all over again. I want to stay here, and be quiet, and begin.”

“You are always beginning,” said Marigold.

“Not the real beginning, like this. Now listen, and don’t get sleepy.”

“‘The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God’—— How do you suppose he was God’s Son?”

“I don’t know,” said Marigold, indifferently.

“But I want to know. I must know, if it can be known. Perhaps it goes on to tell. I want to talk about each new fact, and new thought”——

“Then you will talk about it all: for it’s all new.”

“So much the better. Just think of finding something all new and that’s worth while! Something we can do.”

“There’s nothing in that to do.”

“Yes, there is.”

“What?”

Tanzy pondered.

“To learn what the beginning is, and how he was God’s Son.”

“That’s learning, not doing,” said Marigold, provokingly.

“We have to learn before we can do.”

“But I thought you wanted to do, immediately.”

“I am doing now. Isn’t learning one kind of doing?”

“It isn’t the kind I like.”

“Then I will like it, and tell you. Don’t you like this?”

“I don’t see anything to like.”

“Don’t you like to have Jesus Christ the Son of God?”

“Well, to be frank, not particularly. What difference does it make to us?”

Again Tanzy pondered before she could reply. She felt that it made a difference to her.

“It seems to me that is the first thing to learn. We always want to know *who* a person is. That is always papa’s first question. He is very proud of saying that he is the grandson of Nicholson, the iron man. And if we know who Jesus Christ is, we know if he has a right to teach us, and we

know what he can teach us about. If he is God's Son, he knows about God. Don't you care for that ? ”

“ No ; I do not think I do—to-night,” was the candid acknowledgment. “ I don't care for new things as much as you do.”

“ This is more than *that*.”

“ How is it more ? ”

“ If you don't know, I don't know how to tell you. Don't you want to be forgiven ? ”

“ What for ? ”

“ The wrong things you do.”

“ Papa says I don't do any. He told me to-day that I was as innocent as a bird, and my life, if I were happy, as grateful, as beautiful as a bird's life ; and that the Maker of all was as glad of me as of the birds.”

“ I hope he is more glad of me. But I do not believe all that. I do not believe you and I are as innocent as the birds. I know I do wrong things. I do more than you do. I *know* I am wicked,” she repeated. “ I am often ashamed of myself. I am ashamed of what I have done to-day. I do not believe Margaret feels sorry and ashamed to-night.”

Marigold was either too sleepy or too indifferent to reply. Tanzy began to read again, making no comment.

She read wonderful things : This same Jesus Christ, God's Son, saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit, like a dove, came down and lighted on him, and he heard a voice, speaking from heaven, saying, Thou art my beloved Son.

Then Tanzy had to speak. " O, Marigold, that's how he knew he was the Son of God. God spoke down out of heaven and told him."

Marigold was becoming interested.

And then more wonderful still : The Spirit that was on him like a dove drove him into the wilderness, and forty days Satan tempted him, and the wild beasts were there. He was alone with Satan and the wild beasts ; and then, after being tempted such a long time, the angels came and ministered unto him.

" Perhaps the angels told him he was God's Son, too. Wasn't that something to go through ? If he knew he was God's Son, he couldn't be afraid of Satan."

Fully awake, Marigold listened with wide-awake eyes.

And after that he preached the gospel, and told people to repent and believe.

“It makes it so much easier to believe if we are sorry and ashamed first,” said Tanzy. “We have got to be comforted somehow, and God’s Son can tell us how. I do believe he knows how to tell us, and I know there’s something to tell. God wouldn’t let us get so hungry for something that isn’t.”

And then as Jesus walked by the sea, he saw two brothers, and he spoke to them, and bade them go with him. And then he went a little further, and saw two other brothers, and he called them to go with him.

“I’m glad there were two,” said Marigold, “and he called both. It would have been hard for one to go without the other. I couldn’t go anywhere, and leave you, Tan.”

Tanzy’s eyes were on the page.

“But they left their father.”

“Read it.”

Tanzy read it:

“‘They left their father in the ship with the hired servants, and went after him.’ I should think they would. He was God’s Son.”

“I wonder if they had a mother, too?” said Marigold. “I wonder if they went far.”

“It says they went unto Capernaum—that must have been another place. Their father did not keep them back. I wonder what papa would say to this?”

“He would say they were men, and could do as they pleased. We are only girls. And we *can't* go with him now, Tan.”

“No,” said Tanzy sadly, “I wish we could.”

“Let's don't read it if it makes you unhappy; it is only a story.”

“But it is a *true* story; it is real. And Jesus is God's Son, now in Heaven; you know he died on a cross, and that's why all Europe is so full of crosses; and Susie Hartwell said she prayed to him and he heard her, and he answered her.”

“How can he if he is dead?”

“He isn't dead—he is alive in Heaven.”

“But papa says God never does change his mind, and only selfish and ungrateful and rebellious people ask him to—and it doesn't do any good, either.” Marigold's tone was more helpless than usual. So many things did no good.

“Papa doesn't know; he hasn't tried. How can

anybody know unless they try? I want to try for myself. Jesus Christ knows all about it, and Susie said he told people to pray, and said they would be sure to get answers. Wouldn't you rather believe him than father?"

"Yes," admitted Marigold, "if I were sure he promised it."

"We *can* be sure. That's what I want the New Testament for—to be sure. It must be right to leave your father if he calls you."

"But he doesn't ask us to go away from father. He cannot speak to us now."

"We are leaving father—he feels that I am leaving him, and I feel that I am leaving him, if we choose to obey Jesus Christ instead."

"But father does not contradict him in everything," said Marigold, lovingly clinging to her father.

"You heard what he said to-night. He said my life would be changed in everything."

"That is if you took his teaching literally."

"These brothers understood him literally; they literally left their father, and went with him."

"Perhaps their father was willing."

"They would have gone just the same if he hadn't been willing; I know they would."

“Why?”

“Because God’s Son called them. Don’t you see *who* it is makes all the difference.”

“Perhaps they did not know about the Spirit—I do not understand that, at all; or about the temptation, and the angels.”

“But he preached the gospel of the kingdom of God. He told them everything in that. He knew all about God’s kingdom. And he told them to repent and believe.”

“Perhaps one of the brothers was like me and did not know what to repent of—and perhaps one was like you and knew,” said Marigold.

“He could tell them; he could tell them everything. I wish I could ask him questions. But perhaps they did, and I can find his answers. O, Marigold, how long we have lived without knowing!”

“Papa would not let us know; He would not like this now.”

“I should not think he would; he knows it will separate us from him, and that he will not be our authority any longer. I think—” speaking low and impressively, “that is one reason he gives us our liberty; he fears that we shall learn and believe what the New Testament teaches; he told me once never to

never to listen if anybody tried to convince me to the contrary of anything he had taught me. I was afraid I was wrong to listen to Susie Hartwell ; but it rested me when I was so tired of everything that time in Rome ; he was angry when I told him what we used to talk about, and said it proved there was danger for us lurking everywhere. He said he had read the Bible, and if it were a wise and good book for his children he was competent to judge, and would he keep any good thing from us,—did he not love us as well as any stranger we might chance to meet ? He said such people built churches and hospitals and sent missionaries to the uncivilized, and were always seeking to find people who had money ; that they did not care for me, but for my money. And that English lady in Florence did ask him for five hundred dollars for an Orphan Home and made him very angry. He never gives money away. Mamma was sorry for the orphans, but he told her the orphans would not have the benefit of half of it. Papa is not only guarding us, but our money. He says people cannot help understanding that he has money, and that his daughters will inherit it. We must be a great care, Marigold.”

“ Yes,” said Marigold, lightly. “ It’s a pity he

cannot shut us up and keep us away from the wolves. After that Frenchman asked him if he might give you some token of his distinguished regard, I don't wonder he was frightened."

"And that American that wanted to take you out on the lake!" laughed Tanzy. "Poor papa! If his girls had only been boys."

"But these brothers were called," said Marigold, with unusual thoughtfulness, "and they left their father."

"Poor papa," said Tanzy tenderly, "we will never leave him."

Long after she lay down and closed her eyes, Tanzy's thoughts were awake.

Marigold fell easily asleep; she was not the pioneer; all she had to do was to follow Tanzy.

V.

THAT OTHER WORLD.

“Patience is the truest sign of courage.”

THAT same evening, while Tanzy was in her state of rebellion, over the way in the small parlor opening with its long low windows upon the piazza, half indoors and half out, Mark Kenderdine moved about, with a word now and then to the girl reading at the table, and a word now and then to the lady reclining in the steamer chair.

The last words to the lady was a quotation from Lowell: “‘June is the pearl of our New England year.’”

“But we are not in New England, as it happens,” said the girl at the table.

“It’s the pearl, just the same,” answered the young man, “and if you had not interrupted, I should have gone on with the quotation.”

“I don’t believe you know the rest; you never knew the rest in your life.”

“If you will keep quiet sufficiently long, I will prove it to you.

“ ‘Alas, the May
Goes out to-day—
But June comes in to-morrow,’ ”

he continued, seriously.

“I don’t love poetry, but I know when you misquote,—even when you supplement Shakespeare with lines of your own. Those girls over the way read acres of poetry.”

“How do you know?”

“Their nurse told Rachel; she has an affinity for her; I have had to forbid her to repeat to me what the gossiping old woman tells her.”

“Probably Rachel has gossiped in return.”

“There’s so little to tell about us; but the Henderson narrative is endless. Their riches, their travels, their learning, their devotion to each other—”

“You do not seem to have stopped your reporter in the first chapter of her story.”

“I’m afraid I did not; I was too interested; especially when I gathered enough to know they are the girls poor Susie knew at Rome. How delightedly she wrote about them!”

“How long have you known that?”

“From ten to seventeen minutes. Rachel told me when I went out for mother’s iced milk.”

“Then they are somebody we must know.”

“I do not intend to thrust myself upon them,” said Margaret proudly; “we have been neighbors a month, and they have not given us a word.”

“That tall dark one is superb.”

“And the little fair one delicious,” she said, mimicking his enthusiasm.

“They look rather discontented, though; the gray eyes have a hungry look in them, and the blue eyes can be fretful. I had a full glance from both this afternoon as they passed me in driving; they did not stare, they were simply curious; and I chanced to look at them as they chanced to look at me. I would like to give them something to put energy into them.”

The voice from the steamer chair spoke with sweet and grave assurance: “The children in the desert were suffered to hunger and were then fed with manna.”

“If what Phil says is true, I’d like to know where their manna is to come from. Augustus Hare saw the funerals of fourteen children who were poisoned

with eating herbs in the time of famine. In their time of famine what have they but poisoned herbs ? ”

“ God has his manna, just the same.”

“ I wish I could pick up some of it for them,” said Margaret, in her mother’s eager voice. “ They had manna while they had Susie.”

“ They will have more of it if they can have you, Aunt May,” said Mark.

“ But I do not see how they can have her,” said Margaret. “ Rachel says they are getting ready to start off again. The coachman and his wife—she is cook—stay here the year round, and the old nurse travels with them. The girls are coaxing to stay here this summer ; but the father is ‘ a strong-willed man,’ and always has his way.”

“ I wish I could steal the father, put the mother into a nursery and give her a rattle, burn the house down, sink all the money, and give the girls a chance to do something for themselves. They travel over the world and have no idea what the world is like ; and do nothing for it but to be beautiful in it.”

Half to herself Mrs. Kenderdine said : “ ‘ He openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing.’ ”

“They sing like the birds. Phil and I caught a song last night as we sat on his piazza; they have had the finest teachers, he says. Do drop some crumbs and decoy them over.”

“Perhaps the mother will prick her finger and send for you to bind it up, Mark,” suggested Margaret; “but they may not have noticed your new sign.”

“Their voices are natural, and yet perfectly trained; there is something very natural about them both; in their white dresses to-day, they might have been two girls who had never been outside of this country village; they look as though they never sat up till ten o’clock at night. Their father has kept them very young. Phil says he keeps as tight a grip on his money as though he earned it breaking stones. I wish we could get those girls out of his clutches.”

“That’s a knightly wish,” laughed Margaret; “bear them away on the wings of the wind.”

“If they are the girls Susie was interested in, I shall certainly do something, for her sake.”

The lightness died from Margaret’s lips. Susie Hartwell had promised to be Mark’s wife; she had been the blessing in his life to turn him to thoughts

of giving his life to the service of men. The wedding day was to have been in this month of June, and to-day was its first anniversary.

“Yes, dear,” assented Mrs. Kenderdine, out of her sympathetic heart. Her face had a withered look in the softening and brightening of the lamp light. Her hair had grown very white since the day her husband sailed three years ago; the nervous strain was so tense, that for many weeks she did not walk across her room; but not a word of it was breathed in her weekly letters; with renewed faith and hope, came renewed physical strength; her physician believed that she might, with the wisest care, live to see her husband return in the promised ten years.

Every week her journal-letter was written to him, and every week, usually on Saturday night, his long letter was put into her hand. Every waking hour her thought of him was given to the Father whom both loved better than they loved each other; even in her sleep she prayed for him. Agnes, the elder daughter, was her father’s housekeeper and helper in his work, and Margaret was her mother’s nurse and dearest friend.

“Last night I saw your father’s face as plainly as

I see yours, Margaret ; he had a crowd about him and was singing hymns ; and then I saw him again writing in his study ; he turned to speak to me and I awoke. I wish he might have spoken," she said, patiently.

" O, mother, when before you went to sleep you had sixteen pages of his speaking," said Margaret, playfully ; " and to think of Agnes being taken for his young wife by the new Collector. Their time at the hills is about over. Oh, for those hills, mother, I sigh for my native land."

" You will go back some day, dear."

" Yes," said Margaret, whose heart was in her father's work.

Margaret was a little creature, as small of stature as Tanzy's mother, and more slight ; her yellow-brown eyes, the faintest shade of yellow-brown, until they glowed darker in her earnestness, pale yellow-brown fluffy hair brushed away from a forehead too high for beauty ; a complexion so delicate that the color flushed her cheek with hurried motion or a quick word, a large, winning mouth, with handsome teeth, with pretty outline of cheek and chin, and the small head well set upon the sloping shoulders ; a voice clear like her mother's with a world of enthu-

siasm in it ; her small thin hands were rarely quiet.

Her mother gauged her moods by the restlessness or stillness of her fingers.

“ She wants to be loved all the time, her mother wrote to her father that day, “ but by-and-by she will learn that loving is better than being loved.”

The cousin who stood beside her looking down at the page she brought her eyes back to was “ cousin ” only by courtesy and kindness, he being the adopted son of a cousin of her father. “ Mark is the color of me, only several shades darker,” she told her mother, when she gave her impression of him after their first meeting, at the time of her coming to America. He was twenty, and she was seventeen, and that was five years ago.

His frank, smiling, light-hearted eyes had changed into deep seriousness since then ; they were dark and shining like his hair ; the color in his cheeks since he came into the country was as rich as a girl’s ; his moustache did not conceal the redness of his lips ; the smooth cheek and round chin gave a touch of beauty to the face that was almost womanly. Philip Lancaster said Mark Kenderdine was as delicious as the sunny side of a peach. But then Philip had a girlish way of talking, and he and Mark had been

chums in school and college. He was one of those people whom you could not but care to have in the room with you; his cousin Margaret cared very much that he should be in the room with her.

“Mother, I must take you up to dream-land,” said Margaret, putting aside her book, a work on India that Mark had brought to her last night. That night in her dream Margaret’s mother was holding the hand of a heathen woman, and telling her how Jesus on the cross loved his mother: and the mother of Marigold and Tanzy awoke with a cry because Tanzy’s kitten scratched her work and snatched out a thread of gold silk in its teeth.

VI.

SOMETHING GAINED.

“But then, she was a real princess, you see.”

MARIGOLD sketched another figure on the canvas, into which her mother would put the enthusiasm and energy of her whole being for half a day. She had conceived the idea of painting in silks, and Marigold copied from a large oil painting that her mother's father had purchased in Florence for his only little daughter's birthday, when that only little daughter was two years old. The view was the interior of a church, and the attractive part to Mrs. Kenderdine had always been the altar and the arches; Marigold cared more for the kneeling worshippers, the old man, the child, the maiden, and it was the maiden she had sketched this morning. The girl reminded her of Margaret. When she was a child, she called her “The little princess.” The finest canvas had been procured for her work, and

a village carpenter had stretched it upon a frame, and mounted it upon a rude easel.

“Helen, it can never be done,” her husband expostulated, while Marigold was sketching, but the altar had been successfully finished, and a part of a painted window; “you will stretch your arms out of their sockets, you will blind your eyes, you will break your back.”

“You will see,” she said confidently; “the very worst of it is matching the silks. Tanzy is all tired out with that and was real cross about it this morning.”

“I forgot to add that you will estrange your husband and alienate your children.”

“Oh no,” was the contented answer, “just look at the colors in that window. You’ve often said I have a genius for fancy work, and this is genius, for I thought of it all myself.”

“But you didn’t do it all yourself.”

“Don’t be disagreeable, Ernest; you know I can’t draw as correctly as Gold does.”

And then to restrain himself from being further disagreeable, Ernest took his morning paper out on the piazza and found Tanzy there with Nurse’s New Testament in her hand. Without noticing the

book, he opened his paper and hid himself behind it. Marigold appeared presently and drew a rustic chair to her sister's side ; she did not look over her sister's book as she had a way of doing, but sat twirling her pencil.

“Tan,” said her father, in an easy, familiar voice, “would you like to be like Miss Burney, lady's maid to a queen ? ”

The newspaper rustled to the floor of the piazza ; he spent little time over the news of the day. The history he preferred was centuries older than yesterday's news. Philip Lancaster said the dried-up, restless little being was a fossil himself, and must belong to pre-historic man, and that he was glad he was the only specimen he had seen.

“I would,” said Marigold ; “I've always wanted to be a princess.”

“The maid is not the princess,” said Tanzy, closing her book with a long breath.

The long breath was a sigh of delight, for the story of the life of Jesus Christ exceeded in wonderfulness everything she had ever dreamed ; it was so wonderful, and filled her so full of enthusiasm, that she could not read long at a time ; it was dreary to come back to Miss Burney and princesses.

“Papa,” began Marigold, coaxingly, “couldn’t you let us start out together and see what would happen to us? Mary Ann had a book from the Sunday-school, and Tan and I read it; the girl was rich or had been, and lost her money, and she went into a kitchen as a kitchen maid, and did faithful work. One day the piano tempted her, and she sat down and played and astonished her mistress greatly. She was like us, or like Tan, rather, so pretty and a lady, and she called herself, or somebody called her, a king’s daughter; the idea was that she was so lovely that she was the daughter of God, the king of all the kings. I liked it so much, for she made a lovely princess, doing lovely work.”

“That is only a story; it is not fit for Mary Ann to read,” exclaimed her father, with an expression of strong disapprobation.

“Nurse liked it, too. It was not only the story; it made you care to be that kind of a princess.”

“A princess doing kitchen work! That’s where Tan got more of her ideas. If Mary Ann can bring no better books home she shall stay from Sunday-school; or you shall be too real ladies to borrow reading matter from a servant.”

“Papa,” cried Tanzy, in distress, “we cannot please you now-a-days.”

“You do not please me when you go to the servants for reading matter ; that book you hold in your hand belongs to Nurse, I see.”

“There is no book store in Mansfield ; but I can go to the city. O, papa, I wish you would let us drive alone in a dog-cart like those two girls we saw last week. We see girls driving alone everywhere.”

“Then you would like a footman, I suppose. Do you think I am made of money ? ”

“Yes,” laughed Marigold, “we know you are ; and we are made of a little.”

“I am saving it for my daughters ; I do not believe in ostentation ; it is my taste to live and drive quietly ; our two horses are fine, our carriages are handsome ; your mother never drove in a dog-cart alone.”

“But she had no sister,” said Marigold, eagerly.

“No sister to give her ideas,” he answered, sternly.

“When mamma was young she had other things,” decided Tanzy, “and the world is growing, and we want to grow with it. Mamma had her little children——”

“You have your father and mother.”

Tanzy's lips shut angry words in.

“What ails you both? I keep you from dangerous people, and you find dangerous books.”

“You cannot keep us from ourselves,” was Tanzy's defiant reply; rather, it would have been defiant but for its solemn truthfulness. “I think God must have put something in us when he made us that he wanted us to do, and we are restless unless we do it, or have it. You glorify nature, papa; recognize the nature in us.”

“I recognize original sin in you.”

“I feel it in me,” assented Tanzy, “but it is not that this time; it is something right to do.”

“Allow me to judge,” he returned coldly and courteously.

“No, sir,” muttered Tanzy's compressed lips. “Papa,” speaking aloud, “when the brothers in the New Testament were called, they left their father and followed Jesus Christ.”

“They were grown men,” he evaded.

“Aren't we grown women?” asked Tanzy, with a kindling eye and a proud flush.

“A grown woman is not a grown man.”

“In this thing she is just the same. Papa, I don't

want to vote or to have a man's rights, I only want to have the right a woman has when she believes the New Testament."

"I told you that would be the end of your New Testament reading; are you sure your father knows what he is talking about? I know this world pretty thoroughly."

"Papa,"—Tanzy arose and stood with Nurse's book pressed between her hands,—“did you ever know—in all your life—one religious person?”

"No," was the sharp, quick reply, “and I hope I never shall. My mother was not religious—she never took me to church, and she never did outlandish things; once in a while she told me stories out of the Bible, but that was like old heroes to me, it was not what you would call religious—you mean fanaticism. If you knew to-day any beggar had a claim to your money you would give it all up; you would refuse to eat bread bought with mine, if you believed the man lived who had a better right to it—a better right, although there was nothing legal about it; you are not to be trusted. Louise Henderson, when you become such an enthusiast, your father's money shall not be willed to you for you to make a fool of yourself with.”

“You say that I am already that, papa.”

“Do you know that you are ?”

“I know that I would choke if I ate bread bought with money I had no right to.”

“Don’t worry your tender and just nature ; your money and your father’s money you came by honestly.”

“What made you say that ?” she asked with a quick, anxious, suspicious look.

“It came into my head ; perhaps I dreamed it,” he answered lightly, “you see the poetical side of justice. There’s a bread and butter side.”

“That’s the side I wish to see. Papa, is not the New Testament practical ?”

“What did those fishermen gain, who left their father ?”

“They gained being the friends and disciples of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.”

“Do you know how they died ?”

“I have not come to that.”

“When you come to it you may be cured of your enthusiasm. I’ll let you read on. Marigold, do you want to read about Miss Burney ?”

“No, papa, I’d rather be the princess myself.”

“Since old Chaucer’s time, women love most the

mastery. Get Chaucer, then, and I'll read to you."

"Papa, please,"—Marigold spoke with pretty entreaty, "it's so warm, and I'm tired of Chaucer."

"Get Shakespeare, then; we will have 'The Merchant of Venice.'"

"I'm tired of Shakespeare. I'm tired of old things and old books," with a pout that the light in her eyes contradicted.

"Even of your old father," he said, pathetically.

"Old, with not a gray hair in your black head," cried Marigold, merrily.

"Drive, then! Shall we go again to the old mill? That's a quaint old affair, with its dried stream, and silent, mossy wheel; we will take lunch, and you shall sketch. Tanzy shall take her book and read to me, and mamma shall find new shades of silks in the sky and the fields and the moss, and the dead, damp things."

"If we can take Margaret," exclaimed Tanzy, as the suggestion came to her, "they have no horses."

"Wouldn't you like to be introduced first?" asked her father, in his tone of courteous sarcasm.

"I'll go over and introduce myself; Gold shall tell her that she is like her princess, and I'll tell her

that she is like my friend in Rome ; therefore we know her, and she will soon know us."

"That is the kind of wild things you would do," said her father, with restrained impatience. "You will never know the ways of the world."

"Oh, we are going to make ways for our world," said Tanzy.

"What way would you like to make this morning?"

"Oh, I know," pressing the book hard in her excitement, "I'd have a dog cart and two gray horses, and Gold and I would take Margaret to the old mill, and we'd find a nook, cool and green, and we would —talk."

"About what ?" he asked, not restraining his impatience this time.

"About all she knows and does."

"Simply child's talks !" he exclaimed, contemptuously.

"Then what is the harm of it ?" asked Marigold, coming to her sister's rescue, as she always did at last.

"Harm might come of it ; there's harm in new ideas to susceptible, unreasoning, impulsive girls. No, little girls, under papa's wing is the safest shelter."

“It’s a place to suffocate,” cried Tanzy, unguardedly. “O, papa, if it’s your money that keeps us back, I hate it; if it is old ideas, I hate them. But the New Testament is old.”

“The New Testament is well enough in itself; it’s the grandest book ever written, all the world knows; it is your interpretation I am afraid of for you; let me read it to you and give you the true significance in the light of progress since.”

“Papa, I like to read it by ourselves,” said Tanzy, in meek appeal.

“In the kitchen with the maid who washes dishes, you learn rebellion; to Nurse’s room you go for a forbidden book; and you would know seemingly harmless, but entirely dangerous neighbors. It is in the very air you breathe: how can I keep you from contagion?” he exclaimed, tragically throwing up his arms.

“We know ourselves what is true,” was Tanzy’s quiet answer.

“So Eve thought in Eden.”

“I do not believe she was impatient of restraint, and restless because of something within urging her to do something different. How can people but be tired of one kind of life; one year is just like an-

other; all the difference is the places, and after awhile one place always reminds me of another. I know I shall not get tired of people, and work. It is queer, but I want to work; I would like to be like Mary Ann and do her work. That day she had headache last week, I did all her work, and it was the best fun I ever had. Nurse waited at table, but I did all the rest. And I *long* to live in the houses we pass; not the handsome ones, I am tired of handsome houses, but in that old brown farm house we saw yesterday near the mill. I know that girl on the piazza sews and cooks, and sets the table, and feeds the little chickens, and perhaps she hangs out the clothes. And she goes to church and sits in a high-backed pew, and sings in that queer, wild, loud way; but the Sunday-school is best, for she teaches little girls and gets that kind of story book. I long for little girls to hold and talk to and sing to. Susie's little sister made my heart ache for a *little* sister."

"Louise!"

Her father was seriously displeased. Marigold's eyes filled with startled tears; she sprang up and put her arms about her sister; was not Tanzy *her* little sister?

"You are ungrateful; rebellion is born of ingra-

titude ; the Merciful Father has given you a home that would satisfy the most loving heart and most refined taste, and you trample it under your feet ; you defy your father, you have a contempt for the mother that bore you ; some heavy judgment will befall you. I have sought with the utmost watchfulness to keep you from being spoiled by worldliness and from being touched by religious fanaticism ; but the taint is in your blood, you find opportunities everywhere. If it would not rend my heart, I would let you go and learn what the world is like. You would throw away your money, like the Prodigal Son,"—his ideas were somewhat mixed, but the girls did not perceive it,—“and then come home for forgiveness.”

“I do not wish to go away, papa,” said Tanzy, unmoved. “I only ask more freedom to do what I am learning is right.”

“Who makes you wiser than your father ?”

“If I am wrong, let me learn that I am wrong.”

“Your experience may be too dearly bought.”

“You might end by being a hermit like the old man in the woods,” cried Marigold, relieved that her father’s anger had spent itself in fine phrases.

“Oh, papa, Nurse said Mrs. Kenderdine’s maid told

her there is an old man in an old house in the woods—”

“A crooked little man in a crooked little house,” interrupted Tanzy, “who collects pebbles, and believes they are money. Somebody has cheated him, and he has lost that part of his mind, and he has thousands of them—and hoards them, and is afraid of thieves. The people in the village are kind to him, and sell him things for his pebbles. May we go with Nurse to see him? We never saw a real hermit before.”

“And Mrs. Kenderdine’s maid,” said her father, mockingly.

“If you do not trust us to go alone,” returned Tanzy, with dignity, “what can you expect but that we should ask for an escort?”

“Your father might be a safe escort.”

“But you do not like poor people,” apologized Marigold; “you say people are always imagining themselves cheated, out of envy.”

“So they are,” he answered, his dark face paling visibly, and his lips twitching, “and they are no kind of people for you to see.”

Stooping with an effort, he reached for his newspaper, and crushed it in his hand as he walked away.

“Tan, we do not gain anything,” said Marigold, hopelessly, keeping her arms about her sister; “we might as well be princesses, and never have our own way; what would you do if papa should choose a husband for you?”

“Rebel.”

“But it wouldn’t do any good.”

“Every breath of it does good. Can you not see how papa is thinking? All I wish is for him to think; I’ll do all the doing. Has he not given his permission for us to read the New Testament by ourselves?”

“Hardly *given*.”

“Well, I have it just the same. I do not enjoy rebelling; but I must do what I feel is right. Goldie, we must do right for his sake, too.”

“O, Tan, I’m not as far as that; I’m not far in anything; but I do want to visit the hermit, and take Margaret to the mill.”

“Before a week we will do both,” was the confident answer, “papa loves us so! When he finds we do not get into danger by having our own way, he will be glad of our good times.”

“He doesn’t have many of his own; he told mamma this morning that he was born melancholy.”

“And she was born cheerful, he said,” Tanzy continued, as arm-in-arm they stepped down to the lawn.

“Papa used to say you always had your own way,” said Marigold, as they sauntered down a shrubby path together.

“Because I did not ask for things I wanted most,” Tanzy burst out. “I tried so hard to be contented; I’ve tried so hard to be like Susie Hartwell; she was a real princess, a daughter of the King; but I could not learn her way, and now that I have her book, I do not see any way excepting to *do* as far and as quickly as I know, and that will kill papa. Or kill me,” she added, gravely.

“O, Tan, it’s dreadful hard for me, between you and papa. I do not know what to think. I am tired of things, but not the way you are. I only want to be happier; and you want to be good.”

“And happier, too,” corrected Tanzy; “I suspect I like my own way,” she added, with her usual candor.

“I like your way too, for it brings changes. What shall we do next?”

“Something has been done. Now the next thing is—to do something else.”

“Perhaps it is to wait,” suggested timid Marigold.

“Waiting with papa, is losing time ; he goes back, and expects to find you back where he is,” Tanzy brought forth oracularly, out of the depths of her experience. “I shall take another step,” she said, impressively.

“Another step,” sounded interesting ; Marigold, breathless, waited and listened.

“Let’s go over to the woods for moss and pigeon-berry blossoms—oh, the dear, little, delicate, cottony things bedded in the moss ! And I know where the laurel grows, and such ferns, fragrant like that green leaf with a blossom we found in that English lane in Devonshire. Don’t you remember how we went up the hill, and looked back at the red cliffs and the sea ? And we’ll get red clover ; it never *was* so fine, and daisies, and we’ll take our offering over to Margaret’s pale mother, and introduce ourselves.”

“O, Tanzy Henderson !” exclaimed Marigold, in affright, “you never will.”

“You will see how I will,” laughed Tanzy, in triumph. “He said this morning, when I looked pale at the breakfast table, that I should have the first reasonable request I made. After the request is

granted, we'll start on our wild flower expedition, which shall be our first expedition for the day."

"The golden sceptre is already extended, then ; but, Tan, he may not think it 'reasonable.'"

"What is that about keeping the sea from the marble palace, and the Princess May, and the Princess Alice, and the youngest Princess, Gwendoline ? Adelaide Proctor always runs a sad tone through her poems, but we'll have none in ours ; it will end with the youngest princess finding herself more of a princess than she knew, and she'll learn it by giving up her own will, and placing somebody above herself. I'll fill that out for you to-night in the moonlight, and it will be so easy—in a story."

VII.

GRANDFATHER'S LETTER.

“To-day is ours, and to-day, alone.”

“DEAR,” said Ernest Henderson, touching his wife's hair with his long, thin fingers, as she stood before her easel, “we have made a mistake.”

“Where?” she asked, startled; “is it in the window, or the old man's head? I was worried about that head, but Marigold said it was right.”

“It is not your work,” he said, sadly, not disappointedly, for he was never disappointed in his wife; had he not known her from babyhood?

“How you frightened me then!” she cried, with a relieved breath. “I have the outline of the princess; do you think it is pretty?”

“Very pretty,” he said, absently. “O, Helen, you knew no better, but I do—I ought to know better.”

“Why, isn't it good? Ernest, don't teaze me.

You know how my heart is in it. I would be ill in bed if it were a failure."

"It's very pretty, wife; a wrong stitch in some princesses can be taken out."

"But do you *see* a wrong stitch?"

Throwing her head back against him, she looked up anxiously into his eyes.

"I am not wise enough to tell; the effect is charming," he said, with the light laugh he kept for her.

Then why should he judge her; was she wise enough to discover his mistake with his girls; was not the effect charming to her? "It is already a hard case for me that my occupations prevent me from being with her when she says her prayers," said Queen Victoria, when it became necessary for her to give to another, the care of the little Princess Royal.

How about his little Princess Royal? No wonder the girls had grown away from their mother and their father; and now how was he to grow up to them?

"But I am so provokingly slow! I shall not finish it in a year."

"In a year an artist does not expect to average more than thirty inches square in the Gobelin

work. You remember our visit to the Gobelin works in Paris? To what queen do you expect to present your handicraft? A piece of work after the picture of Horace Vernet was done at the manufactory of the Gobelins, and presented to the queen of England."

"Mine is for Marigold—when she is married."

"Then you may be as long as you will," he said, in his lightest tone; "my girls belong to me."

"Then, Ernest," laying her hand on his arm, "you must sometimes let them have their own way."

"What will be the dreadful alternative?"

"They will marry somebody you do not like, to get away from home," she answered, with deliberate emphasis.

"Nonsense!" he answered sharply.

With muttered words that his wife, now absorbed in the dress of the princess, did not catch, he threw himself at full length upon his lounge, resisting the impulse to put his fingers into his left-hand vest pocket for the key of the cabinet.

"Papa!"

Two broad straw hats were nodding at him; two laughing faces were peering in at the open window.

“I have come with my reasonable request.”

“Behold the golden sceptre.”

Reassured by the indulgence in words and manner, Tanzy caught her breath, then spoke: “May we do exactly as we like to-day, and will you promise not to be severe to-night, when we tell you all about it?”

“O yes, papa,” pleaded the soft voice that never pleaded for herself.

“Shall I put you on your honor?”

“We are never off it,” was Tanzy’s repartee. “I ask permission for us both to do as I like to-day—and you know what I like.”

“What you like cannot be without remedy in one day; be off with you.”

He had noticed the plain linen dresses, and the baskets for mosses; she would probably invite Margaret to help them work in their grotto, and perhaps, afterward, drive to a book store; what innocent children they were, to be sure; and yet they had to beg release from his keen-eyed watchfulness for one summer’s day, and both twenty-one years of age!

Was he such a tyrant, monster, ogre? Would not any bright girl be glad to escape from such bondage?

But, a short while ago, they had been such little things, trotting around in white dresses, holding each other's hand and pulling daisies and bringing them to him by the hour, or picking pebbles and begging him to pack them up and take them to America; and now they were grown up, and asked greater things than he was willing to give.

Had he been asleep all these years? Asleep, or awake with the remorse of his unkept promise to his grandfather. "Ernest, Nurse will give you a letter; promise to do as it says; his name is there, and how to find him; read my books and papers, and burn everything."

And he had promised; "in the name of the just God," his grandfather had added, in his husky whisper. Why had not the old coward, tottering on the verge of the grave so many years, made the "fourfold restitution" himself while the money was his own? Why leave such a splendid legacy to the little girls, and then cancel it by that letter written in his imbecile last days? Why had he not made another will and had it all plain and aboveboard? Why should he keep a promise made to a paralyzed old man with a confused mind; so confused that he called his doctor Theophilus Dennis, and told him that he had

made it right about that iron land in Missouri. That iron land was only the beginning of his wealth ; it was a small affair, and hardly counted ; why should one fraud in a long life-time, take such gigantic proportions at the last ?

He had made the solemn promise on his knees, thinking it some trifle that worried the old man.

“Don't give it to Ernest while I am alive,” he said to Nurse, “he will be angry.”

Nurse had obeyed in fear and trembling, and brought the sealed, soiled envelope to him the day after the funeral.

“I cannot help it, sir,” she said, frightened and white, “the old man called me to bring the children in, and then he asked for paper and pen and ink, and he wrote on it and made me seal it and promise to give it to you after he was gone. He fainted afterward, and was worse every day ; all he said was that he was so old, and he had kept saying he would see to it next year ; but he could trust you to do it, sir. I hope it's nothing troublesome, sir. I would have burnt it up, but I was afraid.”

All he said in reply was, “You were right, Nurse.” Tanzy was five that day, that very day, and now she was twenty-one, and had inherited her great-

grandfather's money ; the money that did not belong to her, the money that did not belong to Marigold, if he held sacred this latest trust, and righted the man their great-grandfather, with his greed for gold, had wronged. It would take every cent of the original bequests, if he followed to the letter his grandfather's last crazy whim, with the accumulated interest ; but what right had he to do it for them ? They were of age ; his grandfather might better have entrusted this reparation to them. What was this Theophilus Dennis and his heirs to him ? The man might have died years ago—it was twenty years since his grandfather knew he was living. What if he did reconsider, and recall the bequests to his little grandchildren—the will was made, signed, sealed and witnessed ; the last red tape in the matter was attended to three days after Tanzy became of age ; all he had to do was to burn, or bury that faded bit of paper ; no eye save his grandfather's and his own had ever seen the trembling, blotted lines ; if he should burn it, how could it be brought up against the old man in the Day of Judgment, or against him, or against the two innocent girls who never could know it ?

None of his grandfather's money, excepting his

mother's portion, had come to him, and his wife's money had come through her mother; both inheritances were from the same source; this Theophilus Dennis had no claim upon his mother's inheritance; he had no claim anywhere; it was the whim of a dying old man, whose business life had followed so close upon his death-bed that it mingled in his dying dreams; it was the dream of his confused brain. Theophilus Dennis might never have existed but in this confused dream; why had he not heard his grandfather speak the name? In that tin box of letters he had never opened—but he would open it to-morrow, and if he discovered a clue he would follow it up.

“Helen, come and stroke my head. I am worried.”

Instantly the princess and her gold and crimson robe was forgotten.

“Don't be worried,” she persuaded, as her fingers stroked his hot forehead. “Is it about money? You say you never worry about money. Use my money when yours is gone. Is it that Central Road?”

“Yes, that Central Road has swamped some of yours as well as thousands of mine; that Central

Road isn't the only failure. Helen, if Tanzy thought we had lost our money, she would give us all of hers, don't you think she would ? ”

“ O yes, and Marigold, too. But we haven't lost it, have we ? ”

“ We have lost enough. You wouldn't like to be poor, would you ? ”

“ I don't know,” she answered, sincerely. “ Poor people are happy ; they look so. Ernest, I don't think I know how to be poor.”

He laughed, and drawing her hand down to his lips, pressed the tip of her finger between his teeth.

“ I have never taught you that ; you know very little that I have not taught you. If our girls were like you I should not be worried. But don't you worry if we have lost money, it is not enough to interfere with your comfort or your pretty occupation. But perhaps it is best for Tanzy to think so. Do not be alarmed at whatever I choose to say to her ; it is for her, not for you.”

“ But isn't it true ? ” she asked, perplexed at the thought of deceit.

“ True enough for my purpose,” he answered, sharply.

"I would not like to deceive the girls, Ernest," she said, with unusual persistency.

"Can you not trust their father?" he asked, reproachfully.

"You are cross to Tanzy, sometimes."

"When I have to be. Like a spirited young colt, she must be trained with bit and bridle."

"Does she want to do such wicked things?"

"She wants to do rash and unworldly-wise things. Would you like to have her give all her money away?"

"She could have ours."

"That is nonsense," he exclaimed impatiently; "why should she not have ours—what there is left, and her own also? She may have a long life before her—as long as grandfather—he was over eighty-five, and she may lose, as I have done—as you have done. I shall not always live to take care of it for her, and this is a mighty unsatisfactory world without a check-book, little wife. But if you don't care about her money, you care about *her*. Do you want that young man over the way to beguile her into leaving her father and mother, and going off to heathen countries?"

"I would like our girls to be happily married,

Ernest," she answered, frightened at herself for seeming to oppose him.

"In the name of common sense, what for?"

She was startled, but she answered with new strength in her soft voice. Nurse said if there were any fight in this gentle mother, the rights of her girls would some day bring it out.

"Because women are happier, I think; if they have good and loving husbands they certainly are. In the Bible stories your mother used to tell us the women had husbands. I remember some of the beautiful stories now, don't you? If I knew how to tell stories, I would tell them to the girls."

"You had better not," he said, harshly; "they hear stories enough."

"Don't you remember Ruth? That was a pretty story. And Abigail was another, and Rebekah. Oh, and Queen Esther! Why, how I remember them! And old Sarah and her little boy. I haven't thought of them for years and years."

"That was in the rude ages of the world. A woman needed a husband for protection. Jewish women especially were looking forward to a Great Deliverer to be born. It was a reproach in their na-

tion not to be a mother. We are not living in those times. Marigold and Tanzy are not Sarah and Ruth. Do not be influenced by your nursery tales."

The sweet face was clouded; she did not know how to argue; the "nursery tales" were the prettiest she knew.

"But—Ernest," the pleading was in her very fingers, as she stroked his forehead, "I want Tanzy to be happy, don't you?"

"That is what I am planning for. What else should I plan and worry for? I know the world, as you cannot; if the girls and their money are taken away from my protection, who knows what will befall them?"

"But aren't there good men in the world?"

"If there are, I never saw them."

"I think some people must be good; I wish we could go and see."

"Go where?" he asked, teasingly.

"Over the way," she said, bravely. "I would like to know Mrs. Kenderdine."

"You are all conspired against me. If that Kenderdine craze keeps on, I'll lock my doors, and shut my blinds. Don't you see—how can you be so

blinded—they are just the kind to influence Tanzy. That girl at Rome was the beginning of it, and I put a stop to it by taking the girls away; and this will be like it, and worse, because that young fellow is here, with his handsome face and crazy enthusiasm. I'll shut the girls up, before they shall be stolen from me."

"O, Ernest!" was the tearful response.

"I am in the savage state, now," he laughed hysterically, "keep away from me."

"Take your medicine; that always quiets you."

"Yes, to my eternal destruction. Helen, do you know your husband is an opium eater?"

The despair in his voice touched her; the words meant little; she had heard of opium; people who were in great pain had to take it to put them out of their misery; but how could that hurt anybody? He had given her some once when she had toothache; she told him she would have toothache again for the sake of the sleep she had that night.

"Is that so very dreadful?"

"Poor child!" he muttered, "I might be a good father, but for that, and an honest man. My brain is seldom clear, now-a-days; I used to have a clear

brain. Helen, I am forgetting how to tell the truth; is that so very dreadful?"

"You are forgetting to tell it now," she answered, with an uneasy laugh. "Don't talk so any longer. You don't know how you have made my heart beat. Put your hand there and see."

Lifting his hand she laid it against the quickened beating of her heart.

"There! There! I was only talking to tease you. But do not tell Marigold and Tanzy what I said. Do not tell any one in the world. Promise me, Helen. You never told me a lie."

"I promise you," she said, still pressing his hand against her heart. "But I wish you had not said it. If it makes you like that you mustn't take it any longer. Promise *me*, Ernest."

"My poor little wife," he murmured, "go back to your princess. Perhaps I can go to sleep."

VIII.

PEBBLES.

“We will obey the voice of the Lord our God,
That it may be well with us.”

ON the honeysuckle end of the piazza Margaret was sitting beside her mother's reclining chair; over her mother's blue lap were scattered yards of white wool knitting; many happy thoughts were knitted into its pointed edges, for it was a pattern she had taught her Hindu girls “at home,” as she still spoke of that far-away bungalow; upon the girl's lap was a thin volume opened downward.

“The girls have gone off towards the woods,” remarked this girl, who loved to watch the other girls. “I feel so near and so far off, while I watch them. Susie said they were as loveable as kittens, and seemed to *crave* to know people. They might as well be Hindu maidens—and better, mother, for missionaries might be sent to them. Susie had them such a little time—their father hurried them away,

and Tanzy was not allowed to write to her. I wonder what idea they have of us ? ”

What they think of us depends so much upon themselves, that I cannot even surmise.”

“I suppose they pity us,” said Margaret, her eyes darkening, “every one does, who does not understand.”

“We are very poor in their thinking ; our home for the summer is a loan, and our winter home is not yet provided.”

“We will fly south with the birds,” answered Margaret, merrily. “I wish to go where I cannot shiver. When father was burning with jungle fever he said his idea of heaven was a snowbank ; but since last winter, I dreaded the sight of a snowbank. Perhaps we may have another surprise, something like this ; oh, don’t you remember how you were saying that you wanted a cottage with a honeysuckle piazza, for your sake, and girls for neighbors for my sake, and near a railroad for Mark’s sake, and just then the postman rang, and I ran down and got Mrs. Jansen’s letter ! I think it must have dropped right out of heaven. And to think that she asked the favor of giving us her dear little house all furnished, while she went to Europe, and Rachel’s

services thrown in. Mr. Jansen was poor when she married him, wasn't he ? ”

“He was in a good business. How sorry she was for me, when I told her I was engaged to a poor student ; she was engaged then to Harry Jansen, and it was our last year at Mount Holyoke.”

“She doesn't understand, either, how you could let father go back. But she has gone to Europe and left her poor old mother with heart disease, and only a daughter-in-law to take care of her ; she understands how *she* can go.”

“India is farther off,” replied Mrs. Kenderdine.

“It seems far off to everybody,” said Margaret.
“Nobody understands.”

“It isn't far off to us,” said her mother, with her sweet smile.

“I do believe red clover was never so beautiful before,” cried Margaret, enthusiastically, her eyes roving over a clover field on Mr. Lancaster's farm. “I told Agnes it is our clover summer ; I could lie down and go to sleep in it. They will soon be on the plains again ; their hill summer is almost over. Mrs. Lancaster looked politely surprised when I spoke of Agnes playing lawn tennis. I suppose she thinks missionaries are martyrs. Her husband is a

tea merchant in China, and comes home only when it is good for his business, and she does not call her friends and neighbors in to sympathize and condole with her."

"If the English government gave father twenty-five thousand a year, she would understand how you could let him go. And now down come the corners of her mouth and she whines: 'The separation must be trying to you, Mrs. Kenderdine.' Her husband sends home elegant things, and she boasts of it and talks about the house he will build as his country seat when he returns ten years hence. Mother, I was too provoked to stay and listen." For a moment she was "too provoked" to speak, and then continued more quietly: "Father's last letter about his preaching tour, and that talk with the priest, and the examination in our girls' school is worth to us a thousand fold more than the box of oriental treasures on its way to her."

"We cannot understand about her treasures, Margaret," replied her mother, quietly.

"No," was the girl's emphatic rejoinder. "When you spoke of our good things, she looked politely blank, and said such encouragement must be very precious to you. As precious as a box of tea, I

suppose. Father is giving his *life*, and it is nothing to her. She is as gay as she likes to be, with her summer guests and her trip to Saratoga, and comes here lengthening her face and lowering her voice to pity you. I don't see how you could be so gentle to her."

"You will know sometime—when you grow gentle. Her butterfly call amuses me; she is very kind. She asked me if I would like to drive, and said her coachman was at my service any day, between one and four."

"When it is too hot for her to drive," cried Margaret indignantly.

"She thinks I am used to a high temperature."

"You are not used to people like her, and I wish I might tell her so; what did you say about driving?"

"I said, that was my resting time."

"And she looked relieved, I dare say."

Mrs. Kenderdine smiled; it did strike her that the lady looked relieved.

"I don't believe she loves her husband!" exclaimed Margaret, after a moment. "She loves better, what he gets for her."

"So do I—love better, what my husband gets."

"Mother, you are incorrigible," laughed Marga-

ret. "I don't believe Marigold and Tanzy will come to condole with us, or come at all, in fact. What a small, withered, black-bearded specimen their father is; their mother is a pink and white piece of softness; I don't believe she does anything beside *exist*," Margaret ended, springing to her feet, "and here I sit, forgetting that I am house-keeper, and dinner has not been ordered. Our lunch to-day is to be simple and elegant."

"Clover and daisies, cream and sunshine, and thankfulness," hazarded her mother.

"Something akin to them. Mrs. Jansen's range is a luxury; it makes me enjoy cooking. Rachel is teaching me all she knows. When Mark gets ice, we'll have ice cream! Oh, if I could only send some to Agnes and father."

Giving her mother a sudden kiss, and making her promise anew that she would ring her bell if she needed her, she whisked herself off to the kitchen to ask Rachel to teach her to make strawberry short cake for dessert.

Half an hour Mrs. Kenderdine rested with closed eyes, and then a step upon the piazza announced Mark.

"Here you are, in Honeysuckle Corner, with all

the carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen to yourself. Are you growing like the red clover this morning ? ”

“ Without toiling or spinning, only *taking*, that is certainly what I am doing.”

“ But you think, and the clover does not, yet it grows.”

“ I do not think hindering thoughts—not this morning.”

She was not suffering with longing for her husband's presence as she had suffered a year ago ; she had consciously given her emotional nature to Christ, telling him she could no longer bear it ; it was sapping her physical strength.

As in her daily looking forward, the world to which Christ had gone, the world where she would soon be with him, where she would go to her husband, and her husband go to her, became more and more actual and present to her ; so this world became less and less an abiding place ; she was passing through it on her short way Home. This morning the fields about her were not very far from the sweet fields beyond the swelling flood which stand dressed in living green. Her home-sickness was for Heaven.

“You must not think them any morning. Like the physicians to the Emperor of China, my salary stops when you fall ill. Your color is good to-day,” he remarked, with an assumed professional air.

“Because I am of good cheer; it is a pleasant thing to know that cheer primarily signified *face*.”

“Your cheer is always in your face; your heart is in your eyes, like that girl’s at Daisy Fields. I have quite a narrative to relate this morning; early as it is, it is a day of events in my calendar. Where is Margaret?”

“In the kitchen, as usual.”

“She must come; it will not take long. Touch your bell, please.”

The bell brought her, with strawberry stained fingers.

“Mark was too lazy to go for you,” explained his mother, “he has a tale to tell.”

The slightest happening in their quiet days was an event; Margaret stationed herself beside her mother’s chair to listen, half hiding her fingers under her white apron; Mark stood against the honeysuckle lattice.

“I’ve visited the hermit, and I’ve spoken to the girls,” he began, in a mysterious whisper.

“Oh !” cried Margaret.

The invalid's face was encouragement for an hour of story telling.

“I went at your bidding, Mistress Margaret, to ransack the country for ice in this rare June weather, and whenever I saw anything that had the appearance of the roof of an ice house, there I stopped and inquired. In this way I wandered on into the village of Mansfield ; that brown farm-house on the same side of the street as the church, had certain attractions for me, and there I stopped again. A pretty girl—all girls are pretty in stories, stood at the well-sweep and with pretty bare arms was drawing water. In answer to my frank and urgent inquiry, she told me with the utmost frankness, that Miss Lynn had an ice-house ; she did not sell ice, bus she often gave it away. Following her around to the back shed—she would not allow me to carry the old oaken bucket, the moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well—I found an ancient maiden lady with a pleasant visage, wringing out clothes with a clothes wringer. The girl disposed of her bucket of water and went back to her suds. She was very neat, in a short blue dress, and with her plump arms and crown of braided hair made as taking a picture

as one wishes to see—over a wash tub. Miss Lynn called her Lucinda. She said, ‘Lucinda, you haven’t put in blueing enough,’ and Lucinda said, ‘There wasn’t any more in the house.’

“After the ice business was arranged—and we can have it twice a week, for your sake, Aunt May, and her man will bring it—she is interested in missions, and gave a hundred dollars last year, and that means something when a woman keeps summer boarders—she didn’t tell me—Lucinda told me, but where was I?”

“After the ice business was arranged,” Margaret remembered, with becoming seriousness.

“I asked her if she knew where the hermit lived; I told her I was in search of curiosities in the shape of human beings. Lucinda had gone into the kitchen and left us alone in the shed; she looked in the direction in which the girl disappeared, before she answered, ‘He is her grandfather,’ she said, in a whisper; come out and see my strawberry bed and I will tell you all about him and her.”

With alacrity I accepted the strawberry bed invitation, and while we went up the path to the field—such a pretty ascent—she told me the pathetic story. Lucinda was taken from an Orphan Home when

she was twelve. Miss Lynn was left alone by her father's death, and being lonesome, and needing help, beside, went to this Asylum in quest of a pretty, healthy, and intelligent child, with good blood in her veins. She found Lucinda. That was twelve years ago. This morning she was a pretty, healthy, intelligent young woman with good blood in her veins. She calls Miss Lynn 'Auntie.' She had the advantage and disadvantage of the Mansfield school until she was nineteen. Her benefactress waxed eloquent in her praise."

"Her benefactress must have waxed warm towards you," laughed Margaret.

"She did. She was at the missionary prayer meeting, Sunday night a week ago, and told me she heard me speak and saw my little sister with me."

"But how did you ever get to the hermit?"

"The transition was easy; from Lucinda we went to her father and mother, thence up to her mother's father. Lucinda's father also had good blood in his veins, but he died early and left little Lucinda and her mother with the hermit. He was not a hermit then, he was merely the kind of a man that hermits are made of. He owned land, he had a pretty home,

and a wife, and a little girl. Some man, who loved money and knew how to make it, bought his farm, paying him a fair price for it, as he supposed ; after the money was paid and the deed made out, and the property legally transferred, he learned that he had been cheated. The rich man had discovered that the land was valuable for its iron ore—Miss Lynn believed it was iron, it was something, at any rate, out of which the rich man made more money, and he paid merely the price of average farming land. It was not in this State ; she had forgotten the State, also ; then she remembered Missouri, and as that is one of our richest states in iron ore, the story gains in truthfulness. That discovery almost crazed the poor young farmer ; but the worst of it came later. He came to New Jersey and invested in a coal mine every cent of his small fortune, and lost every single cent of it. She thinks he was more simple than shrewd, and easily fell a prey to speculators. His wife fell ill and died ; the little girl grew up somehow and married, and Lucinda is her little girl. The poor fellow failed in one thing after another ; several winters he cut wood for Miss Lynn—some one at the asylum kept run of him for the child's sake ; but finally his mind went more and

more, and now it is quite gone. There is a small house up the hill on the edge of the woods which her grandfather built and occupied when the village was young and his farm was new ; when the present house was built, the old one was left unused ; she said he always meant to have it brought down for a woodhouse, but never had, and her father had never wished to go to the expense, and she kept it as an 'heirloom.' It has several one-storied rooms, and is a comfortable shelter in summer.

The old man has taken a fancy to live there alone and collect his pebbles ; with them he buys bread and coffee and sugar at the store, and Miss Lynn pays his bills. He is gentle and silent ; reads his Bible, and prays, picks up his pebbles, stores them, and counts them, and believes he shall soon have enough to buy his farm back, and then his wife is coming to live with him, and his little girl. This summer he has not recognized his granddaughter. He is very feeble ; she thinks he cannot live through another winter. She will beguile him and his pebbles down to the house before it is too cold for him in his cabin. He is easily pleased, and a handful of pebbles moves him to tears. She thinks he counts them every day ; each pebble is a silver dollar."

Mrs. Kenderdine's eyes were full of tears; Margaret was thinking of Lucinda.

"What is his name?"

"He has never told her his right name, she is sure; but Theophilus Dennis is written in his Bible, and once she called him by it, and he looked up and answered, seeming slightly startled, and then he said his name was Dennis Green, and she had made a mistake; Lucinda says the name sounds familiar to her, but she has forgotten to whom it belonged; she knows her mother's name was Mary Dennis before she was married; and her name is Lucinda Dennis Mayhew; she thinks she was named for her grandmother. I am very much interested. It is not such an unusual story in this world of deceit and selfishness, but the old man is bent, and his placid countenance and long thin silver hair, and rows of paper boxes filled with his useless treasure, are very touching. He did not care to talk to me, but he was not uncourteous."

"Oh, I wish I could go to see him, mother—may I?" asked Margaret.

"If Mark is willing."

"I see no objection; Miss Lynn will welcome

you; she is coming to call when her washing and ironing are done."

"I wish she would bring Lucinda," said Mrs. Kenderdine.

"Mother, perhaps she is just as happy," said Margaret, "as though her grandfather had not been cheated."

"Does any one know the name of the man who cheated him?" inquired Mrs. Kenderdine.

"Miss Lynn does not; Lucinda never heard it, and the old man has never spoken it. Miss Lynn asked him several years ago, but he muttered something, and seemed unwilling to say; she thinks it has passed out of his mind. If one knew nothing could be done, nothing could be done then; she thinks he tried to get redress at the time."

"How many years ago was it?" asked Margaret.

"When he was in early manhood—of course, the other man is dead; died rich probably, and *his* granddaughter is rolling in her ill-gotten wealth to-day——"

"The farm would never have made him rich," interrupted Margaret; "he has not lost great wealth, only his farm—and all he had; but for that, Lucinda might have been singing the song of the suds

down in Missouri and never have been in an Orphan Asylum, and her mother's life would have been so different, and the poor old bewildered and disappointed man wouldn't have been counting pebbles and saving them to buy back his farm—oh, dear—I wish men wouldn't be so hard-hearted and unscrupulous, simply for the sake of getting rich.”

“If the young farmer had been content to be wronged, and not tried to get the worth of his land back by speculating in coal, and had bought another farm with his money, to him it might have been as though that iron man had not bought his land, as though he had not been wronged. Both were making haste to get rich, the simple man as well as the shrewd man.”

“Mother,” cried Margaret, indignantly, “you are not justifying the iron man, and making the farming man as much to blame !”

“No, dear, not at all,” replied her mother, her gentle voice in strong contrast to Margaret's ; “I am only thinking how acceptance of wrong, and keeping on as though one had not done wrong, might have cancelled the evil effect—as far as the wronged one was concerned. Land not as valuable would have raised equally good corn and oats and potatoes,

and his home could have been as pretty and happy—and he had the amount to buy it. About the wrong doer I have nothing to say. God will be his judge. I would rather be Lucinda at the wash tub, than the other granddaughter driving around with a coachman and four.”

“But it isn’t *her* fault, either,” said perplexed Margaret.

“But her life is different because of it.”

“Can she help it?”

“She will never know it, probably; she may be hindered and hampered by her wealth, and not understand why.”

“Then, mother, what can she do? I do not understand at all.”

“The one thing God asks of us all—of Lucinda as well as of her—obey his commandments.”

“Will that make it right again?”

“For her, surely. Her grandfather is in the hands of the Judge of all the earth.”

“Obedience averts the evil, the evil we inherit,” said Margaret, meditatively. “Was my great-grandfather a good man, I wonder?”

“Your great-grandfather was a poor country minister, and so was your grandfather.”

“Then it has come down in a straight line to me ; mother, I ought to be very good,” she said, humbly.

“Your father says his grandfather used to pray that his children might be a blessing to the world to the latest generation ; and to-day he does not know one that is not a Christian, many of them eminent, all of them workers.”

“I am very thankful.”

“Some one must have prayed for me,” said Mark, much moved. “I ran away from a woman who was not kind to me, when I was nine years old, and dear father and mother Kenderdine took me into their childless home, loved me, and educated me, and left me all they had. Why need anybody be afraid to grow up in this world that God is watching over ? Lucinda and I were taken care of.”

“I must know Lucinda !” exclaimed Margaret ; “mother, I am finding girls.”

“Which reminds me to continue my interesting narrative,” said Mark, resuming his story-telling tone. “Coming across the fields and through the woods in the way home, for the sake of the ramble, I stumbled upon two girls in big hats gathering ferns. They were trying to climb a tumble-down

fence as I came across them, and one big hat tumbled over and screamed. And, like the knightly soldier that I am, I ran to the rescue, and arrived there in time to lift my hat and beg pardon for—being frightened.

“They were as easy and natural as though they were keeping an appointment with me. Grey Eyes was shy after the first moment, but Blue Eyes chatted like a magpie, and asked me to tell you that they were gathering wild-flowers for you, and were expecting to call this morning and bring them. They had been eager to come ever since they had seen you on the piazza, but could not until to-day.”

“That is delightful!” exclaimed Mrs. Kenderdine. “Margaret, I must put on a white wrapper.”

“And I must finish my strawberry short-cake. I wish they would stay to lunch. You know, we are in the country, and people can do anything in the country. It’s just like a story-book.”

“Lucinda doesn’t think so,” said Mark. “I suppose her clothes are all hung out by this time.”

IX.

WELCOME.

“Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.”

THE blue wrapper was exchanged for a white one, and, as the sun grew high, the reclining chair was changed to another piazza corner, more cool and shaded. The strawberry short-cake was finished and brought out for inspection, pronounced a “delicious brown,” and set away in a dark closet. Then Margaret and her book came back to her mother’s side, to talk, and read, and wonder about the girls and what had moved them to come, and to watch for their coming.

Mark and another book were in the honeysuckle corner. He called out that he was sitting there waiting for practice.

He said he had put out his sign to give an air to the place, and to get some kind of a foothold in the village. It was instinct to trust a doctor.

“It’s queer to be on the suburbs of a village,” remarked Margaret. “I suppose one cannot be, literally. I wonder if those girls know Latin?”

“They know how to be frank and unembarrassed,” called out Mark, who loved to listen to Margaret’s voice. “I felt awkward enough: and I suppose I acted so.”

“You couldn’t,” said Margaret, “you were never awkward in your life.”

“Mistress Margaret, you tempt me to quote the French lady who said that she could forgive a crime, it might have some grand motive; but never an awkwardness.”

“That sounds French,” said Mrs Kenderdine.

“Mother!”

Margaret had been thinking for five minutes, with her head resting on the back of her mother’s chair.

“That frightens me—‘The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children’s teeth are set on edge.’ I would like to know the story of those who have inherited that wrongly gotten wealth.”

“Do you remember what God says about that proverb you just quoted?”

“No: I did not know it was in the Bible at all; it was running through my head.”

“Bring me a Bible and you shall read it to me; then you will never be frightened again.”

Margaret believed her mother had but to open the Bible to find everything she wanted; every perplexity vanished as soon as she brought her the Book.

Margaret read :

“What mean ye that ye use this proverb concerning the land of Israel, saying, The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children’s teeth are set on edge? As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel. Behold, all souls are mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine: the soul that sinneth it shall die.”

“If you read on you will see—there, the fourteenth verse,” her mother indicated, looking over the page.

Again Margaret read :

“Now if he beget a son, that seeth all his father’s sins which he hath done, and considereth and doeth not such like——But he must consider and not do; it depends upon that.”

“Read on; what is the promise?”

“— he shall not die for the iniquity of his father,

he shall surely live. As for his father, because he cruelly oppressed, spoiled his brother by violence, and did that which is not good among his people, lo, even he shall die in his iniquity.—*Spoiled his brother!* That is the very sin that has spoiled that old man's life. It must be terrible to know one's money has come down that way; terrible to know that one's grandfather died in his iniquity. But, perhaps, this spoiler of his brother could not find him to make restitution. Oh, I hope he tried to."

"I don't believe he tried very hard," called out Mark, from his corner.

"Perhaps he lost his money, and couldn't," surmised Margaret; "perhaps his granddaughter is poorer to-day than Lucinda is. I hope, either way, she will never know that her grandfather spoiled his brother."

"Unless *she* can find the old man and his pebbles," said her mother.

"It is too late for him to be recompensed," replied Mark; "the pebbles are more to him than money. Miss Lynn says he does not care for ten cent pieces; she has offered them to him."

"But it isn't too late for Lucinda," said Margaret,

“ she might be educated and travel, and have a home of her own.”

“ She is enough of a lady, and she has learned what money is worth by earning it. What a mine of wealth a thousand dollars would be to her ! More than all their father’s money to those girls over the way, probably. I wish those girls might live with Miss Lynn for one year—with what opened eyes they would look out upon life.”

“ Do I need to live with Miss Lynn for one year ? ” Margaret asked, as he slid out of his steamer chair to come towards her.

“ You have had your life, the best possible for you ; I would not change one hour of it.”

“ And these girls have had theirs,” said Margaret’s mother. “ I would not change one hour of it.”

“ I am glad you went for ice to-day for my cake, Mark,” said Margaret, as he came to the back of her chair, and rested both elbows on it, “ for I have learned to be thankful for my great-grandfather. Now I know what it means, that oft-repeated quotation of yours, that a child’s education begins a hundred years before he is born.”

“ You have learned something beside.”

“ What ? ” she asked, smiling up into the eyes

that were the same color as her own, but many shades darker. She was proud to be called his little sister.

“That your great-grandchildren’s great-grandmother must behave herself for their sakes.”

“Mother, are you making a good great-grandmother of me?” she asked, with a merry laugh.

“You are enough like your grandmother, child, to make it worth while; I see my mother in you very often; she was a bustling, busy little creature, and when she sewed, she held her work as you hold yours.”

“Mark, you have come to read to us,” said Margaret, with her little air of command, “you must keep me amused until the girls come; I am very impatient to hear them talk.”

“No, I came for your mother’s crumb—has she told you about it?”

The “crumb” was the bit of Bible food and refreshment Mrs. Kenderdine found for herself every morning.

Margaret said that her mother believed it was written for her, and for that very moment; and to-day it assuredly was, for it strengthened the fainting heart with strongest strength.

“If I tell you how much it is to me, you will know how sorely I needed it,” Mrs. Kenderdine replied, with the shadow of a smile; “but it is true, even if faithlessly true, that I did awake this morning with a very sore heart. It must have begun in my sleep. I awoke thinking how that wife over the way is always with her husband, and how much I might be to mine were I strong and well—as strong and well as the Lord might have made me and kept me—but he did not. My reading—I found my Testament under my pillow—was about the kingdom of heaven being like the householder who went out early in the morning to hire laborers for his vineyard. To some he said: ‘Go ye also into the vineyard, and *whatsoever is right* I will give you.’ That ‘*whatsoever is right*’ was all I wanted. I slipped the book back and thought about it. The Householder has sent my laborer into his vineyard, and *whatsoever is right* he has promised to give him. If it were right for me to be well and strong, standing at his side, as I did for nearly twenty-five years, he would give that to him. But he sent him back without me. It was not *right* that I should be given him. ‘Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?’”

Mark walked away. Happy tears were shining in the eyes of the laborer's wife. Margaret was sobbing.

Voices were at the gate, and steps on the piazza. Mark stepped forward to receive the wild-flower-laden girls, and introduce them to Mrs. Kenderdine and Miss Kenderdine.

"You cannot see us for the flowers," laughed Tanzy, shyly; "but we wanted to bring all the woods and fields to you; and I hope you do not know the pigeon-berry blossom, for I want you to learn about us both together. We wanted to bring you something besides Marigold and Tanzy."

"Not something I am more glad to see. Girls, I have been *longing* for you to come."

Then everybody laughed, and Mark pushed the piazza chairs into a half circle about Mrs. Kenderdine. The flowers were handled and talked about and exclaimed over, and Mark brought jars for the ferns, and vases for the flowers, declaring it was the first Flower Mission he had ever been actively engaged in.

Tanzy spoke of a thrush in the woods, and then from flowers they went to birds, and Margaret told them of a Phebe bird's nest she had been watching,

and how the sparrows had driven it away; and Mark had a story of a kingbird, and Mrs. Kenderdine was sure she had heard a Mary bird: for the call was a perfect Ma-ry, Ma-ry.

“O, Mark, tell them about our hermit,” suggested Margaret; “did you know, Miss Henderson, that Mansfield has a hermit?”

“Yes,” answered Marigold, although Margaret had seemed to appeal to Tanzy, “and Tanzy says we must go to see him to-day; the golden sceptre is extended to us to-day, and we must take advantage of it and make all our calls. Mrs. Kenderdine, the truth is, papa is so careful of us, that he will not let us go about,—I suppose we should do wild things,” she added, excusingly.

“But to-day,” said Tanzy, taking up the thread, “he promised not to ask us questions to-night; the hermit is on our list; please, tell us all about him and how to get to him. Will it be wrong for us to go alone?”

“I went alone,” said Mark, seriously, pressing the ferns down into the tall jar.

The girls laughed, and Tanzy wondered how to frame her next question; although she was queen of the day as far as the golden sceptre was concerned,

it would not beseem her queenly dignity to ask Dr. Kenderdine to become her escort.

“I know the way,” he said, his lips answering to the twinkle in his eyes. “I could show somebody the way.”

“But we can’t all go,” considered Margaret.

“Miss Tanzy spoke first; I will take her and then come back for you.”

“Not the same day,” cried Marigold. “I think it is Tanzy’s day.”

“How about your day, Miss Marigold?” asked Mark.

“Tanzy cares more than I do. Papa will give me a day another time.”

“You mustn’t think papa is—” began truthful Tanzy, “you mustn’t think he is—too particular, only we do think so when we are cross.”

“And we are often cross,” acknowledged Marigold.

Mrs. Kenderdine was listening with all her amusement and interest in her face. Said Madame de Staël, “Animated, and yet reposeful is what I should like to be, and never shall be.” Without being at all aware of it, the missionary’s wife had attained the coveted wish of the brilliant French author.

“Dr. Kenderdine, please, tell us about him,” said Tanzy. “I have read of hermits.”

“Peter, for instance,” he replied; “but this old man is a very commonplace hermit, after all; rather striking in appearance, as simple as a child. He will uncover his boxes and discover his wealth of pebbles, and tell you, as he lays his trembling hand upon them, that they are all gold and silver, and he is saving them to buy his farm back again. His story is that he was wronged out of it by a rich iron man; but it is possible that his wrongs are the workings of a disordered brain. His granddaughter, Lucinda—Cinder, Miss Lynn calls her very often—lives not far from him, and visits him morning and night; he walks to the village store and exchanges his pebbles for his simple needs; he moved very feebly to-day, and there was something in his countenance that would startle any one who understands it. Miss Lynn said he had heart trouble, and I advised her not to allow him to stay there alone. It would be very lonely for the girl there at night, too. Some man ought to be with him.”

“Lucinda is from the Orphan Asylum, and very pretty and ladylike,” explained Margaret; “she was adopted by Miss Lynn, but then she does the work

of a servant. If her grandfather had not been cheated, it would have been so different for her."

"She has learned dressmaking, and sews for the village people. I omitted that in my story. A niece of Miss Lynn—I saw her sewing at the window—came from the West three years ago, and has in a measure taken her place in the household. Miss Lynn did not say it plainly, but the niece is anxious to be rid of the adopted child, and the old lady is rather doubtful what to do. She thinks her only brother's only child ought to have the first place in her affections and her farm, and yet she is not ready to cast off faithful Cinder."

"I would cast myself off," said indignant Margaret. "You did not tell us that. She can support herself. Mother, do we not need some sewing done?"

"Not with your skillful fingers always ready."

"We do," said Marigold. "Nurse's eyes have been weak this summer, and mamma told her to find a seamstress."

"I will see mamma before I go," decided Tanzy. "We might have her a month and longer—as long as we stay, perhaps. We took our flowers in to show her, Mrs. Kenderdine, and found poor papa gone up-stairs with orders not to disturb him all

day. He often sleeps all day. So he will not drive with us this afternoon, and mamma never goes anywhere without him. We will be so glad if you will go with us and Miss Margaret. The carriage is as easy as a cradle. Papa has to have everything easy for his back and side. Our time is between four and seven, but we will gladly change it, as you wish."

"O, mother!" exclaimed Margaret, in grateful delight. "I thank you so much, Miss Tanzy."

"Then you will go," chimed in Marigold. "We were so afraid you wouldn't. I told Tanzy she must ask. She knows how to coax."

"You are very kind. You do not need to coax," said Mrs. Kenderdine. "I do not allow myself to long for anything when I can help it. But I have been thinking of a drive to-day."

"Miss Tanzy, she always gets what she thinks of," said Mark. "She is more like the widow and the oil and meal than any one I know."

Tanzy's question was in her eyes. Marigold asked if it were a fairy story.

"Something like one," said Mark. "She had enough for one time, and always cooked it, and yet it never failed. It was always there."

“That is a fairy story,” said Marigold, “unless she did something to get it.”

“She did,” Mrs. Kenderdine hastened to say. “She kept a boarder, and was paid in oil and meal.”

“The boarder was a prophet,” said Margaret, “and that was the reason.”

“O,” exclaimed Tanzy, enlightened, “is that what *faith* is?”

“That is what faith gets,” replied Mrs. Kenderdine.

“I had a friend in Rome, who knew about faith,” said Tanzy, “but she died.”

Margaret stepped in at the window, and returning in a moment placed in Tanzy’s hand a photograph framed in purple velvet. Tanzy’s surprise and pleasure brought Marigold to her side.

“Susie Hartwell!” she said, “just like yours, Tan.”

“She was my cousin,” Margaret said; “but I did not know her except by letter; she was an American girl, and I was born in India. She was abroad when we came, and then——”

“Now I remember, Tan. We knew we had heard the name Kenderdine somewhere, and we

couldn't think. What a little place this round world is ! We often meet people who have met other people."

Mark had taken a turn on the piazza. He came back to ask Tanzy when she would be ready to visit the hermit.

"I wish I could take him something."

"You can, O, Tan !" cried Marigold; "don't you remember that tin box of pebbles that nurse guards in memory of our childhood? We would insist, Mrs. Kenderdine, upon picking up pebbles everywhere, and these were picked up on the Mediterranean coast. Small dark things ! just the things to please him, Tan."

"Do you know where they are ?"

"I saw the box this morning, on a shelf in the store-room. We both cried because papa said 'nonsense,' don't you remember ? and nurse promised to bring them to Daisy Fields."

"We shall be heartily welcomed, then ; I had not thought of such an open sesame," said Mark.

"Miss Margaret will go too ?" asked Tanzy, turning to Margaret.

"O yes," promised Mark, "and Miss Marigold shall stay with you, Aunt May."

“Not before lunch,” demurred Margaret.

“It isn’t half a mile ; and it is not yet eleven,” said Mark, looking at his watch ; “the box of pebbles and the errand to Miss Lucinda, shall be my excuse for two calls in one morning ; beside, I do want to impress upon Miss Lynn that the old man must not stay alone to-night.”

Tanzy arose and stood hesitating ; would papa object, she wondered ; would he call this “insubordination ?” She must give the old man the box of pebbles, and she must do something for the girl, who had nothing to inherit from her wronged grandfather but bits of worthless stone.

She stood perplexed, her eyes dropped, the color deepening in cheek and brow. Did those brothers do such things after they left their father to follow Jesus Christ ?

“Mrs. Kenderdine,” lifting her eyes in sudden appeal, “is it always difficult to know what to do—after one has decided to follow Jesus Christ ?”

“We can always ask him, dear.”

“But I do not know how.”

“I know how.”

“Can I find it in his New Testament ?”

“Yes.”

Mark looked at the girl that Susie Hartwell loved, and did not wonder that she loved her.

“Well,” with a sigh that was half hopeful, “I must decide now about the hermit and Lucinda, and I decide to go. I will tell papa to-night, and I know mamma will be glad to have her come and sew.”

XI.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

“A human heart is a skein of such imperceptibly and subtly interwoven threads, that even the owner of it is often himself at a loss how to unravel it.”

THE clothes were hanging on the line, the tubs emptied, the floor of the shed mopped, and it was not yet eleven o'clock.

Lucinda had kindled the fire that morning while the quail in the apple orchard was calling “Bob White”—before five o'clock. The ironing must be done that afternoon, and she had to make over the overskirt of her last year's blue gingham, that it might look new and fresh to wear to the picnic to-morrow.

The clock in the sitting-room struck eleven as she hung up the mop. The “picked up” wash-day dinner was the next thing, and the trip up to the woods with grandfather's rice and milk. Miss Lynn had gone into the sitting-room to take off her

shoes to rest her feet, and lean back in her grandmother's old rocker to rest her back, and to talk to her niece, Maria, about being "a little more kind to poor Cinder," as she had put it to herself a dozen times that morning since she awoke and heard Lucinda going down-stairs.

While Lucinda was stepping about the kitchen, warming over the cold potatoes, slicing yesterday's roast, and scantily filling four saucers with the remnant of yesterday's bread pudding, Miss Lynn, her "adopted aunt," was framing a touching appeal to Maria's supposed kind-heartedness.

Maria did not look particularly susceptible to appeals to her kind-heartedness, as she sat at the window, fussing with unskilled fingers over the trimming of the waist of her new white dress. She was cross because the Torchon lace was too narrow, and such a cheap imitation, and besides she had not half enough; but she must wear white, because Hoyt Wayland had told her, last night, walking home from church, that she was as pretty as a pink in white, and had promised her a long drive in his new buggy on the "long way around" home from the picnic grounds.

Hoyt Wayland had a farm of one hundred acres.

with a good house and barns in nice order, and six horses and a new buggy; the only thing he had that she did not like was that old mother, as active as ever, and always trotting about the kitchen, and talking as if she owned everything; she did not like old women; Aunt Mary Ann was a bother, and this old woman was older and more of a bother than Aunt Mary Ann. Hoyt Wayland had taken Lucinda to the picnic last year; he used to walk home with her from church too, before she came. She had not done anything, she was sure; she could not help it if he gradually paid Lucinda less and less attention, and paid her more and more; he could not help knowing that she was the real niece, and Lucinda nobody but an Orphan Asylum girl with a crazy grandfather. Aunt Mary Ann's farm would be hers, and she had told him so; Lucinda had no real claim upon anything; she might be thankful that she had been so well taken care of, and a good trade and all given to her; and now that she was old enough and able to go away and support herself, why should she not go? Aunt Mary Ann was too fond of her, and had spoiled her; that was the only trouble; but Aunt Mary Ann was weak, and easily influenced, and too just to defraud her brother's

child for the sake of an Orphan Asylum girl.

Aunt Mary Ann *was* weak, and she was painfully conscious of it, as she sat opposite the determined face fussing over the lace ; she cleared her throat twice before she could say that Cinder was all through with the washing.

“It’s about time,” answered Maria, taking a pin out of her mouth to fasten the lace in a new place to try the effect.

Aunt Mary Ann shifted her tired feet and remarked that Cinder was down at daybreak.

“Is that anything new?” was the reply. “Auntie, I haven’t half enough lace ; I wish I could go to town for two yards more. This will look very scrumpy.”

“Sam is plowing.”

“Sam is always plowing ; I don’t see why you can’t afford an extra horse. Can’t he do something else this afternoon and let me have Jess ?”

“Jess was lame this morning.”

“Jack, then.”

“He says you are always wanting a horse.”

“Well, aren’t the horses yours ? Is your hired man the master in your house ?”

“He is accountable for getting the crops in, and

he feels it ; he has been faithful ten years ; he was with me before Cinder came."

"She thinks she owns everything, too. I shouldn't think you would like to have your servants ride over your head in your old age."

"Cinder is not a servant," replied Miss Lynn, with some sharpness.

"She does the work of one, then."

"That's because she is so faithful." This was the opportunity of Cinder's friend, and she hastened to seize upon it. When Miss Lynn talked, she talked rapidly, her words poured out in a torrent of adjectives. One of her boarders last summer remarked that she had as full a command of adjectives as Rufus Choate—with this difference, that hers were repeated.

"She's as faithful and good and neat and clever a girl as you can find in this county ; and as pretty, with her bright eyes and the red in her cheeks, and her hair crinkling, especially when she's heated over the hot stove ; and she has a knack at fixing herself up that every girl hasn't ! Look at her dresses, as tasty as any city lady's, and fitting like a glove ; she looks dressed in anything."

"Because you have humored her so ; think of a

girl like her having a summer silk, fifty cents a yard, trimmed with velvet, too."

"That was a special treat; that was because she was so faithful that winter. I had rheumatic fever; sixteen weeks I couldn't move hand or foot, and three months my right hand was so crooked and bent, and fingers twisted, that I couldn't feed myself; if it hadn't been for Cinder and her grandfather, I'm sure I don't know where I should be now; she rubbed me, and he rubbed me, and Dr. Minturn said the rubbing saved my hand; they rubbed hard and they rubbed soft, and they rubbed night and day, and she lifted me up and set me down and fed me like the baby that I was; a poor, little, sick, cross, groaning baby, with no mother but her! She's a born nurse, the doctor said, young as she was, and her feet never got tired, nor her aching back, nor her sleepless eyes, and she never said one cross, or one impatient, or one disrespectful word to me."

"Of course not," snapped Maria, "she knew on what side her bread was buttered."

"It wasn't buttered any side half the time, for she never would take time to eat. And she proposed taking boarders herself to pay off the mortgage—she was only seventeen, too—and she gave up

school summers, and only went in the winter, for my poor, old sake, and because she loved the old place my father left to me. Nobody knows how she got up early and went to bed late, and had no help but a washerwoman and a little girl to wash dishes and clean knives ; and she proposed the new chambers to be made, so we might have sleeping-rooms enough, and the pretty piazza for the boarders to sit and talk on ; and it was because of her that old rich Mrs. Newton stayed winters and paid summer board, and she waited on her till she died : and that lame Mr. Graham came in May and stayed through October, and paid seven dollars a week ; and we could fill the house this summer if you wasn't so set against it, and have money to put in the bank this winter."

"I am set against it. I hate boarders. Where did I sleep last summer ? And it looks as though you *had* to, and you don't have to, now that the mortgage is paid off and the house fixed up. That old man is boarder enough. She gives him cream by the cupful, and she actually asked the butcher for beef to make him beef-tea."

"She paid for it herself. She gets a dollar every day she sews."

“It’s a pity she didn’t sew every day, then. That missionary family will give her work, perhaps, and the Hendersons are home, and they always want somebody to do something for them. Lucinda might get a chance as waitress with them. You say she looks so pretty in her white aprons. She might put a frilled white cap over her crinkling hair, and be a nurse-girl.”

“Mrs. Jansen did want her for a nurse. She would have taken her to Europe this summer, but I wouldn’t let her go.”

“You’d better let her go next time,” said Maria, biting off a thread.

“She is uneasy and discontented. She didn’t use to be. She used to be as playful and frisky as a lamb. I notice she gives sharp answers, and yesterday, when she came down from the old man’s, I could see she had had a crying spell. I guess she saw the *Banner*. I hid it away. I don’t see who ever wrote that Mansfield letter to the *Banner*, and put in all about her demented, crazy old grandfather, and his boxes of stones, and his heart disease, and that story of his farm in Missouri. There’s nothing disgraceful about the way he lives. I give him the rent of the old house, and Cinder

pays his bills at the store, and mends his clothes. His craziness is a visitation of Providence, and plenty of folks are cheated by rich men in this cheating world. I don't see who had the heart to do it, knowing her loyalty and devotion to him. And how she loves his poor white hairs, and washes his poor feet down on her knees, and makes him up a clean bed every Saturday. Hoyt Wayland does write the Mansfield letter sometimes, because he allowed as much, and he's been to a business college, so, of course, he knows how. But he wouldn't hurt Cinder's feelings for half his farm. I used to think they was engaged. He made her a ring out of gutta percha when they went to school together, and always used to come to take her to choir meeting. But she seems to have thrown him off this last year. I hope she hasn't got any high notions. He is a member of the church, and so kind to his old and aged mother; and in his father's last sickness, couldn't do enough for the old man. But he is reckless with horses. I've seen that white colt of his stand up on his hind legs. I guess I'll tell her she needn't iron this afternoon if she wants to fix her dress."

With a groan Miss Lynn arose and limped across

the rag-carpeted floor. Opening the door into the kitchen, she heard the sound of animated voices. She drew back and shuffled with her loose slippers.

“Maria,” in a loud whisper, “it sounds like that young missionary doctor’s voice. I guess he wants that ice.”

“Ask him if they don’t want somebody to sew;” proposed Maria, hurriedly. “Lucinda can go any day, and I’ll do the housework, Aunt Mary Ann.”

“Perhaps it *would* chirk her up a bit,” said Aunt Mary Ann, kindly; “but I don’t believe she would leave her grandfather.”

“Yes, she would. She said this morning that she must get him some blankets and a pair of soft slippers. She makes a baby of the crazy old man.”

XII.

DR. KENDERDINE'S FIRST PATIENT.

"I have sped by land and sea, and mingled with much people ; but never yet could find a spot unsunned by human kindness."

MISS LYNN heard the "missionary doctor's" voice at the shed door. Under the tall pine near the shed door two girls were standing, one of them with something shining in her hand. At a second glance Miss Lynn's eyes, aided by her spectacles, recognized the doctor's little sister and one of the "stylish" Henderson girls. She had known the Henderson girls by sight since they were children, and her father had sold that old money-getter Abram Nicholson, the land on which he had built his handsome house forty years ago. You could not tell her anything about those Hendersons, although she had never spoken to any of the present generation.

Old Abram Nicholson had taken a walk up to the old house and said it would be a quiet place for a man to die in when he was disgusted with the world. But he had died at Daisy Fields, and she never heard whether or not he were disgusted with the world.

Full of reminiscence, she pulled off her apron and hurried out to tell the dark Henderson girl what she remembered of her grandfather. But the young man with his hat in his hand was talking to Lucinda, and she stopped half-way to listen.

"Miss Lucinda," he was saying to the girl, who stood at a table with a yellow bowl in her hand, "I went home with my story about your grandfather, and my deep interest in him, and these girls, Miss Henderson, and my cousin, Miss Kenderdine, asked if they might return with me. I have brought something to relieve that tightness over the heart that he spoke of this morning, and Miss Henderson has something from the shores of the Mediterranean that she would like to give him."

Lucinda's surprise was not unmingled with pleasure; her grandfather had long ceased to excite sympathy in the village; he was only old Dennis, who worked when he could for Miss Lynn, and when she

had no work for him, picked up an odd job among the farmers; he was melancholy and silent, and had never shown any friendliness.

“Oh yes, please,” said Tanzy, stepping shyly forward, and sliding the cover from her box; “they are only pebbles; my sister and I picked them up when we were little and liked such things, and Nurse was so good as to pack them up for us; papa used to throw them away. If he is a collector, and cares for foreign stones, I think he may care for these. Of course we picked up the prettiest ones. Will he like them, do you think?” she asked, with pretty appeal to the old man’s granddaughter.

“Yes, very much,” Lucinda replied, with a look that went to Tanzy’s heart, setting down the yellow bowl, and taking several of the smooth, dark stones into her hand, “he will be delighted; he told me I never found smooth ones.”

“Did you ever try on the sea-shore?” asked Tanzy.

“Sea-shore!” Lucinda laughed. “I never saw the sea-shore in my life. I have never been anywhere.”

“And you have been everywhere, I hear,” interrupted Miss Lynn’s voice, as she pushed herself

in between the girls. "I remember your great-grandfather. He was a handsome old man, handsome till the last, but they said he was melancholy before he died."

"He died when I was so little, that I do not remember him; but he was very fond of us, and named me after my great-grandmother. She died years and years ago."

"Cinder!"

The loose slippers shuffled across the floor to the table upon which stood the cold roast, and the four saucers of bread pudding.

"You go right up with them, and take your grandfather's dinner; Maria will set the dinner table, and I'll see to the other things."

"If it will not be an intrusion—" began Mark.

"Oh, no, not at all," invited Miss Lynn, "you can every one of you, as well as not."

"I was asking only for myself; he looked so ill that I am sorry I left him at all. You said he would not have a doctor, but I thought he might let me stay as nurse."

Lucinda dropped the pebbles back into the box; she went to the stove with the yellow bowl in her hand, and dipped some hot rice into it; Tanzy

watched her, wondering if she felt as hurt as she would feel, if strangers came to bring things to her grandfather.

“He has looked like that since yesterday morning,” said Lucinda, with something of the hurt in her face and voice.

“Cinder, don’t forget the milk,” cautioned Miss Lynn.

“He has milk; he keeps the can of milk on the hearth to keep it cool.”

“He never *would* have a doctor,” apologized Miss Lynn, turning to Mark; “he wouldn’t last winter when he had to sit in his chair all night, to breathe easy. Cinder can’t coax him down to the house, she has been trying ever since he has been so feeble. We shan’t have boarders this summer, I’m too worn out, and Maria don’t like them, and Cinder wants to get some dressmaking done; she’s a master hand at it, if I do say so, and has sewed for the Jansens, and so the old man can have a cool room.”

“He will not come,” said Lucinda, positively; “he cried last night when I tried to coax him, and asked me to read the psalm about the Lord being our dwelling-place in all generations. He thinks

his money is safer there, and he thinks grandmother knows he is there, and will come and find him. The box of pebbles will brighten him up, more than anything; he will like that handsome box. He said yesterday, he could not stoop over to pick up any more, and he has not enough yet."

"May I pick them up for him?" asked Tanzy. "I cannot get any like these until we go to the sea-shore, but I will express another box to him. I wish he could go himself; don't you think, Mr. Kenderdine, that the sea air would do him good?" she inquired, earnestly. "I love salt air."

Lucinda's smile was a little dreary; the sea-shore seemed as far off to her as heaven, and it was farther off to him.

"No; it is too late for any change to benefit him," answered Mark.

"Would you like to go up and take the pebbles?" asked Lucinda, with a glance at Tanzy; "it is a pretty walk up the lane. I would like you to see how glad he will be—if he is not as drowsy as he was yesterday. I am not used to having any one kind to him but Auntie."

"Oh, pooh, now," ejaculated Auntie.

"Thank you," Tanzy replied; "if he will not be

troubled, I would like to see if he is pleased, and would like to have another box. Gold thought of it—Marigold, my sister—and she will be so pleased.”

“Cinder, hurry up, your rice will be all cold,” warned Miss Lynn. “I hope it is cooked soft enough, for he hasn’t a tooth in his head to chew hard grains of rice with. Don’t hurry back, unless you get hungry for your own dinner; you might take a piece to eat on the way; perhaps the doctor can persuade him to come down; tell him the stove is out in the shed, and the kitchen chamber isn’t made suffocating hot with it now; be sure to tell him that, for he always fussed dreadfully about that close room, and not being able to catch his breath any more than if he was in a baker’s oven. It was on account of that hot kitchen chamber that he took to the woods; but I couldn’t spare him any other, with my house full of boarders, and Cinder, here, slept in the attic, which was just as bad, so she had no room to give up to him, and Maria said he wasn’t her flesh and blood, and she wouldn’t give hers and mine up to him; and so he got disgusted with the world, and took up his quarters up in the free, wild woods, where you can breathe as much as you like. He likes the woods.”

“So do I,” said Tansy, hastening to assure Lucinda by her words and tone, that her grandfather was not so uncomfortably peculiar as one might think, “I stay in the woods for hours.”

“And you like pebbles, too,” added Miss Lynn. “Don’t you go and get crazy; you don’t think stones are gold, though,” she tittered, “you’ve got enough without.”

“I hope my gold will be as innocent as his pebbles,” said Tanzy. “I am so afraid of money doing harm. I am almost afraid of money; it has not been a blessing to me.”

“Who told you that?” asked Mark.

“Susie Hartwell.”

“I’d like to have a little to try,” said Miss Lynn with a tittering laugh. “Cinder and I worked dreadful hard to get this place clear. My father left it encumbered with a mortgage. We country folks do not see much gold and silver. Cinder has had precious little of it. It has never hurt *her*; and lots more wouldn’t: for she knows how hard it comes.”

“Then her temptation would be to hoard,” said Margaret, stepping nearer and speaking for the first time; “what a philosophical talk you are having!”

“That’s my fault,” admitted Tanzy. “Papa says I am always saying uncomfortable things.”

“I think you say comforting things,” said Lucinda, who had fallen in love with this frank, half shy, wholly delightful, sympathetic girl, whom she had admired for years in her passing glimpses of her on the lawn at Daisy Fields, or driving with her father and mother and sister, without ever dreaming that she might some day speak to her.

“You had better go,” reminded Miss Lynn, who did not enjoy conversation when she was not chief speaker. “That rice will be cold, and he doesn’t like it cold. You can go, too,” indicating Margaret with a nod towards her. “That house is historic, if things happening in a house make history. Maria wants to have it torn down, and I think I shall next year. It encourages tramps, and old Dennis is the last tramp I want in it.”

Lucinda colored, and again Tanzy was hurt for her.

She was tempted to speak, but what could she say? It was very dreadful to have one’s grandfather a tramp.

Up the narrow path Mark led the way, Margaret

following ; Tanzy and Lucinda, as if drawn together, lingering, and walking slowly side by side. The narrow path ran across the pasture lot, and there Mark found a fence and bars to be let down. Over the bars they stepped into the lane through which the cows were driven morning and night ; Mark and Margaret still kept ahead, Abram Nicholson's great-granddaughter, with her tin box of pebbles, and the granddaughter of Theophilus Dennis with her yellow bowl of rice walking side by side, and talking so interestingly that the others smiled at the sound of their rapid tones.

“ Tanzy can talk fast enough,” said Margaret.

“ She has taken to that girl,” replied Mark.

“ I do not wonder. She has character ; she is self-reliant ; she has self-control ; she lives for something.”

“ It is better for her, perhaps, that her grandfather has hoarded pebbles instead of money. If every pebble were a dollar, she would have a fortune. Those we see in his boxes in his closet are only a part of his pickings.”

Tanzy was saying : “ I have seen you a great many times ; I used to make stories about your life and tell Gold. You always looked contented ; we used to wish to be village girls.”

“And I used to wish to be the dark Henderson girl; Maria wished she were your sister, when she saw you driving yesterday. I wish you would come to church sometimes; you would like our minister. We have a pretty church, with a new pulpit.”

“I wish so, too; but we never go to church; papa is not willing. I think it must help people.”

“It does,” said Lucinda, simply.

“And girls are members of your churches! I like that. I had a friend who was a member of a church. Are you?”

“Oh yes; I have been since I was seventeen.”

“What do you have to do?”

“I do not understand you.”

“I mean, can anybody be a member? Don’t you have to know something or do something? Papa doesn’t let us read religious books, so I know very little about it.”

“We have to believe——”

But how could she explain to this girl who knew so little? Perhaps she had never even read the Bible.

“Oh, I know, you have to follow Jesus Christ like Simon and Andrew and James and John. Did you have to leave any one?”

“I had no one to leave. Grandfather was glad ; he used to go to Communion before he got so bewildered about things, and Auntie wanted me to. I had nothing hard to do.”

“I should have every hard thing to do ; I think it would be almost impossible, so I must not think about it. Gold doesn't care as I do ; nobody else cares. Do you have to know all about the New Testament ? ”

“We read it and study it.”

“Isn't it the most wonderful book ever written ? ” exclaimed Tanzy, enthusiastically. “I couldn't go to sleep last night for thinking about it.”

Rebuked, Lucinda was silent ; never had she been kept awake by the wonderfulness of the New Testament ; but she knew she could not live without it ; once when she was discouraged she had not opened it for a whole month, and what a dreary month it had been.

“My life would be very different without it,” was her quiet reply.

“I would like to see what you quoted—it is such a fine thought : ‘Our dwelling place in all generations.’”

“That is in Psalms.”

“Isn’t that the New Testament?”

“No: that is the Old Testament,” replied Lucinda, steadying her lips into grave lines.

“Oh, are there two? Is the other about the same people?”

“Oh, no, not at all.”

“Isn’t it about Jesus Christ at all?”

Lucinda was struck with the tone with which this strange girl spoke the name of Jesus Christ; it was as if she had said Washington, or Moses, or Lincoln, her usual tone, but in admiration and eagerness.

“Oh yes: but not in the same way; the Old Testament is prophecy, the New is fulfilment.”

“Why, did they know he was coming before he came—and expect him?” asked Tanzy, with eyes aglow.

“Yes. The New Testament is only half, without the Old.”

“Then I’ll buy an Old Testament, too.”

“They are both in one book, you know, the Bible,” Lucinda explained, rather ashamed of herself for thinking it necessary; but it would be so queer for her to ask in a book store for the Old Testament.

“Now I understand.”

Miss Henderson did not seem at all embarrassed; she did not seem to know how ignorant she was; the little girls in her Sunday-school class would think her questions the funniest they ever heard; and then Lucinda was ashamed that she felt herself smiling.

“Your grandfather has a Bible?”

“Oh yes; he brought it from Missouri; his father gave it to him when he was married, and my birth and my mother's is in the family record.”

“Written in the Bible? We haven't any family record. What else do you write in it?”

“Grandfather has written when his farm was sold, but Auntie writes only births and deaths, and marriages.”

“As if they were solemn, like the Bible; and they are as true as the Bible is, and as solemn. I like to read anything that I know is all true, don't you? It was quite a disappointment to me, when I learned that Homer might not be a real man; wasn't it to you?”

“No,” said Lucinda, smiling, “I don't know anything about him.”

“Haven't you a *Homer* in the house?”

“No, I never saw one.”

Tanzy was politely silent ; it was queer that she didn't know about Homer.

“And don't you care whether Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare ? Papa reads the papers about it to me, and we have arguments, and I take the Shakespeare side ; I should be so disappointed if it were some one else ; papa has read Shakespeare to me ever since I could listen, I believe.”

“We have not a Shakespeare in the house, and I never read a line of it.”

“We have several copies ; I will lend you mine. Has not your grandfather one, either ? ”

“I do not believe he ever read a word of it.”

“How queer people are ! ” cried Tanzy, merrily. “I suppose country people know the Bible better than Shakespeare. I wish I did. Shakespeare isn't *true*, like the Bible.”

How far apart they were, walking together ! Tanzy did not feel it, at all ; she felt nearer her companion at every step ; but Lucinda sighed, thinking that she might never walk with her again.

“I saw your grandfather once with you, walking home from church ; papa said he had a fine head.”

“He is not what he might have been. He tells a story about being wronged—taken advantage of, is

more like it, for he was paid a good price for his farm, but the man who bought it knew its real value, and poor grandfather did not. Perhaps grandfather should have known; perhaps he had as good an opportunity of knowing as the other man; he was young then, and this man was a sharp man at making money, and knew something grandfather didn't; I suppose one man always knows something the other doesn't, in making a shrewd bargain, don't you?"

"Or else it wouldn't be a shrewd bargain," said Tansy. "I hope I shall never be the one who knows! I should never have a happy minute."

"I used to be bitter; grandfather made me so by telling me how different it might have been if he had been the one to get rich out of his own land; but now I think it was because his mind was not right; thinking of it night and day made him worse, and his weak mind made thinking of it harder to bear; I used to hate the man who did well for himself; then I got over it."

"How? I don't believe I could get over hating any one who deserved to be hated."

"I prayed about it," was the low answer.

"Did *that* help?"

“It didn’t help ; it did it all.”

“Prayer must be powerful to work changes like that.”

“It was not the prayer ; it was God answering the prayer,” said Lucinda, who was afraid that the girl who had not read the Bible might misunderstand.

“But he did it because you prayed.”

“He has promised to do things because we pray.”

“Has he ? Really *promised* ?”

“Really promised,” repeated Lucinda, the promise meaning more to her because it meant so much to one learning it for the first time.

“Promised, so that he would tell a lie if he didn’t keep his word ?”

Again Lucinda was startled ; how dared she speak so of God ?

“He cannot lie,” she answered gravely.

“I knew it, and that’s why I wanted to know if it were a real, not-to-be-broken promise ; not conditional.”

“Oh, it is conditional.”

“What are the conditions ?”

“You will find them in the New Testament.”

“I expect to read it to-night. I am glad your

grandfather has his Bible ; perhaps that man who knew had no Bible. Do you wish you knew his name ? ”

“No, because I might meet some one who belonged to him and was rich, and I should have to pray very hard.—I want so much, I am covetous sometimes.”

“Doesn't your grandfather know ? ”

“I don't know ; he never calls him by name ; he said once, God knew it, and would judge him.”

“That is true,” decided Tanzy, solemnly.

“I would rather God would forgive him,” said Lucinda.

“But I think he ought to be punished, too.”

“He must be dead ; he was older than grandfather—he had to think before he died.”

“I hope he did, and suffered ! He must have suffered if he thought God wouldn't forgive him. I should think it would have been in the papers ; such stories are always in the papers ; papa reads them, and he says poor people are envious, and always imagining they are cheated. But I don't believe they always imagine it ; for wicked men do cheat.”

“Grandfather was never in the paper but once,” said Lucinda, in the hard voice of one who had not

forgiven. "That was last week; his story, all anybody knows, came out in the Mansfield letter to the *Banner*. Some one wrote it who knew more than anybody about him; some very things I told myself to somebody I trusted."

"Oh dear!" cried Tanzy; "then somebody has wronged you, too. Nobody ever wronged me; papa says that is what he is keeping us away from."

"Girls do need fathers," said Lucinda, with the longing for father-shelter in her heart. "Your father loves you. I saw him once put a red shawl around you in the carriage; I think I envied you then."

Would she envy her, Tanzy wondered, if she knew that she dreaded his anger to-night, even after his promise, for this walk she was taking with her?

"Don't envy me, ever; I am not a happy girl," cried Tanzy, vehemently. "I want to do things I cannot do—as much as you do; and I do not hope to, and perhaps you can. The more I know of the New Testament, the more I shall have to leave my father, for he thinks it is fanatical and over-strained and crazy to take it literally, and I do not know any other way."

“What is the other way?”

“I suppose he knows, and thinks he does that way.”

“People do interpret differently,” Lucinda replied, charitably.

“But it sounds so plain and strong,” said bewildered Tanzy. “I shall take it as it says, or give it up.”

“Oh, don’t give it up,” pleaded Lucinda.

“I shall not, unless I have to.”

“What could make you have to?”

“Papa thinks he can.”

“He isn’t first.”

“That’s what he says; I shall learn that he isn’t first.”

“Doesn’t he want you to learn the truth?”

“Oh, I don’t know; I get so puzzled and so unhappy. But I wanted to ask you about coming to sew for us. It makes me unhappy to be philosophical. Mamma said I might ask you to come to do plain sewing; but I want you to help me in changing my dresses. Gold and I have quantities of dresses. You are about my height, aren’t you? I have some to give you; I always give my dresses away when I can’t change them to suit me.”

“Then I must change them to suit you.”

“But I want you to have some. We gave our last dressmaker seven in one day, and then mamma gave her three. I love dressmaking, and I love to trim hats ; I’ve trimmed dozens. Our sewing room is the prettiest place—under the eaves, with the tops of trees to look out into ; I keep it in order ; papa says I like it too much, and that I ought to be a dressmaker and milliner. I get new ideas from every dressmaker we have.”

“Then you can teach me ; I am only a country dressmaker.”

“Perhaps I can. I study dresses, and we see elegant ones. I can spend more money now, because I am twenty-one.”

“Do you love dress ? ”

“It’s silly ; isn’t it ? Perhaps I shall not when I have read the New Testament through. Will it make a difference, do you think ? ”

“Yes ; I think it will.”

“Should I have to give up a great deal if I took it—literally ? ”

“I do not know all you have to give up,” said Lucinda, guardedly.

“I suppose I couldn’t play chess on Sunday ? ”

"Oh! You don't do that!" cried Lucinda, in alarm.

"I did yesterday. Papa requires it. We do not keep Sunday as people who read the Bible do. I suppose we do not keep it at all. I was troubled last night. But I do not know how to help it. But I will *never* do it again, if Jesus Christ commands me not."

"Must I sew on Sunday if I come?" questioned Lucinda; "because then I cannot come."

"Nurse does when she pleases; but you shall not. You shall keep Sunday in your own way. I want to see how you do it. I know how Susie Hartwell did. I'd love to do it. When can you come? To-morrow?"

"Not if grandfather is as sick as the doctor says. I shall not go to the picnic, either. But I don't care so much for that; only my little girls will be disappointed. I am outgrowing picnics."

"Then when can you come?"

"As soon as I can. I have no other engagement. I'll come as soon as grandfather can spare me."

"We never had a young girl like you before. I shall love to sew with you. Gold won't. She hates sewing. Oh, is *this* the house?"

A torn curtain of bleached muslin fluttered at one of the windows; there were but two unbroken panes in the two windows; the uneven boards of the floor were swept clean; before the cot a strip of rag carpet had been laid; the cot was covered with a gay calico quilt that Lucinda had pieced years ago, and quilted last winter especially for her grandfather's comfort; the small pillow was encased in spotless unbleached muslin; on the table under the window, to catch all the light, was opened the large, worn Bible, with a spectacle case across it; a cup and saucer unwashed; a plate with a broken slice of bread upon it, a tin quart, two pewter spoons, a knife and a torn napkin completed the poor little array of housekeeping. And such a bent, white-haired, withered-cheeked, desolate old man sitting at the table, waiting for his bowl of rice and milk.

Tanzy stood still on the threshold. It was like something she had read about, and it was true. There were people like this in the world.

The closet door stood wide open. There were boxes on every shelf, piled with the treasured heaps these trembling, bony old hands had picked up, thinking they were gold. And he counted them as she had

seen her father count his gold and his bank-notes ; as her great-grandfather had counted his gold when he was old : for there were boxes of gold in his safe, Nurse had told her, and he had said they were saved for somebody. That somebody must have been herself and Marigold.

If she might only shift those boxes ! If she might have the pebbles for her inheritance, and give Lucinda the gold !

But what happiness would that bring the old man, who was spilling the rice and milk through his fingers ?

Timidly she went to his side and placed the uncovered box on the table before his eyes.

“ O grandfather, see ! see ! ” cried Lucinda.

Mark and Margaret stood behind him ; he had not noticed their entrance.

The milk slowly dripped, and the spoon dropped ; with both outstretched hands, the box was seized and held ; but he could not lift it, he bent over it, uttering low, joyful cries. Then he shouted weakly, “ It’s enough ! It’s enough ! I’ve got it at last ! I wanted only one box more. The Lord is my dwelling place in all generations.”

Tanzy could bear it no longer ; the tears were

rolling down her cheeks ; she went out, Mark and Margaret following her.

She stooped near the door to pick a handful of tansy and bury her face in it.

“I shall be so uncourteous as to allow you ladies to return without me,” Mark said. “I shall not leave him again ; he has changed in three hours. You have made him very happy, Miss Henderson.”

“I wanted to,” Tanzy replied, still with her face in the tansy.

“Do you like tansy ?” asked Margaret.

“It is one of my whims—another one. I’ll take this to papa to soften him ; I do believe he wishes we had stayed little, and been nothing but Marigold and Tanzy.”

Margaret and Tanzy walked down the lane together ; both were silent ; it was not until they were out upon the dusty country road that they began to talk.

“This afternoon at four,” reminded Tanzy, as they stood at one of the side gates of Daisy Fields. Then Marigold, who was watching for them from the honeysuckle end of Mrs. Kenderdine’s piazza, ran over, and Tanzy poured out her story.

XIII.

THE FIRE ON GRANDFATHER'S HEARTH.

“Every man's experience of to-day, is that he was a fool yesterday, and the day before yesterday.”

THE long day was ending in a radiant sunset ; its history from beginning to end Tanzy had related to their mother, with interruptions from Marigold ; their father was still up-stairs in grandfather's study.

Tanzy had hurried up-stairs on returning from the drive, and put on a favorite dress of her father's, a dull white in some thin material, and standing before the long mirror in the small dressing-room that opened into her chamber, had looked for some moments at the beautiful reflection of herself.

“I am glad I am so pretty,” she exclaimed, half aloud. “I wonder if it makes any difference to girls whether they are pretty or not ? I want papa to love to look at me to-night, then he will not be so sharp and disagreeable.”

Marigold had not cared to dress ; she threw herself upon her father's lounge in the sitting-room, and when Tanzy re-entered, was talking brightly about Mrs. Kenderdine.

“Mamma, she said queer things.”

“I suppose she is queer.”

“No, she is not,” said Tanzy ; “but she is unusual. But then,” with a touch of sarcasm, “every one different from ourselves is unusual. I suspect we are very usual. I felt so to-day beside Margaret.”

“She isn't half as pretty as you are,” said Marigold, admiringly.

“What is pretty—after all ! Once I did think pretty was everything ; but Margaret isn't, and Susie Hartwell wasn't, and Lucinda isn't, and they are all something better ; so are you.”

“Aren't you something better—too ? ”

“No,” said Tanzy, gravely.

“You are lovely in that dress.”

“I would rather be lovely without it. I want to be different from pretty and rich.”

“What is different ? ”

“Margaret is neither, and she is different, and, oh, how much different her mother is ! What a

full day I have had ! It was worth a golden sceptre being extended for."

"But it is only one," sighed Marigold.

"It is a beginning," said Tanzy, fervently.

"That will depend upon papa ; it may be an ending."

"And upon *us* ! " said Tanzy, emphatically. "It is not only papa, it is *us*, Gold, and I mean that my part of the *us* shall amount to something."

Marigold pushed her father's red silk lounge pillow behind her back, and did not look encouraging ; papa had not been told yet.

"Mamma !" cried Tanzy, "what do you think of our day ? "

Mrs. Henderson was still fussing over the tangled silks the girls had found her busy with ; she did not raise her eyes as she spoke.

"I think it was very nice, if you didn't catch that old man's disease, and if that Margaret will not always be coming over and disturbing papa, and if Mrs. Kenderdine will not expect a drive every day, and if that Lucinda proves a good sewer."

The girls laughed in chorus, and Tanzy said that Margaret was a lady, and Mrs. Kenderdine would not think of such a thing.

“Has papa had headache all day?” Marigold inquired.

“He was worried this morning, and then he found something in a paper that worried him again, and then he said he must not put off an hour longer burning up grandfather’s letters. I tried to persuade him to wait till to-morrow. Don’t bother him to-night, Tan, telling him things.”

“He might have let Gold and me do it, if it had to be done. Has he lost some money, mamma?”

“Yes,” her mother replied, uneasily.

“Money or pebbles, it’s all the same,” said Tanzy, philosophically.

“You know it *isn’t*,” protested Marigold.

“I don’t know anything, I am all twisted up. That old man would worry as much about his pebbles as papa does about money; I do not think papa’s money has done him much more good; it has not made him happy or great, or—” she would not speak the word on her lips: “good.”

“Or us either,” added Marigold. “Mrs. Kenderdine does not know where she will be next winter,” she said, reverting to her pleasant home with the unusual stranger.

“Neither do we,” said Tanzy. “But that *is* a

queer freak of papa's. Something must have moved him. When he is on the other side of the world he always has to come home to burn up those papers ; now he never can give that again as a reason for coming home."

"I wonder what he will have for a reason?" pondered Marigold.

"Perhaps he won't come home," said Tanzy. "O Gold, that was a mistake about Dr. Kenderdine ; he is *not* going away to be a missionary ; he is going into some big city to get into the rush, and help push it along in the right direction ; he told me so. He is staying here to rusticate awhile and cheer up his aunt and cousin."

"Margaret likes him," decided Marigold.

"How can she help it?"

"I mean more than he likes her."

"How do you know?" Tanzy asked, sharply.

"I saw it."

"How?"

"With my eyes."

"I did not see it with my eyes," said Tanzy, still sharply, and not understanding why she should be sharp about it, adding : "I do not think it is kind to say that."

“Do you not?” Marigold looked injured. She often looked injured. “Saying it to you is like saying it to myself. I do not suppose she knows.”

“You might tell her,” suggested Tanzy.

“Tan, you are hateful to-night.”

“Girls, I do wish your father would come out of that hateful room.”

Mrs. Henderson dropped her silks, and dropped herself into a chair.

Her white forehead was wrinkled, and her lips drawn, as if tears were coming.

“Mamma, why don’t you wish he hadn’t gone into it?” asked Tanzy. “I used to think it was haunted, because papa would never have the blinds opened. In one of my childish rebellions I made Nurse let me go in. There isn’t one unpleasant thing in it. The inkstand is on the table just as he used it, with the stopper out. Nurse said he was taken ill writing a letter, and the last thing he asked her to do was to bring paper, and let him write a letter. There’s an old secretary full of drawers, and a bookcase, and a black silk cap on a chair, and a cane on the same chair, and over the mantel the loveliest lady in Quaker dress, painted in

England, Nurse says, great-grandfather's wife, who died when she was young—as young as we are, Gold. There are logs on the hearth, and ashes. I wish we might have it open, now the ghost is laid—if those papers are the ghost. Didn't papa have any lunch ? ”

“No ; I did not dare disturb him. I sent Mary Ann to the door with coffee—he never refuses coffee—but he sent her away. He has not had a mouthful since breakfast, and he would not take anything but his coffee then. I wish you would go and get him, one of you.”

“Suppose I don't dare,” said Tanzy, merrily.

“You dare anything to-day,” replied her mother. “I almost tremble to think what you will do next.”

“I am not sure that I dare that : for papa might be seriously displeased with me. Perhaps he's looking for another will, Gold, and may come down with the time-yellowed document in his hand, and tell us that our poor little inheritance has faded into thin air. How would you feel ? ” she asked, tragically, standing before her sister, and throwing out her hands. “What difference would it make ? It *would* make a difference ! We would have to go back and be as we were before we were

twenty-one—dependent upon papa. Would that make no difference to you ? ”

“ Not one atom,” said Marigold, decidedly. The thing that would make a difference to her she had given up hoping for ; she was spent with hoping and fearing ; she could not live and care ; the only thing to do was not to care about anything.

“ It would make atoms sufficient to make a world to me. My money is *mine*. I have begun to learn the value of it. It shall be something more to me than those pebbles are to that old man. His pebbles represent money. Mine shall *be* money, and do money’s work.”

“ I do not see what you want,” interposed her satisfied mother.

“ Mamma dear, I want things you never dreamed of in your philosophy. This day has opened my eyes ; I know something of what money could do in India, where Margaret’s father and sister are working ; I know something of what it might have done for that old man ; I know more of what it might help his granddaughter to do. I feel so selfish with mine. I want to find out what Jesus Christ thought about money.”

“ But you may not think as he did,” said Mari-

gold, who kept her best thoughts to herself.

Tanzy and Marigold often held long conversations in their mother's presence, in which she took no interest ; but in the light of what their father had said to her this morning, she listened like one half awake and half dreaming ; puzzled, anxious, and hoping something would soon come to an end.

It would be safer for him to take Tanzy's money away from her ; he had always had the care of her own money ; why should he not have the care of the girls' money, too ?

And then she went back to his need of that cup of coffee, and tried to nerve herself into the courage of knocking at that bolted door.

"I shall have to," Tanzy replied ; "he thinks right, and I cannot be sure that any one else does. I am almost afraid of thinking ; if I think and know, I must *do*, and you know too well what that means."

"O Tan !" pleaded Marigold, in one of her mother's helpless tones, "you will spoil everything. I believe papa is right about you ; I almost wish you hadn't had your way to-day."

"Haven't you had a splendid time ?"

"Yes, if you wouldn't carry it so far. Just have a good time and let that be the end of it. But you

always get something else out of things : something to do next."

"That is the glorious part of it. It wouldn't be any fun if something didn't come of it."

"It isn't always only fun when papa is angry," contended Marigold, curling herself down on the pillow.

"I will take care of that," promised Tanzy, "you are not in this."

Then Marigold shut her eyes lazily, for a few minutes' rest before the dinner-bell should ring ; she was not troubled, like her mother, about her father's cup of coffee, nor like Tanzy, about the inheritance or possession of money ; even if she knew what Jesus Christ thought about it, what difference could it make to her, for she had to think as papa thought, or pretend to think so, to keep him happy, and to have peace in the house. And then what difference could it make when Jesus Christ had his thoughts so long ago ? The part that she could not understand, was how that one man's life and thoughts could change everything eighteen hundred years after he was dead ; and here was Tanzy caring so much, and Margaret's father and sister, giving up everything for him, and Margaret's mother being willing

and glad about it. She had told her so to-day.

"O Tan," opening her sleepy eyes, "thinking makes everybody uncomfortable. Let's fix our dresses and get some new ones, and go away with papa."

"You did not want to go, last night," said her sister.

"I didn't know you would persist so. I don't want papa to be angry about the Kenderdines."

"Yes, Tanzy," said her mother, "you mustn't say anything more about the Kenderdines; they mustn't come over; papa would be rude to them."

"You can't think how I felt, not asking them to come," cried poor Tanzy, "I felt *mean*. Mrs. Kenderdine said she would love to know you, and I couldn't speak a word. They must think we are heathen. And Lucinda, too. I hate to be ashamed of myself. Papa is proud of his money, but it makes me ashamed in the presence of poor people!"

"O Tan," laughed Marigold, "how many sensations you can get up! But I do enjoy you until you get too sensational."

"I am not willing to stagnate."

"You never will—nor let me. But I do want to subside now. Can Lucinda fix dresses? I want one like yours."

“I can show her. But I don’t want to think about dresses.”

“Then what do you want her here for?”

“You will see,” said Tanzy, sagely.

“Tanzy,” began her mother again, in a worried voice, “suppose you go and listen at the door. If he’s moving about, you might venture to speak to him. I don’t like to have him shut himself up so; something dreadful might happen to him, in there.”

“He might get burnt up in those ashes, or get choked swallowing grandfather’s cane,” laughed Tanzy; “yes, mamma, I’ll take my life in my hand, in both hands, and rescue him for you.”

Grandfather’s study was next to the girls’ room; every door in both sides the broad hall was thrown open; through each door were visions of lace curtains and green landscapes, a long mirror, a white-draped bed, a picture on the wall. Through every room the air was stirring; the glow of the sunset flooded the western windows, and if grandfather’s blinds were open, his room must be catching some of its glory. It would be something to see that room in the sunset.

Tanzy ran up the stairs, and standing at the door, bent her head and listened; only once she remem-

bered her great-grandfather, and then he opened that door and called her to go away and not play on the stairs. There was not a sound within; was her father asleep, and was the beautiful Quaker lady looking down upon him?

"Papa! papa!" she called softly, waiting with quickened beating of the heart for his reply.

A sigh deepened into a groan, an unsteady step, and then again all was still.

"Papa! *papa!*" she called, with startled entreaty, "let me in."

The unsteady footstep crossed the room, the bolt was drawn back, Tanzy gave the door a push. There stood her father, his hair disordered, his eyes strained and wild.

"O, papa!" frightened and yet relieved, "we are anxious about you."

The blinds were thrown open; the sunlight streamed in; there was nothing unusual about the room excepting the fire-place piled with letters and papers.

"I was about to send for you. Come in. I want you." Then, as if come to a sudden decision, "get me something first. Take this key," fingering in his vest pocket, "unlock my cabinet and bring me a

bottle of the liquid ; not the pills, I want the liquid—the liquid.”

“Is your side worse, papa ?”

“Yes, the pain is very sharp ; be quick.”

Tanzy flew down the stairway, quieted her mother's fears by saying papa had nothing happening to him and had asked for his medicine, and wanted her to stay and help him awhile ; and then flew back with the bottle of dark liquid.

“I am nervous to-day, Tanzy,” he remarked reassuringly, after he had drained the bottle, “and when I am nervous, I am tempted to indulge myself rather freely with the only drug that quiets me. I have exerted my brains unusually to-day, and must have a long rest. My brain works in flashes. I must make you my business woman. This work has been years on my mind, and not till to-day could I screw myself up to do it ; I shall pay for it with a long exhaustion. My incapacity and feebleness causes me a great deal of remorse ; my life is one long neglect. My moral sensibilities and aspirations seem at times as keen as ever, and then I am oppressed with the burden of what I leave undone. I am as weak as an infant to perform, while my mind and heart have the strength of manhood. And my

nights are worse than my days, because I dream—I dream !”

“ O, papa, don't !” cried Tanzy, clinging to his arm ; “ you are dreaming now.”

“ In this sunshine, and you in your white dress, and those papers to be burned. Perhaps I am ; pray God I may soon awake.”

The black silk cap was still on the chair, as she had seen it years ago ; the cane had fallen or been pushed off to the floor ; the drawers of the secretary were wide open, in among the charred logs were thrust packages of letters, and small note books, and above them were piled heaps of legal looking documents, and over the hearth pieces of closely written leaves were scattered.

“ You have had a busy day.”

“ It is done, and thoroughly done ; get matches and burn those things. I've shivered in here all day.”

She searched, but there was not a match in the room ; then she hastened to her own room and brought a handful.

“ Bolt the door again.”

He drew the leather-cushioned arm-chair to the fire-place, and dropped down into it, leaning forward, resting his elbow on the arm, and his head

upon his hand ; she knelt before the logs and lighted a twisted bit of paper ; there were pieces of red tape, and envelopes with great red seals ; tiny note books and large ones ; scraps of newspaper, all musty and yellowed ; it was years since the light of day had been let in through the windows ; more than twice or thrice at night he had come to the door, and with his lamp held high, peered into the room, but his resolution vanished ; the keeping of his promise to his grandfather must be put off until to-morrow night.

“ I was in the mood to-day ; I had to be in the mood.”

“ What put you in the mood ? ” inquired Tanzy, gathering her dress back from the flame.

“ You, you witch ! ” he half laughed.

“ Then I wish I had done it before, and had it off your mind ; it hasn’t been much to do,” she said, with her fresh, young energy.

“ Not collecting them, but I’ve read everything worth reading ; that was the dreaded part of my promise ; he died too soon, he had planned to do it himself when he was old.”

“ Old ! ” repeated Tanzy, not recognizing the sarcasm.

“As I have planned every year of the last sixteen.”

“I am glad you did not die too soon,” said Tanny, in her practical fashion, “sixteen years is a long time to be breaking one’s promise.”

“It was not broken—only I did not keep it,” he said, uneasily, not relishing being brought to the bar of her outspoken judgment.

“Please don’t keep any with me that way,” she returned, decidedly; “you kept your promise of letting me do as I pleased to-day, and I thank you.”

Having made this opening for a question, she waited, and, meanwhile, played with the fire. After a moment of silence, she said playfully, “I like to rake over the dust of ages, don’t you? Did you find any mysteries, or secrets, papa, any *reason* why he should ask you to promise to look through his papers and burn them?”

With her clear eyes on his, he hesitated; but it was only for a second, he seemed to have hesitated, that he might speak after deliberation. “No, Tan, I did not; I thought I had got into one of his journals about a trip to Missouri, but it proved to be nothing but a scare; I would have enjoyed a little excitement, but I could not get it or make it. I may

as well tell you," he went on easily and rapidly, "that I did have a premonition of finding something not altogether on the square ; Nurse may have told you, although I forbade her, that he wrote a letter to me the week he died, evidently the one he was trying to write when he had his first attack ; he succeeded in finishing it and gave it to her to be handed to me ; in it he asked me to settle a matter that troubled his conscience in his last days. I may as well be frank with you, for you might in some other way have learned of it, and been needlessly worried. It was nothing but the bewilderment attendant upon his confusion of mind—he had forgotten something—a payment to be made, that he had overlooked in his will, and he requested me to make the payment. Of course I did it immediately—it was not a large sum—but I should have done it had it involved half my fortune. That letter I destroyed to-day, I kept as a curiosity, intending to show it to his great-grandchildren as a proof of their great-grandfather's conscientiousness and integrity ; but in a fit of absent-mindedness to-day I tore it up with something else I held in my hand. I ran over his papers, thinking to find proof of the correctness of his statement, but it was so slight a matter that he had made

no note of it. He was as methodical as the clock. What would the old man think of my affairs? If your clear head did not keep my accounts, Tanzy, I should never know about the year's expenses."

"I am glad to know that about my great-grandfather," said Tanzy's honest voice. "May I tell Gold?"

"Yes, it is as well for you both to know that your great-grandfather and your father would not wrong a poor man out of his rightful dollar."

"Then there is one poor man a rich man has not wronged," cried Tanzy. "I should hate my money if fraud had been at the bottom of the making of it."

"There are thousands of poor men that rich men have not wronged, child; don't get such ideas into your head. The rich man is the benefactor of the poor man."

"So he ought to be. That is what I will be with my money. I begin to be glad I have money, papa, I am learning the good of it. Here's a newspaper here—I wonder how old it is? May I pull it out?"

"You cannot without dropping a spark on that light dress. It is a *Banner* I had in my hand when

I came up-stairs. These gossipy county papers ought to be put down."

Tanzy poked at the *Banner* so that it caught the flame; she remembered what Lucinda said about the Mansfield letter, and wisely kept silent. When he was not worried, and had not that pain in his side, she would tell him the story of the hermit and her box of pebbles.

"Papa, this fire is an allegory—a picture of the time when everything in the world will be burned up.—I'm sorry everything has got to be burned up, but I suppose nobody will care any more than grandfather will care—or does care now about these papers. But he will have to give an account of what is written on them—I learned that to-day. We had such a long talk."

Her father was absorbed in his own musings, and again did not question her, as she hoped.

Would those books be opened in the Judgment Day? Would his grandfather be judged out of them? Would *he* be judged out of them? Would that journal of his trip to Missouri be brought to light? Would the record stand against his name that he had bought a poor man's land and given him not half its worth? If that let-

ter cancelled his grandfather's guilt, what about his own? But what a daring request! Interest for forty years beside four times the sum he paid for the land! Fourfold! That was fourfold with a vengeance! He had never dared to look into the New Testament at the chapter and verse that letter indicated; he had not opened the book since he had read his grandfather's letter; if the book had made his grandfather such a fool, was he not wise in forbidding it to his children?

"Papa!" Tanzy forgot to poke her fire and lifted her head to look straight at him. "Do you know what Jesus Christ thinks about money and rich men?"

He sprang to his feet with an angry gesture, suppressing the word upon his lips. She acknowledged to Marigold that night that she *was* frightened. She could not understand what should touch papa so.

He went to the secretary and pushed in the drawers with noisy strength.

Tanzy had lost her interest in the fire; she arose, and stood looking up into the face of her great-grandfather's wife.

"I think I must be painted in Quaker dress,

papa," she said, as lightly as she could speak.

"We have no money to waste in nonsense," he said, harshly. "I had another disclosure to make to you. Your great-grandfather was not made of money, and we have spent a great deal. Lately I have met with heavy losses. I wish to ask you not to demand.—You are of age. Your money is your own. If you are willing to put your money into my hands—both you and Marigold—if I may still have the expenditure of it, and the investment of it, we can go on in the same luxurious way—travelling where we will, and spending as freely as ever. The only difference will be that you and your sister will come to me as ever for the money. Your mother and I are in a measure—and not a small one—dependent upon our children."

"O papa!" Tanzy sprang forward and threw her arms about him. "I am almost glad. I wanted my money to be of use, and now I can give it to you and mamma. I was thinking of doing something grand with it, but this is better than grand. Shall the lawyer come, and have it done legally? You shall not feel dependent. It is *all* yours, every dollar, and Gold and I will be very careful and not ask for much, and do without new dresses."

His plan was a perfect success. He actually trembled with the excitement and delight of it. He had deceived her, but was it not for her own good? With that New Testament in her hands, what might she not do with her money?

"You are a generous daughter," he said, his eyes growing large through tears. "Explain it all to your sister, and telegraph to-morrow to Mr. Fiske, and it shall be settled speedily. As you keep the family account-book, you will know how the money is spent."

"But I sha'n't know how much we can spend, papa," she returned, anxiously.

"Don't be afraid. We can spend just as much as we did last year. We had not your interest then."

"Is mamma troubled? Shall I tell her I *love* to give her my money?"

"No, dear; do not speak of it. I will tell her. She knew I intended to ask you. There's the dinner-bell! Send Nurse to watch this fire. You have relieved my mind, and made me as happy as a king!" But he avoided the truth-telling eyes looking straight into his.

"Is the pain in your side better?"

“I had forgotten it. I say, Tan, I wish I could give you the key of my cabinet, and take my medicine only when I must ask you for it.”

“Why, isn’t it good for you?”

“Not too much of it. When I am worried I take it too often,” he said, with easy frankness.

“But you are not worried now — about anything? Are you?” she asked, affectionately.

“No. I am royally happy. You shall take our neighbors driving again to-morrow, for being such a dutiful and generous daughter.”

“And may I have that key?” she asked, more bravely than she felt.

“Not to-night. I feel strong enough to take myself in hand.”

“I feel so young and so old both to-night,” she half sighed.

“You look both,” said her father, smiling and pinching her cheek.

XIV.

MARGARET'S NOTE.

"I am afraid to think what I have done ; look on it again I dare not."

"GOLD, come !" whispered Tanzy, to her sister after dinner.

Her father had thrown himself in an attitude of exhaustion, upon his lounge, and her mother had pushed her chair close beside it, hand in hand they would converse, or lapse into silence, for the next hour or two ; the "after dinner confidence" as Marigold called it, was a thing to be respected, and the girls usually had this hour to themselves.

With Nurse's New Testament in her hand, and her sister's arm linked within hers, Tanzy led the way to a rustic seat on the lawn.

"Gold, I'm full of things to tell you," she began. "I had *such* a talk with papa. Something has happened."

"I am glad," replied Marigold. "It's almost time."

“ Papa has laid the ghost in grandfather’s study, and I shall beg him to let us have the room to ourselves ; he will not want it for anything now, and it is a charming old place. Gold, we *must* stay here this summer ; it will save money, besides. Do you know, we must begin to be economical, and staying home is the easiest and pleasantest way.

‘ East, West,
Home’s best.’ ”

“ Why must we be economical ? ”

When Marigold was in earnest, she was thoroughly in earnest.

“ Because papa has lost money.”

“ Did he never lose any before ? ”

“ I suppose not, and this makes him nervous. Any way he was more excited than I ever saw him, and you know, that is saying a great deal. He asked me, he demanded, I think, that you and I should give all our money up to him ; he said he and mamma were dependent upon us ! Think of that, and he is so proud, and mamma so timid. I am glad to do it, aren’t you ? ”

Marigold pondered ; she was proud of having money in her own right ; she had been rich longer than Tanzy, she knew something of the influence of her possession.

“I am glad to help papa ; I am not glad to give him the right to my money,” she replied, after a meditative moment.

“Why not ?” asked Tanzy, impatiently, “what difference will it make ?”

“What difference will it make to *him* ?” inquired Marigold, with the utmost coolness.

“Why, don’t you see—” her surprised eyes fixed on her sister, “it will be so hard for him to be dependent—he is so proud.”

“We have been dependent on him.”

“That is our natural condition ; children are born dependent upon their fathers.”

“And fathers often become dependent upon their children.”

“Yes,” conceded Tanzy, “but they don’t like it.”

“Papa would not feel it—we can keep him from feeling it, and mamma would enjoy it ; she likes being taken care of. You keep the accounts now and pay the bills ; I do not see how anything will be changed.”

“You do not understand ; it is how papa *feels* ; haven’t you delicacy and refinement enough to understand how he shrinks from a change of position ?”

“No,” acknowledged Marigold, “I confess I have not ; that is taking papa *as* papa. I think it is more because he loves the money than anything else.”

“That’s a shameful thing to say,” Tanzy burst out angrily.

“Some true things are shameful,” said Marigold, quietly, who had slipped into her position as elder sister. “I’ve always known that he loved money, and that he loved and coveted *our* money. I am not willing to give him any right to mine beside the interest ; I will spend every cent of that for his comfort ; he is very luxurious.”

“Yes, and so are we. He said things could go on as usual ; my interest is new money to come in this year. But he will be angry with you, Marigold.”

“Yes,” answered Marigold, “and I shall want to run away from that, or put you, poor dear, between him and me.”

“I have promised him.”

“Can you not tell him that you have reconsidered ? ”

“I have *not* reconsidered,” declared Tanzy, still indignant. “I would not break my word for twice the money.”

“He took advantage of your generosity.”

“It is not generosity, it is simple justice.”

“It is simple justice to take care of him if he is poor, but why we cannot do it with the money in our own hands, I do not understand, do you?”

“No, as far as that goes. It is only his feeling of dependence that prevents.”

“Has he lost *all* his money?” asked Marigold, incredulously.

“He did not say, he spoke as though it were a great deal.”

“I would like to know how much,” said Marigold, in a business-like tone very new to her, “I would like to see the losses put down in dollars.”

“Do you not trust papa?” Tanzy asked, in slow wonderment.

Unexpectedly Marigold confronted her with the same question:

“Do *you*?”

“Yes,” she said, impatiently; and then she stopped and wondered if she did trust him.

“Does he wish Mr. Fiske to be sent for, as he always does when a money question comes up?”

“He told me to telegraph to him to-morrow.”

“Is the money to be his—in that way, that we

cannot have it again until and unless he pleases to give it to us? In his will, perhaps?"

"Yes, I think so. I really did not think. I was so glad to make him happy, he looked so very ill, and talked so wildly about himself, I was frightened."

"Perhaps Mr. Fiske will not do it; he will not allow us to be wronged."

"Papa would not wrong us," contended Tanzy, proudly. "He does not mean to wrong us, all he means is not to let us use our money as we please. That is, the way I please to use mine."

"I do not know how I may please to use mine. Tell him I am not willing to give him anything beside the interest."

"I am afraid to tell him."

"To tell the truth, so am I," said Marigold.

"What shall we do, then?" asked Tanzy.

"I don't know," said Marigold.

"Give it to him, Gold, dear; don't make him angry, don't make trouble," Tanzy pleaded.

"You make trouble about some things."

"About things I can't give up."

"Well, then, I can't give up my money. I care

as much for my money as you care about those other things."

"I do care about those other things; I am brave enough to fight for them," said Tanzy, not feeling at all brave. "I wish we had a brother to fight for us."

"You will see that I am brave enough to fight for my money."

"I do not care about the money, if I may stay here at Daisy Fields, and know the Kenderdines, and go to church every Sunday; that is all I want, to make me happy."

"Make that arrangement with papa, then," proposed Marigold; "buy your liberty."

"I will not," said Tanzy. "I wouldn't be so mean; he has my word; the money is his as much as it will be after Mr. Fiske comes."

"Shall you not do those things then?"

"He has given me permission to take them driving again to-morrow—unless he changes his mind. I never feel sure of his mind, and I must coax for the other things."

"If you are generous to him, he ought to be generous to you."

"Don't you want the things I want?"

“I do not care about going to church ; that music was horrid—it grated upon me, and I know there are no pictures.”

“It is not a Roman Catholic church ; aren’t you a Protestant ? ”

“I don’t know,” said Marigold, with a laugh. “I like the cathedrals ; what is a little country church ? ”

“Jesus Christ taught in a little country church.”

“Oh, if you are always going back to that!” cried Marigold, discontentedly.

“And he had the splendid Temple to go to. I remember reading about the Temple. He taught by the seaside, and in a desert place, and by the roadside. I think if the father of those brothers had demanded their money, he would have wanted them to give it up.”

“You are not sure of that.”

“I can be sure by looking ; he told them what to do about everything.”

“But that doesn’t prove that I must do as they did.”

“I *want* to do as they did.”

“Not such hard things as this.”

“Anybody can do easy things.”

“Every girl does not have money to give up.”

“Every girl has something to give up; Margaret has; she has given up her father and sister.”

“For her mother’s sake.”

“And you are not willing to give up your money for your father’s sake,” reproached Tanzy.

“Because, in my judgment, it is not for his happiness.” Marigold’s judgment was a great deal to her.

“He says it is, and who knows as well as he does, about how he feels himself?”

“I know how I feel,” said Marigold, crossly.

“It is not as if some one else asked you for it; I would not give it up to any one else.”

“What do you suppose made him think of it?”

“Losing his money.”

“When did he lose it?” asked Marigold, with unusual suspicion.

“I don’t know.”

“Not to-day.”

“He may have felt too proud to speak of it before; he may have been working himself up to do it.”

“It seems to me, Tan, that you give him credit for a great deal of fine feeling.”

“I should feel so,” said Tanzy. “I do not know

which would be the more galling to my pride, dependence, or asking for the money."

"I wouldn't worry about his pride," said Marigold, lightly.

Tanzy opened the book she had been keeping in her hand; she did not know where to search for the answer to her question as to what Jesus Christ would say about her giving up her inheritance; there was nothing to do but to read until she came to it.

"If you find in that book that you must give up to him, he will be glad enough for you to read it," said Marigold; "it seems queer to me how ready you are to obey it."

"There's nothing else to do," urged Tanzy.

"Why, yes, there is!" objected Marigold, "you do not *have* to obey."

"But I want to."

"If you want to, that's different; why don't I want to?"

"Because you care more for the money than for what he says."

"I suppose I do," Marigold admitted, frankly; "if you are determined to read, I'll find something else to do."

Tanzy was determined to read; Marigold went

into the house and sat down at the piano.

Opening in Luke, Tanzy's eyes fell upon a phrase that interested her; she read on and finished the chapter; then instead of turning back to Mark, she kept on, hoping to learn more of Martha and her sister Mary, who sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word.

As the dusk came on and darkened her page, she came suddenly upon words that she read again and yet again; was *this* what the Master would say to her?

“And one of the company said unto him, Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me. And he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you? And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

“And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully; and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say

to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years ; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

“ But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee : then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided ? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.”

With the book open in her hand, Tanzy arose and went towards the house.

Marigold was playing in the dark as she loved to do ; the maid was lighting the lamps in the sitting-room.

“ Papa,” said Tanzy, stepping in the low window, “ I have found something.”

The thrilling earnestness of her voice brought him startled to his feet ; what had she found ? That letter ! But had he not seen it burned to ashes ? Throwing himself back he covered his nervousness with a laugh.

“ Come in, and don’t steal in like a ghost and frighten me out of my wits ; what is it ? ”

“ Something in this book—for me to do.”

“ I told you to let that book alone,” he said, angrily, as she dropped down beside the lounge with the book in her hand.

“The book will not let me alone.”

“I told you so ; I warned you.”

“But you will approve of this ; listen. No, I will tell you first what Gold says. I told her what you wanted, about the money, you know, and she is not willing.”

“Not willing !” he repeated, “how is she not willing ? ”

Mrs. Henderson looked flushed and disturbed ; she pushed herself back, that Tanzy might come nearer her father.

“She is willing to give you all the interest, every year, but that is all. She will not let Mr. Fiske make her sign anything. She intends to keep her money in her own hands.”

“She does !” he muttered, between his set teeth, “we will see about that. Perhaps I have something to say about that.”

“I am willing and glad to give you mine, interest and principal, dear papa ; Mr. Fiske may draw up the papers, and I will sign them ; and this makes me more willing.”

“Read it then : no, tell me ; I wish to see how you understand it. What chapter and verse is it ? ”

“It is in Luke,” she said, turning the page to

find the number of the chapter, "the twelfth chapter, and it begins at the thirteenth verse."

"That isn't it; go on," he answered, relieved, "that *is* it, I mean; read on."

"Do you know what it is?" she questioned, much surprised.

"No; how can I until you tell me?"

Letting the book slip out of her hand, Tanzy, still kneeling on the carpet, leaned against her mother's chair, resting both hands upon its padded arm.

"Jesus was teaching the people, and a man in the company interrupted him and asked him a question, just as I should want to do if I were there, almost the same question, only I should have said: 'Master, would you like to have me give all my inheritance to my father?' He said: 'Speak to my brother and bid him divide the inheritance with me.' You see it isn't quite the same, but the answer fits us both. He told the man to beware of covetousness. I suppose that means not to covet what his brother thought he had a right to, don't you?"

"Probably. But his brother may have had the right to it."

"It doesn't say. But he tells the man not to covet it. So I will not covet my inheritance; I will

give it to you. And the story Jesus tells makes me afraid to have money."

"What is the story?" her father felt impelled to ask.

It could not be the story his grandfather referred to, for this was not the chapter nor verse.

If she stumbled upon that, he would bid her shut the book.

"The story is about a rich man. I suppose Jesus meant to warn this man lest he should become like him. His ground brought forth plentifully so that he had enough for years, and he built larger barns and stored it, and said to himself that he had plenty of goods and he could take his ease and be merry."

"Sure enough, why not?" interrupted her father.

"But God spoke to him and said: 'This night thy soul shall be required of thee!' And so I suppose he died that night. He couldn't live a great many years and be merry if God wouldn't let him; so what difference did it make about his money? I should not think that the man would have cared for it after that, would you?"

"So you think if you don't give up your inheritance, you may die to-night?" her father

asked sneeringly. "Are you as easily frightened as that by those old parables?"

"I am not frightened," she answered, seriously. "I never *do* say to myself, 'be merry.' That is not all I want. And then —— But I'll read it."

She read aloud the lesson of the story: "'*So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.*' *So is he*—so is any one, I suppose—that lays up treasure just for himself; but I do not understand about the other: '*rich toward God.*'"

"That book is full of mysterious things. I warned you not to take it literally."

"I shall take this literally, and not covet my inheritance. I would rather be rich this other way if I knew how."

"My way is good enough for me. I'll take your money and take the risk. My grandfather was rich and merry."

"But he had to die and leave it."

"That's the misery of it!" cried her father, "Oh, that's the misery of it."

"And you will not be angry with Gold, papa?" said Tanzy, in hurried pleading.

“No ; I will not be angry with Gold. She shall have the misery and the worriment of her riches. I’ve got yours, and that’s all I want. Don’t you see that if you did not give your money to me, you would take that story literally, and throw your money away to be rid of it.”

Tanzy replied in her strong, convincing voice : “I do not believe throwing money away to be rid of it is what he means by ‘*rich toward God.*’”

“Then you think you do know what it means,” her father said, tantalizingly.

“It means you must still be rich — somehow.”

“Find out how, then.”

“I think I do know some of it, but I cannot explain. Susie Hartwell kept her money, and did good with it.”

“I’ll do good with it, trust me, Tanzy. You are a good daughter, and I’ll give you three wishes,” he answered, much moved. “I wish your sister would trust me as you do.” With all her gentleness he was afraid of Marigold.

“Will you really give me three wishes !” Tanzy sprang delightedly to her feet. “I know what they will be, but I will not ask you all at one

time, and I'll try not to be selfish about asking only for myself."

"I promise you. Mamma is my witness."

At that moment the maid entered with a note for Miss Tanzy. As soon as she gathered its meaning, she read it aloud.

"DEAR MISS TANZY:—Mark asks me to tell you about our poor old man. He died two hours ago with one of your pebbles in his hand. It was very quick at the last; Lucinda and Mark were alone with him. Mark says she is a brave girl. She told Mark, she would ask the minister to read the psalm he liked so well, beginning, 'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.' Lucinda would be touched and helped if you would go to the funeral; she thinks no one was ever so kind to him as you were. Your friend,

"MARGARET KENDERDINE."

Monday, 8:10. P. M.

"That old man in the woods," cried her father, excitedly, "is he *dead*? Is Theophilus Dennis *dead*?"

"Yes, papa," said Tanzy, wondering at his excitement, "did mamma tell you?"

Shivering so that his teeth chattered, he lifted

himself, then fell back against his pillow ; was there no claim now ? Were they both dead at last, his grandfather and this man he fancied he had wronged ? The Judge of all the earth had taken the “fourfold” out of his hand ! It was too late ! This night would *his* soul be required of him ?

“I’ve got a chill !” he muttered, between his chattering teeth. “It’s that room and those mildewed things ! Make a fire ; get blankets—send for somebody ! Where’s Marigold ? Tanzy, don’t stand there and look frightened ; do something !” he ended, his voice rising to a shrill scream.

Darting through the window, Tanzy sped across the lawn and over the way. Dr. Kenderdine stood with Margaret on the piazza.

“Come quick,” she cried, “father has a chill ! He’s frightened !”

XV.

A MIDNIGHT TALK.

“Much dearer be the things which come through hard distress.”

THREE hours later, when the house was still, and the only lamps burning were in their mother's chamber, Nurse lighted the lamps in the girls' dressing room, and they went softly up-stairs; their father was asleep; the doctor had said he must have rest.

“He rests all the time at Daisy Fields,” Tanzy had told him.

“Then *stay* at Daisy Fields.”

“We can't!” said Tanzy.

Tanzy stood before the long mirror, unbinding her hair and twisting it into a loose knot for the night; Marigold threw herself lazily into a chair, and watched her sister's energetic movements, with half open, sleepy eyes.

“Tan, how can you be so wide awake at this time of night!” she expostulated.

“How can you be so sleepy—I feel awake all over!”

“You look so now, with electric sparks in your eyes. What are you sparkling about?”

“I’m in a quandary.”

“When are you in anything else?”

“I am so glad that Dr. Kenderdine doesn’t advise a change for papa; I’m sick and tired of the very word; ‘change, change,’ has been rung in our ears all the world over—and now it is a change for him to stay at home. I wish some doctor would tell him to make a change inside of himself.”

“Who is disrespectful now?”

“Oh, dear! But that is the electricity in me.”

“I should think it was, by the energy with which you are brushing your hair.”

Tanzy laughed and dropped the brush.

“What *are* you putting on that wrapper for?” asked Marigold, in surprise, as Tanzy slipped into a white cashmere wrapper.

“I cannot sleep yet; I shall keep you awake if I lie down; I want to read and think and decide. Papa never keeps in the same mood twenty-four hours, and he has given me three wishes.”

“He *has*!” exclaimed Marigold, her sleepy eyes

widening and brightening; "now we shall have what we want. Was he in earnest?" she asked, anxiously.

"Very real, more than usual. But now he is so nervous, all unstrung, Dr. Kenderdine says, I must be careful not to excite him. He says he can do nothing for him, he must do it all himself. Three wishes are so few, when I feel that I must have twenty."

"Only twenty!" repeated Marigold, mockingly. "One will be to stay at Daisy Fields, one to go to church every Sunday, and another to know the Kenderdine's." Marigold ended with a laugh.

"Do you care for those things most of all? I want one for you, one for papa, and the other for Lucinda," said Tanzy, seriously.

"Lucinda! you crazy thing!"

"That is the wildest of all," admitted Tanzy.

"I should think so. Do you want to give her five dollars a day?"

"I want to give her something better than money."

"Better than money's worth?" still in her mocking tone.

"I do not know what money's worth is yet. I want to ask Mrs. Kenderdine."

"That will be your wish for yourself."

“There are not enough for mine to come in,” said Tanzy, settling herself in a lounging chair. “I shall have to get mine some other way : mine are the hardest to get.”

“I want to stay here all summer, and I want to know Margaret and Mark. Mrs. Kenderdine is the essence of loveliness ; but she doesn’t touch me as she touches you ; and I do not care as you do about going to church, not but that it will be a new place to go to. The music is nothing, and, of course, there are no paintings, and the architecture is in the style of a barn, probably : white walls, low roof, and a pulpit like a hencoop”——

“Is that the style of a barn ? ”

“Don’t be critical.”

Marigold was thoroughly wide awake. She had decided what the wish for herself would be. It was that papa should not speak to her about her great-grandfather’s money. How could she “rebel” while he was excited and weak, and still more, how could she give up her right to the inheritance that was with every experience acquiring new significance ? For might it not some day decide the question of her marrying or not marrying ? It might free her from her father’s will.

Her father was learning that Marigold, gentle and yielding, always playful in her persistency, had the stronger will of his two girls.

Tanzy, in her outbursts, was something of a tempest, but Marigold had no outbursts. She simply persisted. This was not often, she seldom cared sufficiently to persist. Now she cared.

“Tan, dear, may I choose my wish?”

“I wanted to choose it for you,” said disappointed Tan.

“But you would rather I should choose it for myself, I know.”

“If you care for something more than that papa should not take your money.”

“I do not. That is my wish. Will you make him promise to let me alone?”

“If I can.”

“Of course you can. He has promised. He prides himself upon keeping his word. He says his laws change not, like the Medes and Persians,” sighed Marigold. She had heard him say that so often. But what had he not said—so often?

“His laws change when he changes, and he changes sometimes in ten minutes. But I am hop-

ing a great deal for to-morrow. He thinks he is very ill."

"Is he?" asked Marigold.

"No."

"When you slipped out I knew you wanted to ask the doctor. Do you think he told the truth?"

"He doesn't know how to tell a lie."

"By what intuition did you discover that?" asked Marigold, in her light, mocking tone.

Marigold did not believe in people as Tanzy did. Marigold waited. Tanzy knew.

"Will he come again?" Marigold asked, as Tanzy opened Nurse's New Testament.

"No. He told papa—— He said: "You do not need anything I can do, Mr. Henderson," and papa looked provoked and relieved. I think in the morning he will send for some one else."

"He likes Dr. Kenderdine."

"In spite of himself," laughed Tanzy. "It was fun to see his manner change. He trusts him, and he doesn't trust anybody else besides Mr. Fiske."

"Oh! Will Mr. Fiske have to be sent for?"

I hate to see him enter the house. Papa is always getting frights about money and sending for him. But have it thoroughly understood that he has nothing to say to me. I will not open my lips to him." And Marigold closed her lips as if she would never open them to anybody.

"I will do my best," promised Tanzy, rather wearily; "but one musn't be covetous, Gold."

"How can one covet one's own?"

"I suppose we can, if it is withheld, or about to be taken. Jesus Christ didn't speak to the man's brother. Perhaps he does not want me to speak to father."

"What do you mean? Have you been finding some new story about some unheard of thing?" asked Marigold, impatiently.

"This seems very heard of and natural to me. How often people quarrel about an inheritance!"

"One has a right to one's rights."

"I do not believe one has—always. If the inheritance had been the best for the brother—the younger brother, I suppose—I think Jesus Christ would have answered him differently. He was so compassionate to people in trouble; but he seems to

forget this request, and turns to the people and tells them not to be covetous : as though this man were covetous in seeking to have his rights."

"That is a queer doctrine ; papa said you would be carried away with queer things. What has one a better right to than one's rights ?" demanded Marigold, with an air at once convincing and conclusive.

"Jesus goes on to tell them ; may I read it to you ?"

"I'm too tired, and so are you. What would papa say to our sitting up so late ? It's past midnight. But if you will make papa promise, you may read the whole book through to me to-morrow," she said, indulgently.

"I cannot read long at a time ; I have to think it out ; I want to know all about how far one may push one's rights."

"Till you get them," said Marigold, in her convinced tone.

"*You* do not."

"Because I do not care enough ; when I care, you will see."

"Then I will ask papa about this right of yours ; that is for you ; for him, I want him to promise not

to take any more, not any at all, of that medicine he takes so often——”

“How do you know it isn’t good for him?” asked Marigold, watching the effect of her question.

“He told me so to-night. I wonder what it is?”

“I know,” said Marigold, with whitening lips.

“What is it?”

“Something—not good for him.”

“What is it? Tell me! Of course it isn’t good for him—he knows that.”

“It is killing him, it is destroying his mind, and his moral nature; it is at the bottom of everything that goes wrong. O, Tan,” with a shivering cry, hiding her face in her hands, “don’t you *know*?”

“No,” uttered the lips as white as Marigold’s.

“I did not want to tell you; I vowed to myself I would never tell you; I have known it so long—it has taken the life out of me, and made me not care. O, Tan, it is *opium*.”

“Opium?” repeated Tanzy, but half comprehending.

“Don’t you know about opium?”

“Yes,”—the word was breathed, not spoken.

“He is a slave, he cannot help himself. He is bound body and soul, and nobody can help him.”

Tanzy dropped her head and burst into tears. Marigold sprang to her side, and put both arms about her.

“I oughtn’t to have told you, I don’t know why I did; but I didn’t want you to speak of it and work and worry to no purpose. I hope mamma doesn’t understand; perhaps she knows and doesn’t understand. I made a doctor in New York tell me all about it, five years ago. I overheard nurse telling somebody, and saying she was sorry for poor mamma and for us, and so I asked the doctor; I wanted to do something—and I have coaxed papa on my knees.”

“O, Gold, dear Gold! And you had to bear it all alone, and didn’t tell me!” cried Tanzy passionately, kissing the bright head and brow and cheeks.

“O, Gold! I’m so sorry. But perhaps I can do something, for he said he wished I had that key.”

“That key!” cried Marigold, scornfully. “I have hidden it and lost it. Don’t you remember, the locksmith came and fitted a new one? He has more places than that to keep it. It make him deceitful; it makes him irritable; it makes him everything. The doctor said it was destroying his brain.”

“Perhaps Dr. Kenderdine can help him.”

"*Nobody* can," emphasized Marigold, "nobody but the great God."

"Oh, I wish he would," cried Tanzy, hopefully. "Jesus Christ cast out evil spirits, and this is just as dreadful."

"But he isn't on earth now."

"Isn't he as powerful where he is as he was on earth? He couldn't lose his power, and I'm sure he couldn't lose his pity."

"But we cannot get to him; I'd go all over the earth and go all my life, to find somebody to help papa."

"Perhaps Mrs. Kenderdine knows."

"I would not tell her; I would not tell anybody," cried Marigold, lifting her proud head.

"Dr. Kenderdine must know—if doctors know. Now I know that is why he said he could do nothing for him."

"Now you will stay awake all night," said Marigold, contritely. "It was wicked for me to tell you at night; but I didn't want you to speak to-morrow. You will only make him furious."

"Perhaps it will kill him to give it up," said Tanzy. "The reaction might kill him."

"He says it will, and that he would rather die with it than die without it."

“Did not any one ever give it up?”

“De Quincey.”

“De Quincey!” Tanzy repeated, as if the name would bring light. “He was an Englishman—what else?”

“An opium-eater. You shall read about him to-morrow,” promised the older sister with a comforting kiss and caress.

“I want it to-night. How can you expect me to sleep? I shall make him promise to give it up, as he did!”

“Papa has no courage, no purpose. I do not believe he would or could do it, even for mamma, and he worships her.”

“And you, Gold.”

“And you,” said Marigold, with a sad, quick little laugh. “He loves us all, next to money and opium.”

“O Gold!” protested Tanzy.

“Great-grandfather didn’t know, or he would have left the money differently—or it may have been since then. I think Mr. Fiske knows; but he knows papa will keep tight hold of his money. But I shall keep mine. You and I may need it yet. *Now* do you think I am covetous?” Marigold questioned, in a tone of triumph.

“No, dear ; not if you keep it because it is not wise for papa to have it. But I have given my word.”

“Never mind it, then. I have enough for both.”

“Where is the book ? I must see now — to-night, or I cannot go to sleep—how De Quincey gave it up.”

“You can’t,” said Marigold, rising. “Here comes Nurse to put out the light and tuck us up in bed as she used to cold nights when we were little.”

“Before we had any trouble,” sighed Tanzy. “Gold, tell Nurse where that book is.”

“Well, you persistent thing, if you must have it. Nurse, please bring me “Confessions of an English Opium Eater.” It is on a table in the sitting-room. It is not a large book.”

“I will go myself, Nurse,” said Tanzy, kindly. “I am selfish to send you about the house at night.”

“The lights are all out, Miss Tanzy.”

“I could always see in the dark.”

“You can’t see to read in the dark,” said Marigold.

“Even cats cannot do that,” retorted Tanzy. “Then, Nurse, you may light a candle for me. Papa will not let us take lamps about the house.”

“And we will put the lights out and put ourselves to bed,” promised Marigold, with unusual consideration. “Tan, wouldn’t it be nice to have a maid? Nurse is getting too old to run about for us.”

“No, I’m not, Miss Gold,” answered Nurse, sharply. “You are not old enough for a maid; you must have a nurse.”

“You will say that when we are seventy,” laughed Marigold. “Nevertheless, Nurse, when next we go abroad I shall have younger feet and younger eyes to wait on me.”

“That’s gratitude,” muttered the old woman, as with tear-blinded eyes she stumbled down the stairs. “And the first time they were washed and dressed and kissed, I did it.”

With their heads close together, the girls bent over the book Nurse brought them, Tanzy eagerly snatching at the meaning; if this were true, was her father strong for such a mighty effort? Must he rather, die?

“I must go over it again,” she cried, nervously.

Marigold drew herself away ; she knew her sister would be stronger alone ; she was older to bear the knowledge of it than she herself had been five years ago. That was the time she was ill, and no one suspected the cause ; the physician had advised “change,” and asked Nurse if she had a lover, thinking some “disappointment” might be at the foundation of the long mental and physical exhaustion.

“Disappointment!” she repeated, with scorn, “it was my *father* ! Can there be any disappointment like that ? ”

With not less eagerness, but with more carefulness, Tanzy read again the confession of the opium eater.

“It now remains that I should say something of the way in which this conflict of horrors was finally brought to its crisis. The reader is already aware (from a passage near the beginning of the introduction to the first part) that the opium eater has, in some way or other, unwound, almost to its final links, the accursed chain which bound him. By what means ? To have narrated this, according to the original intention, would have far exceeded the space which can now be allowed. It is fortunate, as

such a cogent reason exists for abiding it, that I should, on a maturer view of the case, have been exceedingly unwilling to injure, by any such unaffected details, the impression of the history itself, as an appeal to the prudence and the conscience of the yet unconfirmed opium eater, or even (though a very inferior consideration) to injure its effect as a composition. The interest of the judicious reader will not attach itself chiefly to the subject of the fascinating spells, but to the fascinating power.

“Not the opium eater, but the opium is the true hero of the tale, and the legitimate centre on which the interest revolves. The object was to display the marvellous agency of opium, whether for pleasure or for pain ; if that is done, the action of the piece has closed.

“However, as some people, in spite of all laws to the contrary, will persist in asking what became of the opium eater, and in what state he now is, I answer for him thus :

“The reader is aware that opium had long ceased to found its empire on spells of pleasure ; it was solely by the tortures connected with the attempt to abjure it, that it kept its hold.

“Yet, as other tortures, no less, it may be thought,

attended the non-abjuration of such a tyrant, a choice only of evils was left ; and *that* might as well have been adopted, which, however terrific in itself, held out a prospect of final restoration to happiness."

"Gold, come here," called Tanzy, imperatively.

Marigold came reluctantly ; had she not been all through this herself ? Had she not been through everything ?

"Hear this."

Tanzy read aloud the paragraph she had last read.

"If it is a choice of evils, we must help him to choose the least ; if there is a possibility of restoration, we must work on that," she cried, in tearful eagerness.

"You mean *he* must."

"Oh, I keep forgetting that we cannot do it for him ; but De Quincey did it for himself."

"Papa can never hold out as he did ; it was terrible."

" ' This appears true, ' " read Tanzy aloud, " ' but good logic gave the author no strength to act upon it. ' "

"Isn't that true ? Papa can be as reasonable,

when he talks about it, as I am, but there it ends."

"Sit down, and let me read it aloud."

Marigold obeyed with a helpless and hopeless protest in her manner that Tanzy was too absorbed to note; eagerly and hopefully Tanzy read:

" 'However, a crisis arrived for the author's life, and a crisis for other objects still dearer to him, and which will always be far dearer to him than his life, even now that it is again a happy one.' O Gold, what might our life be with papa like Susie Hartwell's father! If we can only make him love us well enough to do it."

"Haven't I tried? Haven't I been gentle and good? And isn't mamma as lovely to him as she can be! O Tanzy, *don't* hope! It will only be harder in the end. Give up, and let us be as happy as we can."

"I shall never be happy again—another minute—as long as I live."

"I am—I even forget," said Marigold, wearily.

"I cannot; I hold on."

"You will feel so for a long while, but one *has* to forget and be happy; it is like catching your breath; you have to catch it to live."

"I don't want to live—this way."

“Not for *me*?” Marigold’s eyes filled.

“I wish we might all die, and hide the shame of it, and the horror of it; I’ve been so sorry for girls whose fathers were drunkards, and this is like it, as bad and worse. I am glad for his wife and daughters; I am glad he loved them so; he must have had a different heart from poor papa. I’m so afraid I shall not love him any longer; I am afraid I shall despise him, and think him cowardly and wicked and selfish, and I *hate* selfishness!” Tanzy cried, with flaming cheeks.

“Read, please,” said Marigold, thinking to still her. Quieting herself with an effort, Tanzy read on:

“‘I saw that I must die if I continued the opium: I determined therefore, if that should be required, to die in throwing it off. How much I was at that time taking, I cannot say; for the opium which I had used had been purchased for me by a friend, who afterward refused to let me pay him; so that I could not ascertain even what quantity I had used within a year.’ If we could keep papa from buying it! But we cannot keep him from having money.”

“Do you know that forlorn old woman who passes here very often?” asked Marigold, in her quiet

voice." She is very old, and tottering, and hardly has bread to eat; she cannot work, now; she used to be a washerwoman; she lives with a worthless son, and begs from anybody who will pity her. Well, she goes by here on her way to get opium, or laudanum, or paregoric, anything in that line; she goes to a drug store in Falkland, and she buys it in as large or small quantities as she can get. Nurse knows about her, and Cook is very kind to her, and gives her milk and bread and meat, and money very often. I have expostulated with Cook, but she says the poor old soul will soon die anyway, and would die in a week without it. *She* gets it without being rich."

With a sigh as hopeless as Marigold's own, Tanzy took up the thread of the confession: "'I apprehend, however, that I took it very irregularly, that I varied from about fifty or sixty grains to one hundred and fifty a day. My first task, was to reduce it to forty, to thirty, and as fast as I could, to twelve grains.' I can beg papa to let me do that for him."

"As if I hadn't," exclaimed Marigold, impatiently. "But go on; it is not as easy as that seems."

"'I triumphed; but think not, reader, that therefore my sufferings were ended; now think of me

as one sitting in a *dejected* state. Think of me as of one, even when four months had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered ; and much, perhaps, in the situation of him who has been racked, as I collect the torments of that state from the affecting account of them left by the most innocent sufferer (of the time of James I.).’ ”

“ Can you endure *that* ? ” inquired Marigold.

“ Can you go through that with him ? ”

“ I wish there were some asylum to place him in.”

“ Who could put him there ? His children ? ”

“ His wife might.”

“ Mamma ! She—can’t do anything.”

“ Then if some doctor would take him ; we can pay anything ; I would give up every cent I own.”

“ You have already.”

“ You can use your money then.”

“ Papa would never consent. Dr. Kenderdine would be firm enough—but, do not talk of it ; it is more than impossible ; we are as helpless as we were the day we were born.”

“ De Quincey says a crisis arrived for objects dearer to him than his life ; we are not in a crisis. We are, but he will never recognize it ; he does not

see that he is spoiling our life ; he thinks he is saving it. I wish this man could come and help us. I suppose he is dead ; this happened—when ?—he alludes to 1820 : ‘ Meantime, I derived no benefit from any medicine, except one prescribed to me by an Edinburgh surgeon of great eminence, namely, ammoniated tincture of valerian.’ ”

“ We can get that,” said Tanzy, eagerly, interrupting her reading.

“ Papa has taken it,” answered Marigold, quietly ; “ he has tried again and again to reduce his daily allowance ; but he falls back and is worse than ever. For two days he did not take one drop, and the next he was crazy for it, and took two hundred. We both had a crying spell over it. Tanzy, *don’t* hope ! I believe he has tried with all his strength, I believe he resists, in a fashion, every day of his life.”

Tanzy began to read again :

“ ‘ Medical account, therefore, of my emancipation I have not much to give ; and even that little, as managed by a man so ignorant of medicine as myself, would probably tend only to mislead. At all events it would be misplaced in this situation. The moral of the narrative is addressed to the opium eater ; and therefore of necessity limited in its ap-

plication. If he is taught to fear and tremble, enough has been effected.

“ ‘But he may say that the issue of my case is at least a proof that opium, after a seventeen years’ use, and an eight years’ abuse of its powers, may still be renounced ; and that he may chance to bring to the task greater energy than I did, or that, with a stronger constitution than mine, he may obtain the same results with less. This may be true ; I would not measure the efforts of other men by my own. I heartily wish him more energy ; I wish him the same success.

“ ‘Nevertheless, I had motives external to myself which he may unfortunately want ; and these supplied me with conscientious supports, which mere personal interests might fail to supply to a mind debilitated by opium. Jeremy Taylor conjectures that it may be as painful to be born as to die. I think it probable ; and during the whole diminishing of the opium, I had the torments of a man passing out of one mode of existence into another.’

“That sounds as though it were easily done,” said Marigold. “He tells how one day, the first in ten years, he existed without one drop, and then he persevered for ninety hours, and then doesn’t dare

tell us how much he took. He could not sleep ; his lower jaw swelled constantly, his mouth was ulcerated, and other distressing symptoms that he does not give. I do not believe papa has taken cold ; De Quincey never once took cold all the years he was eating opium ; I think papa had a nervous chill ; he is so easily startled ; perhaps it was the old man's death, or thinking about great-grandfather."

Tanzy shut the book ; she had lost all hope for her father. Must they live on and on without any end ?

"I wish I could run away," were her first words.

"Mamma cannot—even if we can." Marigold never forgot mamma ; mamma who could not do anything.

"Poor mamma !"

"But she is not kept in and kept under as we are," reasoned Marigold ; "she has had her future."

"We haven't any," said Tanzy. "I thought I had this afternoon—I thought I had with my three wishes, when I came up-stairs. Lucinda, with nobody in the world but her dead grandfather, is happier than we are. And Margaret has everything. O Gold, I want to run away ! I want to live with Margaret and her mother. If Jesus Christ were

walking by the sea of Galilee I wouldn't rest until I reached him and told him about papa."

"You may read to me, now, Tan; I want something before I go to sleep." There was no help for Marigold in her sister's thought of Jesus Christ.

Tanzy found again the story of the brother who spoke to the Master about his inheritance, but Gold did not need that, and her eye glanced down the page.

" 'And he said unto his disciples'—this is after the brother came to him, and he told them not to covet money and lay up treasure, but this is his own way, the way he did: 'And he said unto his disciples—' those brothers he called, you know—these two brothers had not come, perhaps they were taken up with quarrelling about their inheritance, as you and I will not be taken up with ours—excuse my little commentaries, but they help me understand."

"They help me, too," said Marigold, hardly daring to hope that Tanzy's latest enthusiasm might bring something *real*.

" 'Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.

“ ‘Consider the ravens : for they neither sow nor reap ; which neither have storehouse nor barn—’ this rich man who died, had big barns and filled them full ; but the ravens haven’t storehouse nor barn—they are like Lucinda ; ‘and God feedeth them ; how much more are ye better than the fowls?’ ”

“ This was his answer to the covetous brother ; do not seek for your rights even ; you are better than the fowls who have no storehouse ; you will be fed.”

“ But we want to be more than fed,” said Marigold. “ That doesn’t touch our need.”

“ Feeding is all the ravens want—perhaps it means he will give us all we want.”

“ Yes, but he didn’t give that man his share of the inheritance,” objected Marigold.

“ Because that wasn’t good for him, perhaps,” answered the commentator, after a moment’s reflection.

“ How do you know it wasn’t ? ” asked Marigold, who was not inclined to have her inheritance slighted.

“ I do not know, but I am sure Christ knew,” said Tanzy, reverently.

“ Well,” assented Marigold, but half satisfied.

Tanzy made no reply until she read :

“ ‘ Fear not, little flock ; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.’ *That* is an inheritance ; but I do not understand about the Kingdom. It helps me, even if I do not understand.”

Faithful old Nurse was waiting in the hall, crouched on a rug, with her head resting on a cushioned chair ; she did not stir till the soft sound of the voices ceased, and then she tapped at the dressing-room door, and went in to help her little girls for the night ; no other hands and feet should serve them as long as hers had life in them ; for whom else in the world had she ?

XVI.

THE NEXT MORNING.

“A dull axe never loves grindstones ; but a keen workman does, and he puts his tool on them in order that they may be sharp. And men do not like grinding ; but they are dull for the purposes which God designs to work out with them, and therefore he is grinding them.”

“MAY I not see papa to-day ? ” asked Tanzy.

“I do not know, I am sure,” answered her mother.

This formula answered the questions of her daughters oftener than in any other way. In a naughty mood Tanzy had said that it was something to be sure one didn't know.

“Is he so ill ? ”

“He is weak. He is nervous. He said no one was to come near him until he sent for them. He sent me away.”

Tanzy arose from the breakfast table. Marigold sat still. If nothing were to be done, it might as well be done sitting still.

"I wish you would ask him, mamma, if I am to send the telegram to Mr. Fiske. I must know that. The other things can wait."

"I do not like to disturb him, Tan."

"Then I will disturb him."

Tanzy intended to speak with quiet dignity; instead she spoke with controlled irritation, and the controlled irritation was in her voice when she asked admittance at the door of her father's dressing-room.

"Yes. Come in," answered the voice within, also in a state of controlled irritation.

It was chilly and rainy. The figure huddled together on a couch under a gay silk quilt of her mother's fashioning, seemed to shrink still more within itself as she entered, and the muffled voice spoke from the depths of a pillow.

"I gave orders not to be disturbed, Louise."

"Yes, papa." The "Louise" was ominous.

She stationed herself in the centre of the small room, with no desire to give her father the usual morning kiss.

"What do you want?" he asked gruffly, hurt by the omission.

"I wished to ask if you would like me to send

the telegram to Mr. Fiske," she answered, courteously.

"You might know I am in no condition to see him to-day!" he returned, with a change of tone.

"I wanted to ask you, too, papa"—(Here the brave voice trembled, but she gathered courage at the thought of Marigold's pleading eyes.) "You know you kindly gave me three wishes"——

"Yes, I know, and you will take advantage of my clemency"——

"I am your daughter," said Tanzy, bitterly. "I am not a—criminal."

"Of my fatherly indulgence—if you like that better, and ask for impossible things."

"It is this, for poor Gold." (Again the loving, brave voice faltered.) "Promise not to speak to her about her own money. She will not waste it. She will not do ridiculous things, as you are afraid I will do. Let her have it in peace."

"Didn't I promise last night?" he asked, lazily.

"I hardly know what was said. Last night seems ages ago. I do not think I have slept one half-hour since."

“No matter what was said. It is disannulled. I gave you three wishes for yourself, not for your sister;” arousing himself to speak with emphasis.

“Then can I not ask for her?” asked Tanzy, indignantly.

“No. You may ask for yourself alone.”

“Papa! that is not fair,” she cried, her eyes kindling with the anger she found it hard to restrain.

“I reserve the right to determine what is fair. You may go, Louise.”

“O, papa!” she cried, bursting into tears, as with a quick movement, she threw herself down beside his couch, and laid her head beside his on the pillow. “If you will only be good and kind and considerate to us! If you will let us love you and help you! What we ask is innocent and good, and cannot hurt us! And we are old enough to choose for ourselves.”

“You chose yesterday going to see that crazy old man. I am glad he is out of the world.”

“So am I,” said Tanzy, solemnly. “I’m glad there’s another world for him.”

“Now, what do you want to do to-day?”

"I want to die!" she cried, with a sob.

"I have wished that more times than I dare say, but I am not dead," he answered, with assumed lightness.

"Then I want to be comforted."

"So do I; and where is my comfort?"

"I know there is comfort—somewhere."

"Not on this pillow, with you stifling the air. Go away, daughter. When I want you or anybody I will ring for you. I will send for Fiske when I want him. Your word is as good as your bond. Be off with you!" he added, with an effort at playfulness.

"Papa," she said, rising, "I am going to see Mrs. Kenderdine."

"Very well; she cannot get your money away from you," he permitted, coarsely.

"Do you think she is an adventurer?" asked Tanzy, with fine scorn.

"I do not know what she is; I do not know what anybody is. Tell your mother I want her to read to me. *She* never worries me."

"Will you see Dr. Kenderdine again?" Tanzy ventured.

"No."

“May I send to Falkland for Dr. Stevens, then?”

“No; I want no doctor. What can minister to a mind diseased?” he cried, with starting tears of self-pity.

“May I have a fire in the study?” she persisted.

“In grandfather’s study? Is that one of your requests?” he asked, suspiciously.

“No,” said Tanzy, with a touch of anger.

“I don’t care what you do in that room, or anywhere else. All I do care for is peace.”

Without another word, Tanzy went away. Were her three wishes, that were every everything to her, nothing to her father? If she might not ask for Gold and Lucinda, what difference did it make whether she had any wishes or not? Almost what difference did it make whether she had any father or not?

“Mamma, papa wishes you to read to him!” she said, entering the breakfast room, “and Gold, I made my request for you and he said I had no right to ask for any one beside myself; so that’s ended.”

“No, it is not,” returned Marigold.

“I am going to see Mrs. Kenderdine; do you wish to go, too?”

“No.”

“I wish you would; she will talk to us.”

“I do not wish to be talked to,” said Marigold, coolly.

“She has promised to help me,” interposed their mother. “I cannot work as high up as I want to, it tires my arm, and she has promised to put some of the roof in for me; that is hard for me; my arm is so tired, I’m afraid I shall have paralysis, and then what will become of my picture?”

“Poor dear,” cried Marigold, caressingly, “as if I couldn’t finish it for you! You shall not be disappointed if I can help it. You ask so little of life, it is a pity if you cannot have that little.”

“Tan, I wish you would read to your father, and let me watch Gold, while she works. It would break my heart if she should spoil anything.”

“He has sent me away; he does not approve of me to-day. We will both behave ourselves better next time.”

“Tan, I wish you were gentle, like Gold,” remonstrated the soft voice.

“I am not good—like Gold; I am cross and fierce and angry; there is hatred in my heart. I

wish I knew how to keep on loving when I lose trust and respect. Papa cannot give me that wish."

It was ten o'clock, for the breakfast hour was late at Daisy Fields. Mrs. Henderson, with a distrustful look towards Marigold, stationed before her gobelin work, went up to her husband to read to him or talk to him, to sing to him, to bear sweetly whatever mood he chanced to be in, from hour to hour; and Tanzy, wrapping herself in a waterproof, with Nurse's New Testament under her arm, ran across the street to Mrs. Kenderdine.

"Mamma will be delighted," exclaimed Margaret, meeting her on the piazza; "she is in her room with a fire in the cunningest little stove! I have to be busy down-stairs, and Mark, queerly enough, for we can't seem to think of him as a full-fledged doctor, has had to go to Mansfield to see somebody who is ill."

The pretty room, the fire in the cunning little stove, and the cordial welcome from the white-robed figure on the bed, touched Tanzy with a new sense of having found something. She was under shelter.

"I've brought my book," she said, after Margaret had seated her at the bedside, and then left her

with her mother; "but I fear I shall trouble you; you are ill to-day."

"No, I am only resting after my delightful yesterday; my resting times always have to come in between."

"Are you sure I shall not weary you?"

"I am sure you will rest me."

"I came to you to be rested. Mrs. Kenderdine, I wanted to die a while ago. I do not see what life is *for*."

"That is what that book is for—to tell you."

"I get but a glimmer as I read."

"A glimmer of the Light that God sent into the world to lighten its darkness; the world would be dark, but for Christ, the Son of God."

"My father's world is dark, and he knows it; my mother's world is dark, and she does not know it. My world is all dark."

"Christ knows that."

"But I do not understand all he says. I do not understand what he said to the brother about his inheritance. May I read it to you? But, of course, you know it."

"Not too well to hear it again," Mrs. Kenderdine

returned, smiling at the flush, the eagerness, and appeal in the beautiful face.

In her heart she was giving thanks that this girl had come to her. His word through her would accomplish that which he pleased.

“I wanted to know what Jesus thought about riches and rich people; I wished to know what he thought of us, and what we were for, and I chanced to find this. Perhaps you don’t know—everybody about here knows that papa’s grandfather built Daisy Fields; he left all his money to papa and mamma, and to Gold and me when we were twenty-one. I never thought about money at all, until I had some of my own, and began to see that must mean something. Susie Hartwell said money was a trust, and the rich man was only a steward, and that she and Bess, her splendid sister, were trying to be faithful stewards. Then Lucinda’s grandfather happened, and I wished to know what Jesus would have said to him. What a large question money is! I do not see how any one can decide but the Son of God. If that old man had gone to him and asked that he might get his money, do you think he would have told him not to be covetous?”

“He certainly would, if it were simply desire of

gain that prompted him. This man had listened to the teachings of the Lord—read what those teachings are.”

Tanzy read, beginning at the time when there were gathered together an innumerable multitude of people, so much so that they crowded and pushed and trod upon one another. And the Lord taught them; he said: “I say unto you, my friends.”

He taught them that five sparrows were sold for two farthings, and not one of them, although worth so little to men, was forgotten before God; and even the hairs of the head of all that multitude were numbered; and then with God’s knowledge of them, even knowing about them what they could not know about themselves, he told them that whoever believed in the Son of man and confessed him before men, this same Son of man should confess before the angels of God. God could not make a mistake, he could not miss one sparrow, so how could he miss him? Not one hair escaped his knowledge and watchfulness, so how could one word or thought escape him? And then, after the confession before men, if they would be brought before synagogues and magistrates and powers, the Holy Ghost would teach them what to think and answer.

And then it was that this man of the company spoke and asked the Teacher who knew God's will, to be a judge between himself and his brother, who was wronging him out of his inheritance.

"How does that question strike you, coming in just there?" asked Mrs. Kenderdine, as Tanzy paused.

"As if he cared more for his inheritance than anything else the Lord had been saying."

"If he did, the Lord knew it, and warned him, and told him that his life consisted not in having an abundance of things."

"An abundance of things is very unsatisfying," said Tanzy; "we don't know what to wish for,—of such things. And we are as unhappy as we can be—now: we have not always been. He told them to consider the ravens, who have no store-house, no abundance of things, and God fed them. But I want something more than to be fed; is that *all* God can do for us?" she asked, wistfully.

"What did he do—what does he do for the ravens?"

"Only feeds them," was the disappointed answer.

"What else do they need?"

"They have the air, they have shelter, they have

clothing—I don't know anything else they do need," said Tanzy, with slow thoughtfulness.

"Then God gives them all they need?"

"Yes."

"What is Christ's question about them?"

Tanzy looked down upon the book and read:

"How much more are ye better than the fowls?"

"Do you know how much better you are?" asked Mrs. Kenderdine, smiling.

"I know something of the how much," said Tanzy, smiling also.

"Then his care for you and what he gives you are as much better as you are much better than the ravens."

"The ravens have nothing left to wish for."

"Neither shall you, dear," said Mrs. Kenderdine, with all her motherhood in voice and eyes.

"And he told this man that even if his brother would not divide the inheritance, that he should have everything he wished for. So he did answer him, after all; I was afraid he didn't care."

"He gave him a perfect answer, if he only knew how to take it."

“Perhaps he wished him to leave his inheritance and follow him. He could not take care of it if it were money and houses and land, and still go about with him, as his disciples did.”

“Property seems to have been a hindrance in those days, doesn’t it?”

“Is it now, do you think?” was the girl’s earnest question.

“If my husband had an estate in America, it would hinder his work somewhat.”

“Then I am glad he has not,” said Tanzy, who seemed to know nothing of riches beside their power to hinder.

“A friend of mine, a school friend, is teaching in South America; she has a flourishing girls’ school there; her father recently died, and left her a farm in this State; do you think she will come home and take care of it?”

“No, indeed,” was the quick response.

“Some of her friends think she should; but she isn’t troubled about it. It will be tilled without her.”

“But everybody doesn’t go to South America and India,” objected Tanzy.

“Then what must the people who stay at home do?”

“That is exactly what I am anxious to know.”

“Christ bids us all to go to work,” said Mrs. Kenderdine.

“I am ready for that,” cried Tanzy, with what Marigold called the electric light in her eyes.

“We are to go to work with what we have; what he has given us to work with.”

“I suppose I have sufficient to work with,” reflected Tanzy.

“Sufficient! My dear child, what haven’t you? You have youth, health, education, money, time, desire, a winning face, and winning manner. If you lack any one thing, it is—”

“I do not know how—”

“Something comes before that.”

“Before knowledge? how can that be?”

“It will be better for you to learn without being told; you will certainly learn what it is.”

“But that will not give it to me if I haven’t any of it now.”

“No: it is the gift of God,” said the solemn, sweet voice.

“Then I can have it;” said Tanzy, in a sure voice; “that belongs to the how much more I am better than the ravens.”

Mrs. Kenderdine kept still and marvelled at the girl's clear thinking.

"I am sure you will have it."

"Has Margaret found it?"

"I think she has."

"And Dr. Kenderdine?"

"In a measure. He is growing."

"Can I find it in this book?"

"Indeed you can; study John and Paul and Peter; they had it without measure—after the ascension."

"The ascension?" repeated Tanzy, in some confusion.

"Do you not know about the Lord's ascension?"

"Oh yes. I've seen pictures. We have seen pictures of everything. I shouldn't know anything about the Bible but for pictures. Papa used to tell us the history of the pictures; but it seemed like myths. All the pictures had a history. We always look up the story of the pictures; that is one way we have amused papa. We saw pictures with Susie Hartwell and Bess, and papa was not pleased because they told us to read the Bible to learn about them. He said he could tell us all we

needed to know. But he *never* told us what I am finding out. Mrs. Kenderdine, do you know all about De Quincey ? ”

“ I know his opium experience.”

“ I know that. What else did he do ? ”

“ He was a fine Greek scholar. He contributed to British periodicals. Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey were among his friends. After two unsuccessful trials, he overcame his opium habit.”

“ After two trials ? Did he fail twice ? ” asked Tanzy, in disappointed dismay.

“ I’ve read somewhere that after writing a paper he would toss it over his head to his study floor, and his daughters would pick it up and sell it to the publishers.”

“ I can understand that,” said Tanzy. “ I suppose he had not force enough to do anything else.”

“ What are you studying — beside the New Testament ? ” inquired Mrs. Kenderdine, with seeming abruptness.

“ Nothing now. We take up studies to amuse papa. Everything we do is to amuse papa. Gold cares for languages. She is our interpreter. I would like to know the history of opium.”

“It has a long history.”

“It must have. Hav’n’t the English had something to do with it?”

“They have had enough to do with it to make the memory of it a reproach for ever. For years the British power flooded China with this Indian drug. It is fresh in my mind, because as you came in I was reading about it. The Chinese, seeing how body and mind were being destroyed as well as all moral sense, made severe prohibitory laws and destroyed the trade, and ten years afterward made the use of opium a capital offence; and then”—taking the book from where it had slipped between her pillows, she read a paragraph—“and destroyed British stock to the amount of \$20,000,000. Then followed a war which in 1842 wrested from the Chinese government concessions in favor of free trade in opium, but intensified the hatred of all foreigners.’”

“Was it *forced* on the poor Chinese then?” asked Tanzy, with glowing eyes. “I do not like to believe that of England. It will make me hate England, and I loved it. I should think Chinese girls would hate England! O, Mrs. Kenderdine, I want to tell you something, and I do not

dare." Tanzy dropped her head with a sob.

"No matter, dear. Some things are learned best without being told. Run down and see Margaret in the kitchen. She is baking cake."

"Will I see that thing you spoke of?" asked Tanzy, raising her burning face.

Mrs. Kenderdine laughed.

"I see it in everything. It requires spiritual eyes."

"Will you let me come again?" she asked, with pretty persuasiveness.

"Every day, if you will."

Tanzy's impulse was to kiss the sweet, pale face, but her shyness resisted it; and with a word of thanks and good-bye, she went down to the kitchen to Margaret.

Mark stood at a table breaking off the end of the hot sponge cake Margaret had taken from the oven; Margaret was scolding in a laughing way, and saying he should have no cake with his ice-cream, and he retorted that he would run off to Lake George and summer with the Hartwells; Bess had written to him, and he *was* thinking of it.

Tanzy's first question was concerning Lucinda.

“Miss Lynn told me she was coming to you Friday morning ; she is anxious to earn money. Maria insists that he shall not be buried in the family plot, and Lucinda is not willing that he should be laid in the corner devoted to the poor ; she has arranged to purchase ground, and that, with the funeral expenses, will be a large sum for her to earn. Maria declares that an unpainted pine coffin will be good enough. It is almost amusing to hear Miss Lynn tell the story ; and Lucinda proudly insists upon one covered with cloth, with plated silver handles ; I think that costs fifty dollars ; Maria says it is ridiculous, and Miss Lynn agrees partly with her and partly with poor, proud, loyal Lucinda. Any way, it is decided ; Lucinda is to have her way and earn the money to pay the debt. Miss Lynn would defray some of the expenses, but that Maria has her under her thumb, and she doesn't know the way out from under.”

“I can do it,” said Tanzy. “I am not under Maria's thumb.”

“You can do it by paying her what she fairly earns ; she will accept no other help, I am certain.”

“She asks a dollar a day,” said Margaret, smoothing the broken edge of her cake.

“Fifty days’ work for the coffin!” exclaimed Tanzy, dismayed.

“That will not include the entire expense,” said Mark; “she is plucky: she will earn it.”

“I shall keep her as long as I can,” said Tanzy. “Nurse is failing; we need some one to take her place.”

“Maria proposed mourning for Lucinda,” Mark went on, “and she ‘colored up’ Miss Lynn said, and said she would have no mourning; her mourning was for his life, not his death.”

“I *like* her,” said Tanzy, heartily.

“There is something very graceful about her,” Mark added, moving away with another bit of broken sponge cake.

Tanzy remembered that her father had not extended the golden sceptre for any one beside herself; but then he might be “taken” with Lucinda; he often was taken with unusual people, and this girl, who had to stand at the wash-tub, and churned, and sewed, and had not a real friend in the world, was her rare self as she had made herself. Papa would certainly be touched when he knew that she was working and saving to buy that coffin and to buy ground to bury it in.

XVII.

PURPOSES AND THOUGHTS.

“Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

As she stepped out of this house of peace and sped across the street in the rain, words that she had lately read, sung themselves over again and again to her :

“The rain above,
A mother’s love,
And God’s companionship.”

This Margaret had it all.

She found her mother alone in the bay-window, crouching on the carpet at the foot of her easel, in childish attitude, sobbing like a child.

“Why, mamma !” she exclaimed, dropping down beside her, and taking her into her arms, as she would take a child, “what can be the matter ? Has your princess run away from you and married a prince ?”

“It has all run away from me—the whole picture. Gold can’t do it to suit me.”

“Then I can, I know I can,” comforted Tansy ;
“you often say Tan can do anything.”

“But you can’t do this. I don’t want you to do it. I want to do it myself.”

“Then I’ll show you how.”

“You can’t,” with a fresh burst of tears. “It can’t be done. I’ve tried it in a frame on my lap, and I’ve tried it on the easel. It tires me to death, and then it doesn’t suit me. It is the disappointment of my life.”

“Oh no, it isn’t,” said Tanzy, with conscious sarcasm; “it was the disappointment of your life when your big St. Bernard died. People don’t have two such disappointments in one life-time. I *know* I can find a way out for you,” she cried, her heart softening towards the sobbing figure in her arms. Giving her a kiss she sprang up, and in her strong arms, lifted her little mother to her feet.

“Where is Gold?”

“Gone away. I’m afraid I was cross about the picture. I think that is what I was crying about.”

“O, mamma, I *wish* you would go and see Mrs. Kenderdine. She lives for something.” This time the sarcasm was unconscious.

“What is it? What does she do? Does she

care for fancy-work ?" she inquired, in her innocent voice.

"I don't know," said Tanzy, laughing to keep herself from crying. "I do not know what she does; I only know what she is."

"I do not want to know her; I want to work on my picture. Papa did not care for my reading; I could not find any book to suit him. He asked where you were."

"Where is he ?"

"In grandfather's study, with a fire. He wanted a fire, and he wants you."

"He sent me away two hours ago," said Tanzy, with a spice of rebellion.

"He wants you now," remarked her mother, placidly, "don't be naughty, Tan."

But Tan was naughty, she would not go up to grandfather's study until after lunch. The fire had died out upon the hearth, the wind brushed the locust branch against the window, torn papers were scattered about the hearth-rug. The room appeared dismal to Tanzy, as she opened the door. Her father in his wrapper, lounging in one chair with his feet in another, did not make the general appearance any less dismal. The sun had seemed to be shining

in Mrs. Kenderdine's chamber; there was no sunshine here.

"Have you brought something to read to me?" was his greeting.

"I did not know what you would like."

"Nobody seems to know to-day."

"Perhaps there is something here."

"There's nothing here."

"Yes, there is! O, papa, here's a big Bible."

He turned his head; there was a large Bible on his grandfather's desk.

"I wanted the whole Bible. Papa, you like ancient literature; isn't this book ancient enough? Don't you think Christ was as wonderful as Plato, or Socrates, or Confucius, or Buddha?" she questioned rapidly and eagerly.

"Yes."

"Then why do you not read his teachings?"

"I have read them."

"But one cannot get into the depths at one reading. I've heard you say a life-time would not exhaust Plato."

"What has that to do with it?"

"If Christ be as wonderful, one reading cannot exhaust his wisdom."

“I suppose you want to read to me again about that rich man. Perhaps if you read it you will get it out of my thoughts ; it haunts me, it was in my dreams.”

He rubbed his forehead as if awaking himself out of sleep. With his grandfather's Bible, Tanzy seated herself in a corner of the worn horse-hair sofa ; resting an elbow on the horse-hair pillow, she opened the big musty volume in her lap.

Beginning with the interruption of the man in the company, she read the story of the rich man, whom God called a fool.

“Oh, papa, now I know,” she exclaimed, lifting her bright face. “Christ did notice the poor brother's request. I suppose the rich brother was there in the crowd, and he thought he would speak to him about the inheritance then ; and, you see, he did ; this story was for him. If he took it to heart instead of building bigger barns, he must have shared the inheritance with his brother. He did speak to him, and to every other rich man.”

“Every rich man does not wrong some one. I've told you that before, daughter.”

“Oh no, oh no, indeed,” said Tanzy, earnestly. “I know *you* do not. But if we are not

covetous, and if we seek to help people, we shall not be in this rich man's danger. I do not want to be in the rich man's danger. I hope some other rich man was in the crowd. The Son of God knew to whom he was speaking."

There was something fascinating to her father in her simple, real way of taking the Lord's words. He was weary of books. She did not seem to be reading from a book. It was as if she had heard the Lord speak, and was telling him about it. The desire to know what his grandfather had learned from this book mastered him. He had determined within himself never to know; but some overmastering will urged him on. The name of the book, the chapter, and the verse, were burnt into his memory.

Traced in his grandfather's feeble lines in that last solemn message, they had kept themselves before his eyes in dreams and haunted waking moments; all he knew of them was that they had roused his grandfather's conscience and impelled him to a late restoration.

"Tanzy, find Luke, nineteenth chapter, eighth verse."

Finding it, she read aloud:

“ ‘And Zaccheus stood and said unto the Lord: Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.’ ”

She looked up, waiting, but her father did not speak.

Tanzy read the story through; such a wonderful story, almost more wonderful than any of the others; the little rich man in the tree, and Jesus looking up and calling him by name, and inviting himself to stay at his house.

How could he but receive him joyfully!

Then the people murmured, saying he was a sinner. But the Lord was willing and glad to go home with him and abide. He gave half his goods to the poor, and where he had wronged any, made fourfold restoration.

“O, papa, wasn't that grand?” she cried, enthusiastically, “he made fourfold restoration.”

“That was according to the Roman law,” replied her father, coolly.

“Then I'm glad of one of the Roman laws.”

“Nothing less than that would satisfy you.”

“I should want to give it all—all I had. You cannot tell how a person's life may be changed, and

what they have suffered by being wronged! Money cannot repay everything. For you take away all the good somebody might do. I'm glad the Roman law was as just as that."

"As generous!" exclaimed her father; "you are childish Tanzy, you reason like a woman. I told you that book would carry you away."

"We were speaking of the Roman law, papa," said Tanzy, with gentle dignity.

"Shut it up. I've had enough for one day."

Obedying in the spirit, for she kept it shut from him, but open to herself, she read on, fascinated; no stories had ever fascinated her like these stories in the days of Christ.

But there the story of Zaccheus ended; she would never know the questions the rich man who had been a sinner asked of his guest, the Son of God.

"Papa, it puzzles me—the stories end so abruptly—I always want to know more."

"That book was not written to satisfy a childish curiosity," he replied, impatiently.

"No," said Tanzy, reverently and admiringly.

After watching her awhile as she read, her

father inquired: "What do you think it was written for?"

"For all the world to know about God's Son," Tanzy replied, shutting the book and pushing it off her lap.

"Papa," resting both elbows on the horse-hair pillow, as she brought it into her lap, "what have you done all your life?"

"Read, travelled, taken care of my money," he answered, with a lofty air.

"I want to do something else besides."

"I know you do, you puss," he returned, smiling at her earnestness.

"I am ready to ask for something for myself" she said, impressively.

"I am ready to hear it," was the laconic answer.

Her face, half turned to him, was more than serious. It was perplexed, determined.

"I wish you would give me one day in the week for myself." The tone was meek, but it irritated him. One day a week! Was she a slave? Was he a tyrant?

"Have you not every day in the week for yourself?" he asked, sharply.

“I have not any day as I desire to have this,” she answered, sadly.

“One day in which your father and mother shall have no right to you, make no demand?”

“Mamma’s rights do not interfere. She always yields when I am reasonable.”

“Well, when is it?” he questioned, lightly;
“Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday?”

“It is the first day of the week,” she answered, gravely.

“What difference does the first day make?”

“All the difference. It is the Lord’s day, and I wish to give it to him.”

“Oh, Sunday!” he exclaimed, impatiently.
“Talk sense. Don’t talk cant.”

“I do not know what cant is. This book calls it by that name.”

“One day is not his any more than any other!”

“‘The first day of the week, while it was yet dark,’” she quoted.

“Oh, I know that. These stories are not new to me. I have read everything. Take your first day if you must! Much good may it do you!” he said with a contempt that for the moment

made him coarse in her eyes. His refinement had been his boast ; and now he was altogether coarse.

“ You have given it to me. It is *mine*,” she insisted, eagerly. “ It is only one day out of seven for me to have.”

“ And all the rest you are in bondage ! To hear you plead, one would think your father was a tyrant.”

“ Oh, no !” she said, playfully, catching her breath, as if to recover something. “ You are only Papa Caprice.”

It would not be his way to speak of it again. It was all said. The rest of it was to live it, and how joyfully would she do that !

“ Mamma is asleep. Gold tucked her up on that big old wide sofa in the sewing-room. She said she loved to hear the rain on the roof,” Tanzy went on.

Did she miss anything, Tanzy wondered, as she thought of her laying cuddled up like a child, and listening to the rain. Gold sat beside her with a book. She would put out her hand and touch Gold. Tanzy knew the motion ; and she would smile and shut her eyes. Papa had never allowed her to grow up, and now she did not know that she had anything to grow up for.

“Out with your two other wishes, daughter! Let me have them and be through with them.”

“I have not two others—for myself.”

“You will in time. I suppose you would wish to stay in this dull place all summer and make friends with those Kenderdines. I shall leave Daisy Fields one month from to-day. I do not care if I never come back. I intend to put the Atlantic between me and this room for one five years. Fiske shall come first and make my will.”

“And mine,” cried Tanzy, gayly; “and give my money to you.”

“Who says

“‘Because the way is short, I thank thee, God.’

I do, most devoutly. I should like to have that cut on the stone you put over me. Oh! for a quiet brain, and no thoughts to think!”

He brushed his thin, yellow fingers wearily over his forehead and eyes.

“Because the way is short, I thank thee, God,” he murmured.

Tanzy’s heart seemed bursting with bearing her father’s burdens. Would she ever dare to speak her wish for him? Would he care to hear about

the ravens, and how they were fed? Would any of Christ's words touch him?

"If Plato had spoken it, perhaps he might care!" she thought with bitterness.

"Papa," she ventured timidly, "I wish I could read to you about the ravens."

"Poe's raven?" he asked, listlessly.

"Oh no!" she said, provoked. "That's only sound."

"Sound sense."

"I don't want any silken, sad, uncertain rustling of a purple curtain to-day. I want hard truth."

"Mrs. Browning, then :

" 'He hears the young ravens when they cry,
And yet they cry for carrion.' "

"Carrion is all they know to cry for," she answered, thinking that once that was all she knew to cry for.

Bringing the book toward her, she again opened it, and began to read: "Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much better are ye than the fowls?" "Because the way is short, I thank thee, God."

She read the quotation from Mrs. Browning without a change of tone, as if it were a part of the Lord's words.

He gave her a startled look of inquiry.

"The ravens are fed without any store-house—and on carrion—why shouldn't they be glad of the short way? As glad as we are, who are so much better than the fowls? I think it would be ungrateful if a raven should say it!"

"Ravens do not have the devil in them," he said, sullenly.

"Neither did the man, after Christ cast him out. Oh, may I read that too?"

"Read any where," he assented, more interested than he cared to reveal. She was irrepressible; he might as well let her have her way. She made a fuss and had her way; Marigold did not make a fuss and had her way; for their sakes and his own, might he not better put an end to his baffled existence?

While she was studying a page to find the story she read before lunch, Nurse came to the door with a message; the minister from Mansfield had called; if Mr. Henderson were disengaged, he would be glad to see him.

"That man!" exclaimed Ernest Henderson,

coloring with displeasure, "it is his annual call. Tanzy, say I am indisposed."

"He is an old man, papa, and so gentle and learned," pleaded Tanzy, "he has come in all this rain."

"*You* may see him, then."

"He did not ask for me."

"I am not in the mood!" said her father, somewhat relenting.

"Please, papa," she coaxed. "I'll make it one of my wishes," she added, brightening, as the thought came to her. "And then you will have but one on your mind."

"You witch!" he answered, smiling with permission in his eyes.

She had gained her point; she ran lightly downstairs to bid the old man welcome.

"O, Mr. Ransom," she cried with a sharp cry, taking both his hands and holding them tightly, and thinking only of her father in his bondage, "will you tell papa how the devil goes out of a man when Christ bids him?"

XVIII.

IN HIS STRENGTH.

“I can do all things through Christ.”

AN hour later Tanzy came to the half open door; the minister was standing near the table in the centre of the room, talking in a low tone and most earnestly; her father seemed to have forgotten his usual fidgetty fashion of sitting on a chair, and was looking up into the refined, scholarly face and listening with absorbed attention. Stepping in softly, she went to her father and stationed herself behind him; he turned to smile and take her hand into his own; she saw that he was pleased with this one of her “wishes.”

“We were speaking of some of the weak conquerors, Tanzy,” he said, bringing her into the conversation. “Mr. Ransom has instanced some that I have overlooked. Gambassio, the blind sculptor, I had forgotten.”

“But not Milton, or Homer, or Ossian or Prescott,” summed up Mr. Ransom, “and I remembered that Alexander Pope had to be sewed up in rough canvas every morning to enable him to stand on his feet.”

“I have seen a lady, a successful teacher, who wears a plaster of Paris jacket to keep herself together,” said Tanzy, adding out of her own experience to the list of the world’s weak conquerors. “And there is Mrs. Kenderdine.”

“Yes,” returned Mr. Ransom, “I saw her this afternoon. She is indeed a conqueror. Do you know that the painter Stuart did much of his work while unjustly imprisoned for debt? Bacon was always ailing, and Hannah More suffered seventy fevers in seventy years. To say nothing of Paul, whom I never forget, in his painfulness and weariness.”

“And don’t forget my Elizabeth Barrett Browning,” said Tanzy, with enthusiasm.

“You called her ungrateful an hour ago,” her father remembered, reproaching her.

“And she was so tired when she wrote that,” said Tanzy, rebuking herself. “I know how bad I was this very morning.”

“Do you remember this saying of hers,” asked Mr. Ransom, with his gentle smile,

“‘In my large joy of sight and touch,
Beyond what others count as such,
I am content to suffer much.’”?

“And the man who sang the song of the shirt,” said Tanzy, “dear Tom Hood was a great sufferer.”

“Do you recall the words his faithful wife, Jane, heard him whisper towards the end: ‘O Lord, say arise, take up thy cross and follow me,’” asked the minister.

Ernest Henderson’s eyes filled with large, slow tears. His wife loved his eyes with the tears in them; Marigold was scornful; Tanzy tried to be compassionate.

“That old man whom I shall bury to-morrow, whispered to me the hour he died, that he forgave as he hoped to be forgiven. He was a pathetic old creature. I often beguiled him into my study, and he always asked me to read the same psalm to him. He had a way of strolling through the churchyard; I often found him there stooping for his pebbles; he admired your grandfather’s monument, and told me he wanted one like it. But I think the fascination to him was the name: Nicholson reminded him of a name connected with his early history; he said

it was like it, but not it ; once he told me that name was Nichols. Sometimes I think that whole affair was a delusion ; but his granddaughter showed me yesterday the record in his Bible ; the date in which his land was sold ; some time in '39. More than forty years ago."

The eyes of one of his listeners had grown dry and bright. He knew that date : May 17, 1839.

"It does not matter now," he returned carelessly, "the old man is beyond both pebbles and gold."

"And the girl is making her own way," added Mr. Ransom ; "she will have her compensation. Life is full of *that*, Mr. Henderson."

"You spoke of remodelling your little church," said Ernest, changing the subject easily ; "my grandfather did nothing for it when it was building ; he told me so. I think he regretted it. All he did as a public-spirited citizen, was to decorate your churchyard with that handsome monument to himself and family. Have you funds enough ?"

"We have seven dollars towards it," remarked the old man, with a humorous twinkle in his deep-set eyes.

"How much do you want ?" inquired Ernest, with abrupt kindness.

“We want five hundred; we hope for three hundred. We are not a rich church.”

Might he not propitiate the avenging Deity by almsgiving? Would not this Power who required the souls of rich men, accept a gift for the church dedicated to his worship? Would he still remember to be hard upon him about that “fourfold”?

Tanzy marvelled at the flash in her father’s face, and his quick change of attitude.

“Tanzy! My check-book, dear, and pen and ink.”

Tanzy told Marigold that she flew after them.

“I thank you, sir, in the name of my people,” said the old minister, with stately courtesy.

To Tanzy he was like her imagination of “a gentleman of the old school.”

“I am not giving to your people,” was the curt reply. “I am giving to the One you worship.”

“Then I do not know whether he thanks you or not,” said Mr. Ransom, with a low laugh. “I trust he accepts it—he understands the spirit in which the offering is made.”

“I wish I did,” acknowledged Ernest, frankly. “Mr. Ransom, I am a weak man, and not a conqueror.”

“We are conquerors only through His grace,” said the minister, in his kind, firm voice.

“I do not understand that. Was not De Quincey a conqueror? Why did we not speak of him?”

“Poor fellow! He *was* a sufferer!”

“But he did it. He conquered the stuff.”

“If I may—and not be further tedious—I would like to give you my long experience in a few words. I was a slave for thirty years.”

Tanzy flew back with the check-book, and her own pen and ink, and placed them on the table.

“Papa, may I see?” she asked, gayly. “Put in a hundred for me.”

“And a hundred for Marigold,” he said, lightly.

“And a hundred for yourself,” she persuaded.

“And a hundred for mamma,” he added, writing rapidly the check for four hundred dollars, and tearing it off. “Now, sir, if you please, Tanzy and I would like to hear your long experience in a few words. Will you not be seated again?”

“Thank you, no. I have another call to make in this neighborhood.”

Folding the check, he placed it in his large

leather wallet and slipped it into the breast-pocket of his coat.

“I trust you will come to see the inside of our little building some day,” he said easily. “Well,” straightening himself, “for thirty years I was a slave to the use of tobacco. I seldom smoked, but I was an incessant chewer. It was always in my mouth; I considered it indispensable to my existence. Time and again, as I realized what a slave I had become, I resolved to free myself; once I limited myself to three mouthfuls a day. One time I gave it up altogether—for as long as I could stand it. If you ever tried you know what has to be gone through.”

“I never tasted it. I never tasted tobacco, or liquor of any kind, except when prescribed by a physician.”

“Then you *don't* know. But you know De Quincy. I understand him. I never felt it to be a sin; I only felt that I was a slave and not a free man. One day I fell into reasoning about it and decided, then, and as I thought, for all my life-time, never to try again to give it up. I could not, and I would not try and fail. The next day I purchased a pound of the best and put it in a box near the head of my

bed. A week later, I awoke one morning early to think out a sermon, but before I began to think, I stretched out my hand for my sweet morning portion. My first thought was God. My second thought was tobacco. But my hand was stopped. I could not reach it. A pressure I could not withstand was upon me. I was made willing to give it up, at once, *and forever*. I knew that my strength was perfect weakness. I knew I must, and that I could not. Under the pressure upon me which I had no desire to resist, I cried out, ‘*God helping me, I will.*’

“From that moment I have had no desire for it. That was fifteen years ago. For awhile I carried it about as usual, in my pocket, and would take it out and smell of it for the sake of the test; but I never had the slightest desire to touch it with my tongue.

“I did not suffer for one instant; I have not suffered one instant for the fifteen years. Thank you for your patience. Good afternoon, sir.”

Ernest Henderson arose and took the old minister’s hand, with a sigh for himself that his boyhood had had no father like this strong man.

“I do not understand you, but I honor you.”

“Christ bid the appetite go, and it went. You

know he understands how to cast out devils."

"I wish I did know it. Perhaps I shall see your church when I return; I am going away for an endless time. I want to take my girls to Egypt, and perhaps I shall take this girl to Jerusalem."

"O papa!" cried delighted Tanzy, "now you make me willing to go."

Accompanying Mr. Ransom to the door, Tanzy stood with him on the piazza to ask a few questions about Lucinda. As she watched him under his umbrella, making his way through the rain, she heard her name called from within, hurriedly and excitedly.

"O Miss Tanzy! Nurse has had a fall. She slipped on the steps. They were slippery with rain! She hadn't ought to go out; but she did. She wanted to get some tender lettuce for you in the garden."

"Is she hurt much?" asked Tanzy quietly, stepping into the hall.

"Dreadfully! She fainted; and we got harts-horn and brought her to. We got her up to her bed; but she's fainted again. Cook says it's the spine of her back; and she's so old! She'll never take another step!" wailed the girl.

“Be quiet, Mary Ann. You will disturb mamma. Go across the street for Dr. Kenderdine, and I will attend to Nurse.”

Nurse threw up her arms with a moan when Tanzy entered her room.

“Oh! My lamb! I am done for this time.”

“Not yet,” said Tanzy, soothingly. “We cannot do without you. Dr. Kenderdine will be here in five minutes, and tell us there is nothing the matter.”

It was ten minutes before Dr. Kenderdine came, and then he did not say there was nothing the matter. He told Nurse her case was serious enough for her to keep quiet and be obedient.

“You must have a nurse,” he said, urgently, to Tanzy. “You two girls cannot do it. She may be helpless a long time. She is an old woman and not strong.”

“Lucinda is coming,” replied Tanzy, “and then we shall be three girls. Nurse has been good to us all our lives. I would not go to Jerusalem now and leave her to suffer. Make it as light as you can, conscientiously, to mamma. And come as often as you think best, twice a day if she needs you. Send for me always, please, and I will take your orders and see that they are obeyed.”

XIX.

A PURPOSE.

“Be sure your work is better than what you work to get.”

“WHAT troubles me most,” remarked Tanzy to Mrs. Kenderdine, ten days after Nurse’s fall, “is that we are going about the world for pleasure, and I’m all a-tingle to find work.”

“Work is an educator,” Mark replied.

They were all in the honeysuckle end of the piazza; Mrs. Kenderdine in her hammock, wrapped in something of a fleecy whiteness; Margaret not far away; Marigold and Tanzy with books in their laps, and Mark moving about and interjecting wise and merry sentences into the rapid flow of girlish talk.

“Let me read you half a page,” said Mrs. Kenderdine, bringing a foreign-looking letter out of the fleecy white folds; “my husband writes hurriedly. He is so oppressed with what you are a-tingle

for. This is in reply to twenty pounds Margaret has been gathering among our friends for our Girls' School. There is where her heart is, you know: 'Your school is going to be examined for Government grant next month. How much will be received I cannot tell. Every girl who passes a standard is entitled to from three to fifteen rupees, or rather we get it for her passing.' He is thus explicit in answer to questions that Margaret must answer to her friends, the reader explained: 'The balance of expenses your twenty pounds will pay for. I went to ——— week before last. The school is in new quarters—a fine, large building—and there are about one hundred and twenty girls being taught. A few have fallen off, as we charge small fees—from one-half anna to four annas a month. Salome, the female Bible teacher, has a little girl, and has leave of absence for a couple of months. Her husband, however, teaches for her, and an old Brahman has been teaching our catechism. He seemed very proud when I complimented his classes concerning their recitations on the 'only true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent.' I hope good will come to him as well as to the girls.' "

“A heathen teaching *that*,” exclaimed Tanzy. “How very queer to make a missionary out of him.”

“‘I am just about to take another Girl’s School in ——. One of our Christian women is already teaching sewing in it. How I have been going this last month! I have travelled about two hundred miles by jutka in two weeks. Day before yesterday I did thirty-five miles. I have given a preparatory lecture this morning; received one of our old boys who is studying here in the High School to the full membership of the church. Two days the thermometer has registered 102° on my study table. The thought of you in your hammock in green coolness, rests my soul.

“‘I mean to stay here a couple of days after Sunday, to rest, as you know it is absolutely impossible to rest in one of my own stations. Agnes is getting to be quite a tennis player.’

“But that last is not about work,” added Mrs. Kenderdine, slipping the many-times-read sheets into their thin envelope. “That is one kind of work, Tanzy, and the kind I have been more than a quarter of a century interested in.”

“May I send that letter—or a part of it, to

Bess ? ” inquired Mark. “ She is looking for a field for some of her stray ducats.”

“ O yes,” consented Margaret, eagerly. “ I’ll put her on the list of my next twenty pounds.”

“ And me, Margaret,” cried Tanzy, thinking how she would love to help the Hindoo girls learn about “ Jesus Christ whom he has sent.”

Marigold did not speak ; she was thinking that she would like to know more about what the girls were taught. She was not yet all a-tingle for work.

“ The watchword to his soldiers on his death-bed by the Emperor Severus, was *Laboremus*,” narrated Mark, who still had an air of school-boy learning. “ When I was a boy I had it put on a watch charm.”

“ You are lazy enough now,” retorted Margaret, good-humoredly, who half believed that he originated his stories to suit the occasion.

“ Now you remind me of another story,” he said, laughing, “ and I will tell it to punish you ! Somebody asked a foreigner who had travelled everywhere, what universal characteristic he found, and he answered : ‘ Me tink dat all men love lazy.’ ”

“ Not Yankees,” Marigold said, quickly. “ I believe every other nation does.”

“ The Hindoos regard inaction as the perfect

state," said Mrs. Kenderdine; "think of speaking of the Supreme Being as The Unmovable."

"When St. Boniface landed in Britain," Mark went on in his school-boy tone, "he brought the gospel and a carpenter's rule."

Tanzy remembered who had used a carpenter's rule.

"I wish Cinda were here," she exclaimed aloud, "she glories in hard work. She laughed when I asked her to-day if I were planning too much for her; and when I told papa, he gave me a Greek adage: 'In the morning of life, work; in the midday, give counsel; in the evening, pray.'"

"Charles Lamb said that no work was worse than over-work," said Marigold, who loved Charles Lamb as enthusiastically as her sister loved Mrs. Browning. "He said that after he had been two years free from the India Office. At first he thought he would not go back to his prison and stay ten years for ten thousand pounds! He seemed to have nothing to do but *walk*. 'What I can do, and overdo, is to walk.' I think Tan and I have learned that no work is to have a sorry time. We began to have a sorry time this summer."

"My sorry time is over," was Tan's energetic

answer. "I am learning the dressmaker's trade from Cinda. I might be sewing-teacher in your school, Margaret. I'm too ignorant to teach anything else ; I couldn't even teach the catechism like a Brahman."

"I'll take you back with us," planned Margaret, who often spoke hopefully of her mother's return to their work.

"No," replied Tanzy, very seriously. "I do not know what I am ready for ; but I'm sure it isn't that."

"Be a lovely and wise society woman, and reform that sad thing, society," suggested Margaret.

"That is Bess Hartwell's ideal," said Mark ; "and she will make something out of it, too."

"I wish I knew her better," Marigold chimed in. "I believe I would be satisfied to be 'lovely and wise' in society. But it would take all one's time."

"If it is worth it, why not ?" asked Margaret. "I heard two ladies in conversation in a hotel parlor ; one was a governor's or a senator's wife, and the other was saying to her with an impressive uplifted finger : 'If you take this position as secretary you must give up *all* your time, all society and travel and everything you delight in.' And I

thought, 'Why not, if the work is worth it?'"

"Agnes plays tennis," Mark threw in mischievously.

"We must be re-created," said Marigold, whose eyes were heavy after a sleepless night, with anxiety concerning her father.

"Sleep," advised Mark, with a professional expression.

"And we must have a good time," Tanzy admitted frankly. "I'm bent on a good time, like the wife of John Gilpin."

"Wellington was a great worker," said Marigold; "he is one of papa's heroes. You would be amused at papa's heroes. They are all great workers. He says it takes all his time to admire them."

"Think of Wellington telling his army in Spain how to cook their provisions," said Mrs. Kenderdine, admiringly.

"That is the kind of genius I am aiming at," laughed Tanzy, "but I never get above the trivial details."

"You are not like Don Quixote," replied Marigold, "he said he could have made beautiful tooth picks and bird cages, if his mind had not been so filled with plans of chivalry."

“He would not have appreciated Wellington, then,” said Margaret.

“Now I must give you a quotation,” broke in Mrs. Kenderdine’s rested voice: ‘Daily use is not the jeweller’s mercurial polish, but it will keep your little silver pencil from tarnishing.’”

“But Gold wants to shine—in society,” said Margaret, teasingly, “not to tarnish isn’t bright enough for her.”

“The light that shines farthest, shines brightest nearest home,” quoted Mark.

“Gold does shine at home,” said Tanzy, loyally, “mamma couldn’t live without her. Oh, Mrs. Kenderdine,” in a changed tone, “I was reading to papa to-day about Sir Thomas More’s daughter, Margaret; he was very much moved. I haven’t been a good daughter lately—papa and I have been growing apart—I know it, and he feels it. It is so hard, and I do not understand it, or know how to hinder it. I *must* grow, and I can’t seem to help growing apart and away from him.”

For an instant her eyes were blurred; then she continued in her rapid tones: “His wife was shrewd and worldly wise, and couldn’t understand that he had any reason for being imprisoned, and told him

that he played the fool ; but Margaret encouraged him to stand firm and hold on ; his pen and ink were taken from him, and he wrote to her with a piece of coal, telling her that a peck of coals would not make pens enough to tell her how he loved her letters. After his head had been stuck up on London Bridge, she asked to have it, and desired that it might be buried with her ; and when her tomb was opened, it was found lying on the dust of what had been her bosom."

Answering tears were in Marigold's eyes. Mrs. Kenderdine brushed her eyes ; Margaret spoke impulsively, not knowing what she said or what she meant. Mark turned away and went down the path to the gate. Those girls at Daisy Fields did have something to make women of them ! Not Margaret, and not Bess had anything like this.

"I am more proud of my father than of anything in this whole world," exclaimed Margaret.

"I used to be," acknowledged Tanzy, "and I hate myself because I am outgrowing it. I think it must be the happiest way to stay little and believe your father to be the best and wisest man in the world."

"I didn't stay little," said Margaret, proudly, and then she was ashamed of herself.

"Your father is very handsome and well educated," she hastened to say, "and he is wrapped up in you two girls."

"That's the pity of it," confessed frank Tanzy. "I am humiliated because I am not wrapped up in him. It *hurts* to grow."

"Do not misunderstand Tan," explained Marigold, "she loves papa as well as ever, but she doesn't make a hero of him." Marigold's eyes widened and slowly filled. Tan's hero was like Sir Thomas More.

"I understand," replied Mrs. Kenderdine, with a sympathy that Tanzy felt; "love that is more true will take its place; children grow up to understand their fathers and mothers. Nothing is more precious to a father or mother, than the love of a grown up son or daughter."

Margaret's eyes met her mother's in fullest understanding.

"I'm growing to understand mamma," hesitated Marigold, "we are growing together instead of apart. She lives a kind of *hushed* life. If something were lifted, I think she would burst and grow like a bud."

“Is she aware of it?” asked Mrs. Kenderdine.

“Almost,” said Marigold; “she said this morning, ‘I do not like to think that my girls will always live such an inside life.’ I think she *makes* herself keep at that fancy work.”

“I have thought so—lately,” assented Tanzy.

Even out-spoken Tanzy could not say to Mrs. Kenderdine and Margaret what she had told Gold; that opening the door of her mother’s chamber without tapping, thinking no one was there, she had found her in tears—and upon her knees.

“Mrs. Kenderdine, you must know mamma,” said Marigold; “she would come over—she likes to have us tell her about you, but papa cannot spare her. He is very much depressed, and keeps her near him. He says he misses her in his sleep, if she is not in the room.”

Did *her* husband ever miss her like that? “I am with you alway,”—he had that promise. They both had more than his promises; they had Christ himself. “We will come unto him and make our abode with him.”

That word of the Promise-keeper was her comfort to-day.

For an instant Marigold thought a sudden light

had burst through the honeysuckle shade and shone upon her face.

On the way home Marigold said : “ Mrs. Kenderdine reminds me of the saying : “ Heroism is patience one moment longer.”

“ It is something more than patience.”

“ What could be more ? ”

“ I do not know—it is too far beyond me. Her renunciation is too wonderful for me.”

“ Tan, I *do* believe I would like to be a society woman,” cried Marigold, in sudden ecstasy.

“ Like Madame de Récamier ? ”

But Gold would not answer ; it was humiliating to confess that she loved admiration. Tanzy had decided to become a working woman. She would rather be like Lucinda Mayhew than Madame de Récamier. It was such a comical distinction that she laughed and told it to Marigold.

“ Tan, I think you must be some common child in disguise,” returned Marigold in great displeasure.

“ You have very common tastes.”

Tanzy’s merry laugh in reply floated across the summer air and got tangled in among the honeysuckles. Mrs. Kenderdine’s eyes brightened at the

light-hearted sound. She was always glad of Tanzy's laugh.

"She has left her book!" exclaimed Margaret, picking up a small volume. "I'll send Mark over with it."

"Well," assented her mother, with a hesitation that puzzled Margaret, and which Mrs. Kenderdine was not ready to explain.

She had learned that Mark never made a change of position of which this frank, impulsive, affectionate girl was not watchful; that he never spoke one word that escaped her, that her eyes sought his, or turned away with a sweet, shy, glad look, as pretty and innocent as a child's. Most certainly if she loved him she had not told it to herself.

And Mark? There was nothing to complain of in his easy, half-familiar manner. He had too little self-confidence to guess her secret. Did he not hold himself still as belonging to her whom only yesterday he spoke of, "Susie, my almost wife."

If it were Margaret, what could she do?

What could she say to another mother's daughter? Would it be wise to speak to Mark?

But might she not be hindering God's plan for these two whom he was not forgetting?

“What is the book?” she asked, in her usual interested tone.

“‘The Crown of Wild Olives,’ Mark’s copy. He lent it to her.”

“Those two find a great deal to say about what they find in books,” Mrs. Kenderdine continued.

“And out of books,” said Margaret.

Mrs. Kenderdine was not sure that Margaret was pleased; Tanzy, in some measure, was taking her place with him. He had read this book to Margaret and herself, and now he would take it to Tanzy and Marigold. Margaret’s eyes were on the book; the tone baffled even her mother; Margaret and Mark had been so much to each other. Was *that* wise?

He often spoke of Tanzy, but it was oftener of “the girls,” or of “Tanzy and Marigold.”

He said he was studying Marigold; he knew Tanzy without study.

The book was taken over that afternoon, and several pages were read aloud to the girls; the girls this time including Lucinda.

The paragraphs that Tanzy liked best were upon work. Marigold said she had gone daft about work.

“What is wise work and what is foolish work?”

Mark read. "What is the difference between sense and nonsense in daily occupation?"

"Well, wise work is, briefly, work with God.

"Foolish work is work against God. And work done with God, which He will help, may be briefly described as Putting in Order—that is enforcing God's law of order, spiritual and material, over men and things. The first thing you have to do, essentially, the real 'good work' is, with respect to men, to enforce justice, and with respect to things, to enforce tidiness and fruitfulness."

"Oh, I like that," exclaimed Tanzy, in warm admiration, "if I only knew how! I love justice as well as I love bread and butter. That is one reason I love you, Cinda; I must do for you what some one else has not done."

"You have done it," said Lucinda, gratefully.

Her fingers were busy with some pale pink work for Mrs. Henderson; Marigold was playing with the edges of a book, Tanzy was smoothing her kitten's soft fur.

"Observe then," read Mark, "all wise work is mainly threefold in character. It is honest, useful, cheerful."

Honest, useful, cheerful. The face bent over

Lucinda's work brightened and brightened. At last her life was that, and all that; and Tanzy had brought her to it. She loved work, honest, useful, cheerful work; she would not care to sit pulling at the edges of a book or playing with a kitten; she could not think cheerful thoughts unless her hands were busy.

In a moment, as her interest deepened, her work dropped from her hands; Marigold's fingers ceased their busy idleness, Tanzy forgot her kitten; they all listened breathlessly.

"Wise work is cheerful, as a child's work is. And now I want you to take one thought home with you and let it stay with you.

"Everybody in this room has been taught to pray daily, Thy kingdom come. Now, if we hear a man swear in the streets, we think it very wrong, and say he takes God's name in vain. But there's a twenty times worse way of taking his name in vain than that. It is to *ask God for what we don't want*. He doesn't like that sort of prayer. If you don't want a thing, don't ask for it; such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can mock him with; the soldier's striking him on the head with the reed was nothing to that. If you do not wish

for his kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And to work for it you must know what it is; we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also it is not to be a kingdom of the dead, but of the living. Also it is not to come all at once, but quietly; nobody knows how. 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation.' Also it is not to come outside of us, but in the hearts of us: the kingdom of God is within you. And being within us, it is not a thing to be seen, but to be felt; and though it brings all substance of good with it, it does not consist in that; 'the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;' joy, that is to say, in the holy, healthful, and helpful Spirit."

This book was Susie Hartwell's copy; her name in her own handwriting was on the fly leaf, and her pencillings were all the way through.

"We will work for his kingdom together," she said to Mark, the day they read it together.

And now alone it was often hard for him to be a cheerful worker. Would Susie be glad he had

wondered that day, if he had some cheerful, busy little worker to work with him ?

As he paused, Tanzy took the book from his hand.

“I must go on.”

“Then go on aloud,” said Marigold. Reading with her sister in the Gospels had prepared her for some understanding of Ruskin’s words.

She was beginning to care that this kingdom should come ; she was not quite ready to pray for it, and still less ready to work for it. She had not learned that her love for her mother might be a part of it.

Lucinda rejoiced in believing that the kingdom had come within herself, and that she was at work.

Tanzy did not go on aloud ; Marigold went away, and Mrs. Henderson from the window called Lucinda. She was always calling Lucinda.

“I don’t know how,” said Tanzy, lifting her eyes.

“Doesn’t he tell you how ?” questioned Mark.

“He bids us be like children and enter into the kingdom ; the child’s characteristics are Humility, Faith, Charity, Cheerfulness. That is what to *be*, not what to do.”

Mark smiled at her perplexity.

“To be—that is enough for one while. That is the preparation for good work. I have little of the first, sincerely desire the second, and am wofully wanting in the third, and am so far from the fourth that I am half desperate with the blues when I get thinking.”

“I thought of you when I read it. I thought you had all of them,” she said, as simply as she would have said the same to Margaret.

“Then you do not know me,” flushing with an uncomfortable feeling.

“Oh, I can read people,” was the self-confident reply.

“Read them wrong. I am not half of what you think me. I am a very poor sort of a fellow, indeed.”

“I said you had humility,” answered Tanzy, with a triumphant little laugh.

“Now what are you going to do about it?”

“Your humility?” she asked, saucily.

“Your work,” he returned, seriously.

“Begin to be humble first,” she said, with unfeigned humility.

With the flush and the earnestness she looked so young, so unspoiled, that he was tempted to tell her

not to begin by looking in her mirror; but he had not yet paid her one compliment, or talked any society nonsense to her; she was too womanly, and he had too real an admiration of her simplicity, truth and frankness. She was as unspoiled as Margaret.

“Will you sing for me?” he asked, instead.

“When Gold comes; we have been learning a new song.”

“Your life seems to be a new song now-a-days.”

The nights when she and Gold were alone and talked, would he call that a part of her life's new song? While the girls were at the piano, Tanzy looked up to smile to Mr. Fiske on the threshold. A telegram brought him yesterday, and he had accepted her mother's invitation to stay a week at Daisy Fields.

“I do believe there's a great deal in him,” she had said to her father, “and I thought he was only a dry old stick of a lawyer.”

“At thirty-five one is not such a very dry old stick,” he replied; “but twenty-one must put on airs.”

On the morning of his arrival, he was left to Lucinda. A walk, a game of chess, and a long talk fin-

ished the evening; at half-past eleven, she told the girls he was not "so very uninteresting;" he had told her she had a talent for chess, and answered all her questions about the Dutch Reformation.

Tanzy was surprised that he knew anything about any Reformation, and supposed that old wills were his only literature; she had never thought of him as having a father or mother, or having freshness enough to fall in love with anybody. "He is so *withered*, you know," she exclaimed to Lucinda.

Lucinda laughed and admitted that his hair, eyes, teeth and complexion were all about the same shade of buff; but that when he talked his eyes changed to a deep shade of blue, and he was not always sarcastic, and she was sure some things in life did make a difference to him. "His mother has been in a wheel chair twenty years," she told them, "and he never had a sister, and his father died ten years ago—so he hasn't much of anybody or anything."

Tanzy thought he looked so, and Marigold decided that he must have dyspepsia, and that was something.

Tanzy looked up to smile at him because he had never had a sister, and his mother had been in a wheel chair twenty years.

“Come and sing,” invited Marigold, and then they found that his voice was something worth hearing, and Marigold would not let him leave the piano until they had tried all their new music with him.

“I’m glad you have music,” said Tanzy, with rather too much compassion in her eyes and manner. “I thought all you had was work.”

“I have never had anything else all my life,” he returned; his voice as gentle as though he did not know how to be sarcastic; “and I hope I never shall have anything else. This is the first real vacation I have had for fifteen years, and I was up at five reading hard this morning.”

“What is it all for?” asked Tanzy, curiously.

He smiled, and she forgot that his moustache was the color of Cook’s old Scotch terrier, for his eyes, under eyebrows of the same suggestive shade and shagginess, were large, blue and sympathetic.

“Because I love it, and I love nothing else; like Anthony Trollope, I hope I shall die the day I cannot work.”

“You shall not work to-day,” laughed Marigold, saucily. “Tan and I will take you to the old mill.”

“Miss Mayhew told me about it; it is the only ruin she has ever seen.”

“Then Miss Mayhew shall go, too,” promised Miss Mayhew’s mistress. “But we know all the drives about Mansfield better than she does; like you, she has worked, and done nothing else all her life.”

“Richter’s unfinished work was laid up in his coffin,” replied Mr. Fiske, thinking of the odds and ends of his own unfinished work.

“One coffin wouldn’t hold mine,” was Tanzy’s serious reply. “Cinda has found a dozen pieces of work to finish for me.”

“Can any one else do your work?” questioned Mr. Fiske, so sternly, that Marigold was glad to escape from him, under pretense of searching among her mother’s silks for a peculiar shade of green.

“Oh, I haven’t found my work,” said Tanzy, not at all moved. “I’m willing to spend half a lifetime in finding it, if it is only satisfactory at the end.”

“A lifetime is short working time, so many years for preparation, all one’s best strength for that, and old age at the other end—one’s prime is brief enough.”

“You are thinking only of the *work*,” Tanzy said.

“What should I think of?”

“I am reading a *Life*—it lasted only thirty-three

years—everything in it was finished—why cannot we be like that ? ”

“ Because we are not like Him,” was the quick answer.

“ Can we not give one thing Christ’s finish ? ” asked Mark, who had been an interested listener.

“ What is that ? ” Tanzy asked, turning to him with a feeling of relief.

“ His Father’s will.”

Mark repeated this scrap of conversation to Margaret, who, unlike Tanzy, had a way of finishing everything she touched.

“ He will stir those girls up, even if he is such a piece of parchment,” replied Margaret. “ Tanzy said yesterday he was like pickled tripe.”

“ That is how she understands people,” said Mark, somewhat sharply ; “ he is as tender-hearted as a woman.”

“ Isn’t pickled tripe supposed to be tender ? ” retorted Margaret.

XX.

HEREDITY.

“’Tis but beating one’s wings against the invisible to seek to know even to-morrow.”

THE next morning, on the piazza, the talk fell upon wills ; Mr. Fiske told of several queer wills he had happened to read about ; Tanzy and her father brought their books nearer and listened ; Mrs. Henderson had left her princess and brought some white knitting out among them ; the stiff, unsocial lawyer was one of her favorites.

The girls said he was in love with mamma ; with her he forgot his awkwardness, and his eyes kept their softness and their pretty color.

“ I do not like to think about inheritances,” remarked Mrs. Henderson, in a voice that sounded as though it liked everything else.

“ Why not, mamma ? ” asked Gold, who believed that her mother had a reason for every opinion.

“ Because I am afraid of them.”

"*You* have no reason," said her husband. "No wrong ever came to you, and I am certain you can never transmit any."

"I do not wish my girls to be like me," was the reply, with a look at Marigold, whose pretty, useless fingers were idle in her white lap.

"Oh, *that*," Marigold's father exclaimed, in a tone of disgust. "That's nonsense."

"Heredity is a big thing," said the lawyer, whose latest reading had been Joseph Cook's volume upon the subject.

"You were speaking of wills," interrupted Tanzy's father, shutting her book with the hand he had been caressing her kitten; "the wills of men are as queer as their ways. It is a barbarous outrage for a dying man to bind the soul of the living."

"But you would not object to this," said Mr. Fiske, with a twinkle under his Scotch terrier eyebrows. "A man who died in London in 1828, bequeathed to his monkey, his dear and amusing Jocko, the sum of \$10,000 per annum, to be employed for his sole use and benefit; to his faithful dog Shock, and well-beloved cat Tip, a pension of £5, and on the death of either of the three, the lapsed pension was to pass to the other two and to be equally

divided between them. That man bound no living soul."

"It was a good thing. He might have done worse. That ten thousand pounds was no blessing to Jocko the monkey, and no curse to Jack, the man."

"But oh, papa," pleaded Marigold.

"I know what I am talking about, and you do not," her father answered, roughly; "the girl Lucinda has as fair a chance of happiness in this world as either of you."

"She has a happy disposition," observed Mr. Fiske.

"I know I haven't," Tanzy acknowledged. "Cinda is helping me to find new things to be glad of. It's queer, too."

"Very queer," was Mr. Fiske's dry answer, who had found his way this morning to the sewing-room with a button of his linen duster in his hand, and then stayed and found a few other things; he was not shy, or awkward, or sharp with Miss Mayhew, the sewing girl and lady's maid at Daisy Fields.

She had no more a society manner than he; the two felt thrown together; both were paid for their services at Daisy Fields. Learning from her lips

the story of her grandfather's life and death, he had asked permission to visit the old house in the woods; he sat talking with her, with her treasure, her grandfather's Bible, on his knees.

"But I'm in earnest about inheritances," said Mrs. Henderson.

"Oh, don't, mamma," laughed Marigold, "don't be in earnest this breathless morning. I promise not to inherit."

"'If children, then heirs,'" repeated Tanzy, wondering where she had read the words.

"Of course, in law," exclaimed her father, with what seemed uncalled for sharpness.

"Doesn't it mean tastes, or propensities?" persisted Tanzy, mercilessly.

"Or opportunities," added Mr. Fiske. "A friend of mine seems to have inherited his father's medical practice; he is a young fellow, but he has already a large income."

"That is what I mean," said Tanzy in her grave young voice; "I would like to do in Mansfield what my great-grandfather had opportunity to do and did not do: that is," with a laughing appeal in her eyes, "unless papa anticipates me."

"When we come back," said her father, "I shall

be growing old, and improvements in Mansfield may amuse me."

"That isn't all, papa," Tanzy urged, "that is only one thing."

"Tan is full of ideas," said Marigold. "She is brimming over and stuffed full of inherited opportunities."

"That isn't all, either," said Tanzy, more gravely still. "I was frightened when Mr. Ransom read in church Daniel's prayer for the sins of his fathers. I never heard anything so beautiful. I read it over and over to Cinda until we both learned it."

"That is what comes of your church-going," her father rebuked, in a voice growing daily more harsh. "I am impatient every hour to get away from Daisy Fields. It will be the ruin of you."

He sprang up, giving his chair a push, and walked into the house.

How could he but feel that something at Daisy Fields was the "ruin" of her, when an intangible something had arisen between them? The old confidence was fast going; often at night she shrank from her childhood's fashion of the good-night kiss, and threw a laughing kiss from her finger-tips, as she left the room.

She dreaded his perfumed breath, she hated the soft luxurious laugh, the lolling manner, the lotus-eating smile—and, oh, how musical she used to think Tennyson's *Lotus Eaters* was! When she had grown braver, and more accustomed to it, she would feel differently; she might be scornful then, and not quite so indignant and ashamed.

As he went into the house, she wondered if Mr. Fiske's keen, half-shut eyes had discovered her father's secret and her humiliation and disgrace; every word she spoke, every word she did not speak, seemed to bring a flash of light that revealed the shame of Daisy Fields.

After a moment, making some trivial excuse, she picked up her kitten and went across the street to Mrs. Kenderdine.

By-and-by she could not go to Mrs. Kenderdine nor to any one when she was comfortless; Marigold and mamma seemed every day to be drawn nearer and nearer together, but she was not drawn nearer to any one; all the world away from Daisy Fields was so big, and wide, and empty, and cold.

When she said all this to Mark Kenderdine, he looked surprised and bade her go to work to get rid of her "melancholy."

As if it were melancholy !

But how could he know what her father had been to her, and what had come between them ?

This was a good summer, but, oh, how she wished that it didn't have to be so hard !

XXI.

IN THE SEWING-ROOM.

“Which is the way to the sweetness of frankincense? By the myrrh of bitterness.”

THERE was a tap at the sewing-room door; a tap that the girl sewing on the white richly embroidered wrapper, had learned to know—and to expect. He was going away this afternoon. He had never before been invited to visit at Daisy Fields, and with the prospect of the five years abroad, he might never be invited again; and if he were, she might not be there; and why should he care whether she were there or not?

“Come,” in a hesitating, nervous voice.

She was stooping to gather up her work, when he obeyed; for a moment she was too busied to speak.

“I hate going back to the world again.”

“Do you have to?” she inquired.

“I must work for my bread and butter, and for my mother’s, which is much more to the purpose.”

“That makes it taste good,” she answered, smiling.

“It tastes good enough.”

“Then why do you quarrel with it?”

“I am not quarrelling with it; I am quarrelling with the world.”

“I thought lawyers were made to set things right.”

“Other peoples’; not their own.”

“I never knew a lawyer before.”

“I question if you know one now.”

“Aren’t you a lawyer?” she asked, innocently.

He smiled and would have patted her on the head had she been his dog; he sat down, making himself room among piles of work, and took up a newspaper.

The paper was one of the county papers. After a glance he threw it down.

“There is a letter from Mansfield in it, with our village news; but of course you don’t care.”

“Village gossip, you mean.”

“You like the world’s gossip, I suppose.”

“London and New York papers satisfy me. Who writes the Mansfield gossip?”

“A young man, the owner of that farm near the

old mill ; we stopped there for water that day."

"A handsome young fellow ; do you know him ?"

"I did once."

"Why not now ?"

"Because—I don't know. Things have happened."

"What things ?"

"Do you ask questions because you are a lawyer ?"

"I ask because I want to know."

"I do not know—all of them. We were friends when we were in school—boys and girls outgrow school friendships."

"In the country ? I thought they always married each other."

"I suppose they do, when there's no one else."

"In this case there is some one else."

"Yes," she answered, confused ; but not with the self-consciousness that she would have felt one month ago.

"Who is it ?"

"I think you *are* a lawyer ! Are lawyers ever impertinent ?"

"No," he said, soberly.

“She is Miss Lynn’s niece, Maria; you saw her the day you went up in the wood.”

“A pretty girl; yes.”

That was all; she had told the whole story; even a lawyer had no right to know the rest; *her* story. He had been bending forward, a sharp eagerness in his eyes; now he threw himself back, thrusting his right hand into his pocket.

She did not like the attitude; he was not as gentlemanly as Mark Kenderdine; she wondered if he were as well educated, and if he were a Christian. Tanzy made fun of him and Marigold was scornful; Mrs. Henderson liked him; she said he loved his mother, and was as true as he was sharp.

Mr. Henderson sent for him often; he must be somebody.

But he was kind to her; he sought her and cared for what she cared.

“I have told you about my mother; she is old—of course, to be my mother, and you thought I was forty; she is exacting, like all invalids and old ladies. I am like her, so you see she is hard to get along with, used to having her own way and not over charitable to the weaknesses of the world; she is all I have and I am all she has; our house is old—

fashioned, gloomy enough, because there's no one young in it; out of the city, a deep yard, shaded in front, but cheerful in the rear, where mother's chamber is. Betsey has been with us fifteen years and knows our ways and we know hers; but she is old, too, like the rest of us, and the stairs are hard for her to climb. There's nothing very tempting in the prospect; but mother would live longer to have you; I have studied you; I stayed to study you; if you will be yourself, faithful and true, and young and sunshiny, that is all I ask. It is not much of an offer; she may live twenty years and grow harder to live with. Is your mind made up to anything after the Hendersons are gone?"

So he *had* stayed for her sake; to study her, and he believed her to be faithful and true and sunshiny, for her sake! Was it not for his mother's sake? What did he expect of her?

"Your duties will be light; you will have nothing to do except in my mother's room. Nurse says you are a good nurse for one so young. You suit me exactly, in every way; my mother will learn to be suited after awhile; I will make it as pleasant for you as I can, in my old bachelor way."

For his mother's sake, only! She was ashamed

of the color in her cheeks ; she was ashamed to lift her eyes or to speak. What would he think, if he could know what she thought when she heard his step and tap at the door ?

“ You do not answer ; you want time,” he said, rising.

“ I *can* answer ; I do not want time,” she flashed out. “ I cannot go. I do not know what I shall do next. I belong to Miss Tanzy. I am too happy here, to think of anything else.”

“ But this cannot last ; this family are always on the wing. You would be happier in a permanent home.”

“ I am happy where Miss Tanzy is.”

“ But you will not be with her. Miss Lynn does not expect you back to stay. She told me so. She says she wants you to make a home somewhere.”

“ Did she say *that* ? ” asked Lucinda’s whitened lips.

“ She certainly did.”

“ Of her own accord ? ”

“ Maria was there, her niece—she looked at her ; I think the old lady is afraid of her.”

“ She is, if she raises her finger at her. Well, I can be independent. But I do not think I would

like to be shut up all the time with your mother."

"I did not think you would, at first. But it is not as gloomy as you think. I will leave my address ; you may change your mind."

"Oh, don't, please," she exclaimed, with an imploring hand outstretched, as he laid his card on the table. "I don't want to change my mind."

He shook hands with her and went down-stairs.

XXII.

LAD AND LASSIE.

“Remembrance wakes with all her busy train.”

TANZY sat at the piano singing snatches of nursery rhymes, and improvising merry music; there were so many things to be glad about this morning; Nurse was sleeping restfully after a night of pain, with Cinda beside her, and Cinda had a happy look, as she sewed on a dainty white wrapper for mamma; mamma's princess was getting on finely after a few suggestions from herself, and papa had been so bright at breakfast, and proposed a drive with Marigold; he had even laughed at her enthusiasm for the Kenderdines, and said it could do no harm, as they had now but one week more at Daisy Fields. Mr. Fiske had come and made his will, and for some reason, after a talk with the old lawyer, papa had decided not to touch her money, and had not spoken at all on the subject to Marigold; she was relieved, not only because she was discovering in the light,

and under the might of Christ's teachings, new uses for this trust of wealth, but because she had not had to "think meanly of papa;" she was ashamed of herself as she put it thus to herself, and, then—she wondered why she should put this last in her list of things to be merry about? Dr. Kenderdine came over every day to visit Nurse, and beside the talk in Nurse's room, there was always, without any one bringing it about, the finding themselves together somewhere on the piazza, or at the piano, or over a book in the summer house; and the finding themselves together meant, what she enjoyed more than anything in the whole wide world, because she had so little of it in her life,—a good long talk about what she cared for most.

And they both cared for the same things—most. Something he had quoted from Ruskin, impressed her deeply: "God will put up with a great many things in the human heart, but there is one thing He will not put up with in it,—a second place."

During these three weeks, since that rainy day that Mr. Ransom called, and Nurse fell on the steps, she had read the four Gospels through several times.

The Gospel of Mark she had read aloud to her father.

And how many talks she had had with Mrs. Kenderdine and Margaret; the three weeks held more than her last three years in growth and happiness, she told Margaret.

With Lucinda she had gone every week to church, to the Wednesday evening lecture, and the Young People's prayer-meeting.

"It is only for this month," her father had grumbled to her mother, "a month cannot change everything, and she looks so sparkling, I haven't the heart to keep her back. Marigold never takes things with such a rush."

She was sparkling this morning as she sang, low and mischievously :

"Upon the bridge, upon the bridge,
That crossed the river Dee,
A little lass, a little lass,
Stood weeping silently.
A little laddie crossed the bridge,
The bridge above the Dee,
And the little lassie dried her eyes,
And smiled right merrily."

Her mother came in and stood beside her.

"Tan, what nonsense, child," she half rebuked, smoothing her hair with a touch that contradicted her words.

“That depends upon what news the laddie brought, mamma,” Tanzy answered, wisely. “Perhaps he told her the world wasn’t such a bad, dreadful, wicked world as she was weeping about. That was good news enough to make her smile right merrily.”

“Perhaps he was too young to know,” was the guarded reply. “Perhaps her father knew better.”

“Perhaps he had a way of finding out that her father hadn’t. But this is nonsense, mamma, dear. My father is very good to me, even if he will persist in carrying me off from Daisy Fields. The little lass was very silly to weep about that.”

“Tanzy dear, I hate to tell you.”

The touch upon her hair was very pitiful and loving; the girl knew something hard was coming, and braced herself to bear it. What mamma “hated” to say was always something to bear.

“Papa told Dr. Kenderdine yesterday to give him his bill, and that he needed him no longer for Nurse. He had sent for Dr. Stevens, and he would call to-day. He is not satisfied”——

Tanzy did not speak, simply because she was too angry to speak. Her throat was so dry that she felt as if speaking would choke her to death.

“I’m sorry, darling. I couldn’t help it. He was angry because you were singing together. He said he had no right to intrude in a gentleman’s house”——

Tanzy sprang away from her, and rushing up to her chamber, threw herself in girlish fashion at full length across the bed, and burst into loud, passionate weeping.

There was no appeal, no protection. He had been so kind, and gentle, and skilful, and Nurse loved him, and watched for his coming. What would she do? How could she tell her, so restless and weak as she was, that a strange doctor was coming, and old Dr. Stevens, too, with his sharp, rough voice, his short calls, and his quick temper, if any order were disobeyed?

But that was not all — it was not half. To think that *her* father could do such a thing!

What would he think! That papa thought—that he was afraid—— And then her hot cheeks grew hotter, and the sobs became low and despairing. She would be too ashamed ever to speak to him again. She would be too ashamed to go over this morning to see Mrs. Kenderdine, and take her that jar of Cook’s splendid currant jelly. She

would be too ashamed ever to speak his name to Margaret.

If papa knew that he had told her all about Susie Hartwell, the pretty story of their friendship and engagement, and all about those days when he knew that she was dead, and how, at first, he was sure he could never love any one again, and how she had shown him her note from Susie, and her beautiful photograph, and told him all Susie had been to her—if papa knew—if he had known, if she had been frank and told him, perhaps he would not have done such a rude, wicked, unkind, insulting thing. And he had told her that this summer was a new creation to him ; and she had said her life was a new creation. Margaret was listening, and she had walked away as if she were not pleased with something, and then he was silent and did not catch her next words.

Had not poor old Nurse a right to choose her own physician ? The change would certainly make her more ill and nervous ; she must choke down her pride and beg papa, beseech him to let the old soul have her way ; she would promise to let Cinda take all the orders, she would promise not to—but what had she done ?

Had she done it all ? Had anything been done ? Would he think that she had behaved so that papa had suspected——?

Was it too late ? Had Dr. Stevens really been sent for ? Was that the reason he had taken Gold and gone to drive, because he knew she would be angry when Dr. Stevens came ?

Lucinda's voice was in the dressing-room.

“Miss Tanzy.”

“Come here, Cinda.”

The swift thought shot through her, burning every nerve with its red hot touch : “Perhaps I care too much—and its just as well for him to be kept away.”

She lifted herself and brushed back her hair, as Lucinda entered, saying with a careless laugh : “I had to cry, Cinda, something happened ; I'm all over it now.”

Lucinda's eyes were sympathetic enough to bring the tears again, but she resolutely kept them back ; for a moment Lucinda pondered how to speak what she had come to say.

“The doctor called and asked to see me, and I went down. He would not come up. He said he was going away to Lake George for a week or two, and he asked me to tell you to keep on with Nurse

with everything that Dr. Stevens did not contradict; he said Dr. Stevens is experienced, and that Nurse needs nursing more than medicine; and he knew she would have that, and, I think that is all; oh, he said, we must tell the new doctor what he had done. I'm sorry he is going, for Nurse will break her heart. She awoke a few minutes before he sent for me, and asked if it were not time for the doctor to come."

And they might stay years abroad! Papa even talked of renting Daisy Fields for five years. She uttered not one word.

In a simple white dress of Tanzy's making, with a broad sash of pale blue silk, that Tanzy had tied about her waist that morning, the village girl, tall, fair, with her graceful ways and pleasant voice, looked not at all out of place at Daisy Fields.

Mr. Fiske had inquired if she were a relative, and Mrs. Kenderdine said the girls might not be ashamed if she were a cousin; she would be another attractive Miss Henderson.

"Well, Cinda, is that all?" asked Tanzy, with a slight hesitation, feeling as if she were coming back to herself from somewhere. "Not a word of good-bye?"

“He stood awhile and then went. He almost began to say something. I think he is a proud man.”

Tanzy laughed ; she was proud, too.

“I’ll break it to Nurse as gently as I can. Perhaps after we are gone, she can have him again.”

“That’s another thing that breaks her heart—your going,” said Lucinda.

“Poor old thing ! This is a heart-breaking world.”

“It is a happy world to me, Miss Tanzy,” said Lucinda, her voice breaking. “You have made it a new world to me : I have to wonder if I can be Lucinda Mayhew. No wonder Mr. Fiske asked if I were your cousin ; you and Miss Marigold help me to forget that I ever had another home. Your mother is so lovely to me, too.”

“Not papa ?” asked Tanzy, with a quizzical look.

“I am afraid of him, gentle as he is. But I did not tell you ; I wanted to tell you about yesterday. I was in the sewing-room cutting out your cream nun’s veiling, and he came up and sat down and talked to me. I was frightened, and hardly dared do anything but answer his questions. He began by asking how old I was, and then, in his gracious way, said I did

not look over twenty-one. That is because I am so rested and happy and love my work. I love it from morning till night. I love my little bed in your dressing-room, I love to be near you."

"Now, Cinda," said Tanzy, teasingly, "you pretend you are in love with me."

"Keep me where I can prove it," retorted Lucinda, merrily.

"But you musn't forget your old home."

"It is not my old home as it was. Maria has spoiled it for me. When I think that Auntie really believes that I talked against her to the neighbors, I have hard work to forgive Maria. It is time for me to go."

"Where shall you go next?"

"To Falkland. I can get work there with the dressmaker who taught me my trade."

"Do not engage yourself, Cinda. I can do better for you than that. Trust me, will you?"

"Yes," was the short, full reply.

"What else did papa ask you?"

"All about myself when I was little, and afterward in the Asylum, and then about coming to Mansfield. He asked me if I had had a hard life, and I said, 'No, it had been a very happy life as long

as Auntie loved me and trusted me.' He asked all about grandfather's life, and I told him all I know. Grandfather's Bible was on a table under a pile of things, and I showed him that, with my birth in it, and mother's. He found the date where he sold his farm, and said he was sorry if that old story were true, and then he asked me to find grandfather's psalm. I was surprised to have him take such an interest in me. I'm ashamed to tell you this, because you will think I am sinfully proud. He took a hundred dollars out of his pocket-book and offered it to me to pay all grandfather's expenses; and because I spoke of a plain little headstone with those words he loved cut on it, he wanted to pay for that. He said nursing was not easy work, and I was faithful. But I could not take it, Miss Tanzy. I am not proud when you give me things. I love to wear anything that has belonged to you, and I feel humble and grateful because you are so good to me; but this was not like that. He had no right to give, and I had no right to take. I cannot accept anything unless it is for love's sake. I am too proud."

"Was papa hurt?" asked Tanzy, quickly,

remembering how moved he had been at Lucinda's story.

"Yes, I think so. I told him I would be glad of it when I had earned it. He said I should stay and take care of Nurse after you are gone—oh, only a week more, Miss Tanzy! — but I cannot do that. I cannot stay here without you. I should die of lonesomeness."

"I do not wish this for you. I have something else in my mind. It is working itself along," said Tanzy, thinking how this girl, a stranger, a month ago, had fitted herself into several niches in this new home, so new to her, so unlike any other home in Mansfield.

Her tact was perfect—if it were tact. Perhaps it was simply being herself, grateful, demonstrative, considerate, true to her high ideal of womanhood. Tanzy had not forgotten the white figure kneeling in prayer night and morning, nor the moment of silence with bowed head as she sat at her breakfast alone.

Susie Hartwell, Mark Kenderdine's promised wife, would have cared for this village girl.

"Cinda," said Tanzy, looking at her curiously, "I wonder what made you?"

“I do not understand you, Miss Tanzy.”

“I am glad you do not. Only stay as you are. I wonder if prosperity would spoil you?”

“Is it spoiling me now?” asked Lucinda, with a quick, glad, sweet look that went to Tanzy’s heart.

This was prosperity; a tireless nurse in a querulous old woman’s darkened room, a sewing girl for strangers, an outing to attend church two or three times a week, meal time by herself: for Tanzy would not permit her to go to the servants’ dining-room, and her father had frowned and spoken with angry decision when she asked that she might come to the family table. Besides this, a quick, neat, willing waiting-maid upon two exacting girls who had never learned to wait upon themselves, and ready at any hour, day or night, to obey a summons to the inconsiderate lady of the house.

Prosperity to the nurse, waiting-maid, and seamstress, was the independence her proud spirit had long craved, the loving appreciation of her services, and the companionship of a girl like Tanzy Henderson.

“I forget that I have no mother and never had a sister, and that Auntie does not trust me as she used

to do, when I am with you," said Lucinda, with unaffected gratitude and admiration. "Mr. Ransom says I have a tendency to idolatrous affection, but I am not afraid. I *know* I cannot be disappointed in you."

Tanzy gave her an impulsive kiss.

"Find something to read and rest here awhile ; it is my hour to be with Nurse, and I must see the new doctor. I am disappointed in myself often enough, but I would be sorry to have you disappointed in me."

"But, Miss Tanzy," detaining her with a hand upon her arm, "was I wrong to refuse the money ? I could not take money from any one—who would not eat with me," she finished in a lower tone.

"Oh, you proud thing," cried Tanzy with a laugh. "Papa doesn't know you as I do. I am glad you refused it."

Tanzy went to Nurse, and Lucinda lay down and fell asleep ; she had been watching with Nurse since midnight. Tanzy's father had expressed surprise that Mrs. Kenderdine had invited Lucinda to tea ; Tanzy was proud of it.

Lucinda was in a discouraged mood that afternoon ; she took tea with Mrs. Kenderdine. Marigold

had told her they were packing for a long stay on the other side of the world, and with a burst of tears, she had said to Mrs. Kenderdine that every door was shut to her, and had confided to her the school boy and school girl attachment between herself and Hoyt Wayland, that had grown to indifference on his part, and now that she had found Tanzy, she must lose her again ; she had lost everything she ever had.

With her own comfort Mrs. Kenderdine had comforted her ; “whatsoever is right I will give you.”

And Lucinda had taken the precious new words to herself and into her own life.

“Miss Tanzy may marry and stay over there,” Lucinda said.

“Possibly. We do not know what the laid up right things are for her. But she will not forget you.”

“I am sure of that ; but she will be so far away. I would love to be her dog and follow her around the world ; she has done for me what no one else ever did ; she has given me some of herself. I cannot tell you what I mean. She has kissed me twice.”

Mrs. Kenderdine told Tanzy that Cinda’s devotion was faithful and true ; that she was her lover.

More than once during these three weeks, even Tanzy's brave heart had failed in thinking of the "wish" for Lucinda; it was becoming every day more unpromising. Marigold had laughed and fretted over it, and declared she would never give her consent; who had ever heard of such a crazy thing? It was exactly like Tan. Cinda was good enough as she was, a treasure of a maid, with a real talent for hair-dressing, and never tired or disrespectful, but it was a risk, and she herself had too much good sense to be willing to risk it. Papa never would consent; what was the use of thinking about it and continually talking about it?

Then Tanzy was angry and said she was her own mistress and would do as she chose; and Marigold had cried a little and run over to Mrs. Kenderdine's to forget how disagreeable Tan was.

"Only a week left," thought Tanzy, as she coaxed Lucinda to rest, "and my courage is all oozing out."

And then, as she stood on the threshold of the sick room, and looked in at the thin, old worn face on the pillow, and the thin old worn hand moving restlessly upon the counterpane, she felt how much of the charm and beauty, the inspiration to ministry

was taken away, now that Mark Kenderdine had gone and taken the life out of it.

Was it true, humiliatingly true, that she had not given him the second place, but the first ?

Because now, she almost thought she would not care so much for her New Testament reading ; she could not ask him any questions ; and he had left not one word for her. She had given herself un-asked.

XXIII.

WHOSE FAULT WAS IT ?

“Whatever, below God, is the object of our love, will, at sometime or other, be the matter of our sorrow.”

WHILE Tanzy stood thus, on the threshold, thinking her uneasy thoughts, the subject of them sat on the honey-suckle end of the piazza beside Mrs. Kenderdine’s hammock ; it was a very gloomy face that her kindly eyes peered into ; was the something coming that had been in her own thoughts since that talk with Tanzy yesterday ?

Had he, too, guessed the girl’s secret ? So frank, so natural, so demonstrative, so unspoiled, with hitherto so little need of self-control and reserve, had her secret been as open to him as to this friend in whom she so unsuspectingly confided ?

He lifted his eyes at her quick breath, and gave his hat a toss.

“ I’ve been over to Daisy Fields to leave my bill, as His Indignation requested. It would oblige

him if I would do it immediately, so I obliged him, instead of remarking that my services were at his service, which I was mad enough to do. However, as I lay awake last night, uneasy as the head that wears a crown, I began to see a glimmer of sense in the proceeding. Still if he thinks a lie I am not to be blamed. Auntie, I'm in a fix, and I feel as if I were the meanest fellow in the universe. That piece of sparkle and depth and truth over the way has deceived herself, or I have deceived her; I wish you could look at it impartially and tell me what in honor I am bound to do. Let me tell you my side. I am a traitor to speak of it, even; but I suffer all through me.

“ You know I was sent for, to attend the nurse; it was necessary that I should call every day. It was necessary that some one should have the care of her, some intelligent person, and that was Tanzy. She answered my questions and took my directions; she did everything well. When Lucinda came to share the nursing, Tanzy kept the same position of head nurse, and I always saw her; and if Marigold or Lucinda were there, they went away and sent Tanzy. That seemed to be understood. It was easier for me because she understood. I fell into

the way of lingering—she kept everything as neat as a pin and as sweet as a rose—and then I liked to study my case. As it happens to be my only one I am unusually interested.

“After the first few days—I do not know how it was—but Tanzy and I always had place and time for a talk. You know what a bright talker she is! What was an idle fellow to do? She is a picture to look at, besides. Before I knew it I was drawn into, or drew myself into speaking of Susie, and then she had the whole story. I had not spoken of that time for so long, and I was full of it. Especially as it was about the anniversary of our engagement, and I had been reading piles of her letters. She told me all she knew about her, and that drew us together, and made the next day’s talk more sympathetic. She asked me questions—she is such an ignorant child—and it was a great pleasure to teach her, and watch the changes in her eyes.

“It has not been long—not over three weeks—but two hours of such talk every day may make lovers out of friends. And I rode home from evening service twice or three times with her, and, as were both strangers, we happened to

be shown to the same seat in church. Not a day but that she has been over to see you, besides, and often I have gone back with her on some pretext or other, or kept her here while Margaret played. We have lent each other books — and, altogether, the mischief is done, and I have done it as innocently as though it were my own sister.”

“Mark, Mark, weren’t you old enough to think?”

“I was fool enough, and selfish enough not to. I kept thinking that it could not last, they were going away so soon. Evidently her father sees something and has warned me off. It’s fully time. I wish the dog had been set on me before. I knew I was on dangerous ground, and hadn’t the moral courage to shove myself off. Shooting is too good for me.”

“Mark, what do you know?”

“Auntie, what do *you* know?”

“Only what I see and feel and understand.”

“That is all I know. She is so frank and true; her heart leaps into her eyes; I am not worthy of a thought of hers. I think I told her that I should never care for any one again—”

“And yet kept on acting as though you cared for her.”

“If I have, if I have deceived her—”

“You have deceived her, certainly.”

“But it is such a little time; I knew Susie two years before I said anything.”

“I suppose you have spent as much time with her in these three weeks as you did with Susie in six months.”

“More,” he returned, emphatically.

“And you have shown her the same small attentions and talked upon the same subjects, and sung the same songs—”

“Very likely.”

“You would have reproached Susie and told her she was blind not to understand—”

“I did say that very thing.”

“The case is against you.”

“Then I will take your verdict. Shall I ask her to marry me?”

“Not for the world.”

“What do you mean, then?”

“Only to prove to you how thoughtless and cruel you have been. You are the first gentleman friend she ever had. She never had an hour’s conversation with any gentleman alone before. All she knows of love-making is from love-stories. She has simply been true to herself; it was like her to love you;

she could not help it ; you appeal to everything that is fine in her. Had she been experienced, self-controlled, worldly wise, she could not have done it ; she would have seen that you could hardly do otherwise ; that you were drawn because she drew you. Mark, she has done it unconsciously as those honeysuckles do ; they nod because they are so natural and so sweet, and so has she."

"Why didn't you warn me?" he asked, very much injured.

"I thought it not possible, but probable—until within a day or two, that you had found some one to take Susie's place."

"Did I deceive you, too? Fool, coward, that I am! Well, then, I must take the consequences."

"What are the consequences?" asked Mrs. Kenderdine.

"Let her go away with only a promise to write—and when it is wiser, when my heart is really in it, ask her if I may go to her."

"Will your heart ever be really in it?"

"Why not? I love everything that she is. I am not half good enough for her; I love her for loving me."

"If she had overheard this conversation, do you

think she would promise to write to you ? ”

“ I see the fire in her eyes—and the tears, too,” he answered.

“ Mark, I am heartily sorry.”

“ So am I.”

“ I do not advise you to do that.”

“ What do you advise me to do ? ”

“ I am not wise ; I cannot say.”

“ How can I be wise, then ? ” he asked, impatiently.

“ You can wait, that is always wisdom.”

“ But what will she think ? ”

“ She will think what you have given her the right to think.”

“ Don’t bring that up again,” he said, irritably. “ An hour ago I had no more idea of marrying her than I have of marrying Lucinda, and now I seem to think I must.”

“ Do not fear ; she will refuse you. She is too keen not to feel that your heart is not in your words. It is a pity for a girl to marry the first man she knows simply because he is the first. She has work to do in the world.”

“ As if marriage were not God’s work for woman,” he cried, indignantly.

“ I should be sorry, indeed, if it were her only work, and so would you.”

“ True, wise old lady ! ”

“ Do you start to-day ? ”

“ I take the night boat.”

“ Don’t be hasty, I beg of you. She will get over it.”

“ But I cannot bear to have her think that I have played with her ; had a good time and made her pay for it. I do not care if she does not love me ; but I do care for her to think well of me,” he insisted.

“ What pride and selfishness ! ”

“ There is not one good thing in me to-day. I am ashamed to have the sun shine on me. I’ll go over and tell her that Susie’s brother and sister are summing at Lake George, and have sent for me.”

“ But she will be gone before you return.”

“ I had forgotten that. I wish she had never seen me. I do not believe she will ‘ get over ’ it, as you say. She is too deep—there’s nothing shallow about her. Well, any way, I will not go until I can hit upon something.”

He walked away, and the friend who loved Tanzy, asked God to comfort her and make her strong to

endure, and keep her from making a mistake in her next step, and not to let Mark Kenderdine, whom she had too confidently trusted, hinder her work in life.

After a moment he returned : " I wish you would tell me what to do," he said, boyishly.

" I do not know what you must do ; I know what I would wish you to do if I were the girl."

" What ? " he asked, eager, and relieved.

" If I were the girl, I should think it a further wrong to be offered a grudging affection ; that would be a humiliation that I could not bear."

" I wish she had never seen me," he exclaimed again.

Had he been a woman he would have burst into tears. And it was the girl Susie loved he had treated so.

" Why do you not wish you had never seen her ? "

The sarcasm slipped past him.

" Because I am glad to see her ; I cannot forget her."

" Are you suffering now because she is miserable, or because you are ? " was the next merciless question.

" Don't be sarcastic, please," he answered, humbly.

Again he walked away ; Mrs. Kenderdine folded her hands and lay still ; what else was there to do, but to fold her hands and lie still ? If the girl were her own Margaret, she could do no more. And sometimes she had thought that he loved Margaret ! But Margaret, merry, wise, busy Margaret, even her mother knew not her heart.

“ Girls must learn what life is,” she sighed, “ as long as men are impulsive and weak, and easily attracted, and do not know their own minds. Girls must suffer—and learn. But how can he *help* loving this Tanzy ? ”

Once again Mark came back, this time with a decided step and assured voice.

“ I shall go to Lake George to-night. I will run over and say good-bye. Whether I return before she leaves or whether this is the last of it—depends.”

“ Depends ! Upon what ? ” Mrs. Kenderdine meditated. “ Upon himself, upon some one else, upon Tanzy ? How can we ever know upon what God permits his will to depend ! I am glad I do not have to know.”

With the comfort of this assurance, she sought to dismiss every thought of the perplexity, but Tanzy's

eyes, and that quick flush yesterday, would not be hushed out of the rush of pity that was keeping her heart beating too fast.

Selfishly she was glad that the girl was not Margaret. Was God, her Father in Heaven, glad that it was not Margaret? Had he chosen this for Tanzy instead of Margaret?

“I am glad God, and not mothers, has the care of girls,” she said to herself; “how do I know that he is not as loving and wise to every girl in the world, as he was to me?”

Mark, from his chamber, was calling Margaret.

“I say, Sis, put all my things out for me, will you? I may stay a month at Lake George.”

“A *month*!” she repeated. “Why, Mark, the Hendersons will be gone.”

“What of that?” he asked, somewhat roughly.

Then Tanzy must have refused him!

He looked up and saw a look he had never seen before in Margaret’s eyes, watching him.

“What are you thinking, little sister? Tell me true.”

“I’m so sorry—I was sure she cared—” she stumbled through the words. “I did not think she

was like this." And then she was frightened at herself for not being true.

"She isn't. I am. Margaret, what shall I do?"

"About going?" she asked, not understanding.

"About staying? Suppose you cared for me and I did not care for you as much as you cared, what would you want me to do?" He did not meet her eyes; he was pulling things out of his top drawer in unnecessary haste.

"I would want you to go to Lake George and stay there—*forever*," with proud emphasis upon the last word.

"Then I will," he laughed, with a laugh harsh, and not like himself.

Margaret went down to her mother for a word: "Mother, life is long, and things don't happen in a minute."

"Not always," said her mother, smiling. "Have you evolved that out of your morning's work?"

"What have you evolved?"

"That the French saying is true: Heaven chooses the way of the unexpected."

"Then," with an air of impatience, "how can we be ready for anything?"

"We cannot. There is but one thing we must

be ready for; the only thing that is sure to be; I hope it is not unexpected to us," she said, very gently.

Margaret knew: God's will. She believed it was the only will her mother had.

Her mother was on Tanzy's side. But wasn't God?

He was on both sides.

Was she on Tanzy's side? Had not Tanzy spoiled her good times with Mark this summer? Was it not hard, more than once in a while, to keep from not loving and admiring this girl who had so much before she had Mark?

And Mark had belonged to her in a way he had not belonged to anybody—not even Susie.

XXIV.

GOOD-BYE.

“If our lives were but more simple, we should take him at his word.”

EARLY after lunch, Tanzy sat at Nurse's bedside, holding her hand and soothing her, responding to each querulous question as wisely as she knew, and more gently than she felt.

“I think I am of enough consequence for your young Dr. Kenderdine to wait and not go on his trip yet awhile. He wouldn't leave your mother in the lurch. I've got money enough laid up,” Nurse grumbled.

“As if I would let you pay him, Nurse, when you were hurt going after tender lettuce for me!”

“I don't like this old doctor, any way!”

“We shall like him when we know him better. He has kind eyes,” Tanzy schooled herself to say.

“And hard fingers,” she groaned; “he hurt my back more in pinching it once than Dr. Kenderdine

did all the time he has been here. He isn't the only one that's going either. I hope I shall die before next week," she moaned, weeping slow tears. "I *shall* die here, with only Cook."

"Why not hope you will be well, before next week?" asked Tanzy, smiling, "you do not see the bright side, Nursie."

"There isn't any, if you all go away. I shall die of home-sickness for each one of you. I don't see *why* I had to slip. Nobody else slipped that day."

"Perhaps it is like the birds' falling." Tanzy did not quite know how she meant it, and perhaps Nurse did not care if God knew about the sparrows; but everything must be like that; everything in this world, where unexpected things were always happening—as unexpected as Dr Kenderdine going away.

"*What* birds?" queried the fretful old lips.

"All the birds, Nursie, all the birds in the world. They are such tiny bits of things, and two of them sold for a farthing, two sparrows, and Jesus Christ said, they couldn't fall without his Father."

"*Whose* Father?"

"His Father."

"Who is his Father?"

“Oh, Nurse, don’t you know? God is his Father, and your Father and my Father.”

“I wish I had a father and a mother. I wish I was little, and when my back ached, my mother would hold me in her arms, and when I can’t keep still, that she would hold me still. I wish fathers and mothers wouldn’t die.”

“My father and mother haven’t died, but I have to cry, and they cannot comfort me; they don’t know, and they couldn’t help if they did know. But God knows, and he can help—although I don’t see how—” she sobbed, dashing quick tears away.

“He hasn’t helped me any, Miss Tanzy.”

“Oh, yes; for you might have been killed.”

“Then I wouldn’t be here groaning and aching!” she returned, perversely. “I may be a year on my back, like an old woman in the village that Cook goes to see; she sent me word not to be too anxious to get about, for old bones are cantankerous things. Will you read to me, Miss Tanzy, dear? That helps me forget. Cook found piles of old paper-covered books in the garret, and she reads to me.”

“You want something better than those exciting old novels,” said Tanzy, with energy.

“No, I don’t. This reading about a woman

whose husband didn't love her, and she's gone away and he thinks she's drowned and he's in despair ; and I want to see how she makes him love her "

" Nurse, that's silly," said Tanzy, positively. " We can't make people love us, if they are determined not to—not like that."

" It's exciting, and I forget my back and my side and my head."

" That wouldn't make him love her ; he would be glad not to be troubled with her. If people don't love you, drowning yourself isn't the way to make them."

" What is the way, then ? "

" I do not know that there is any way—except being lovely."

" She *was* lovely. I'm getting nervous. Can't Lucinda come ? Don't stay here, poor lamb, this room is no place for you. Go across the sea and forget Nurse, who used to let you play in the sand and save your pebbles for you."

Tanzy was weary and impatient ; Nurse was feverish, and she had not succeeded in quieting her restlessness ; why not let Lucinda come ?

Why might she not have the luxury of being alone a little while ?

Marigold's voice was at the open door as Tanzy slowly took her fingers away from the restless hot hand.

"Tan, Dr. Kenderdine is down-stairs; he has said good-bye to us and asked for you. Mamma was quite effusive, and asked him to look us up if he comes to Europe while we are there. Papa invited him to lunch with us in Cairo, and altogether we had quite a funny time."

"Send Cinda to Nurse, then."

"I'll stay awhile," promised Marigold. "I'll read her to sleep."

Tanzy went out into the hall and stood leaning over the baluster, undecided whether to go down or whether to send Gold to say that she was busy with Nurse.

How could she shake hands with him and say good-bye and something "funny," before papa and mamma? Papa would see her without looking at her, and mamma would be sorry—about what?

If he would step out on the lawn, then she might thank him for giving her so many good times, and say she hoped to be like Susie, more like Susie—when they met—in Cairo. And she could ask him if Susie's sister, Bess, who was at Lake George with

her brother, were exactly like Susie. They were twins, and Bess was two years older than Mark; once Susie had told him that some day he would marry Bess by mistake, and he had said it would indeed be by mistake. Only yesterday he had told her that. He had not seen Bess since Susie died, because he could not bear to see her; but he was going to her now; and he had come to say good-bye to her! To-morrow night he would be rowing with her in the moonlight.

“Tan, run down quick; he said he was in a hurry,” called Marigold. “Your hair is all right.”

With color embarrassingly bright, Tan ran down stairs; her mother was at her interrupted work, as absorbed as ever; her father, lounging in his chair, was giving bits of information concerning Lake George.

Tanzy's slight greeting was gravely returned: “Yes, I remember,” Mark Kenderdine was saying, “and the Indian name was Andiatarocto; Horicon was Cooper's name for it. It was disgraceful in those ignorant farmer-folks to burn part of the walls of Fort George for lime; we have ruins few enough in our new country. My friends are camping—quite a party. Bess is wild over Paradise Bay. I spent a month there—once.”

By his tone, Tanzy knew when the "once" was, and who was with Queen Bess.

"Queen Bess has written to me," he said, turning familiarly to Tanzy, "they have not seen me for so long. I forgot to speak of it to you yesterday."

He had forgotten Bess then, for a little while! Mark could not understand the sudden lighting of her eyes.

"She is a climber. Have you ever climbed Black Mountain?"

"No, papa wouldn't let us; but he has promised to be very good to us this time," she said, playfully. "Gold and I are to be wild, and see the world for ourselves."

"I hope you may find something very good in it," he returned gravely, too gravely for her to remember with any hope; and then he looked at his watch and hesitated, and then stepped toward her with half-extended hand: "Good-bye, Miss Tanzy, have you any message for Bess? You knew her, too," with a slight falling inflection.

"Not well. Please say I can never forget that time."

It seemed but an instant, and he was gone; she had not thanked him for her good times, she had

not said good-bye, at all; her father was talking about Lake George again, and her mother was stepping back to take a view of the effect of her last dozen stitches.

“Tan,” said her father, “what do you suggest about Nurse? Dr. Stevens says she may get up and she may not. Shall I send for a trained nurse, or send her to a hospital? Kenderdine says she has a strong constitution.”

“Nurse!” repeated Tanzy, as if she had forgotten her existence. Through the window she saw Mark Kenderdine crossing the street. She would never again see him crossing the street. She would never again see him anywhere.

“Wife, have you seen her to-day?”

“Nurse? No. Ernest, how could I?” with a protesting appeal. “Only a week to finish my picture. You know I cannot take the oil painting with us, and I must have that. I cannot go and leave this unfinished. It must be done and framed before I leave it. I’m sure I don’t know where to hang it. Life is very unsatisfactory,” she sighed, with starting tears.

“O, Helen,” he laughed. “I never saw you in such a mood before. Your picture is a beauty.”

“I do not think I meant only *that*,” she replied, with a shy look at the girl still gazing absently toward the window. And Tanzy would never know that her mother understood! Would the girls never know how much mamma understood?

“I suppose Lucinda would stay,” he said, returning to the perplexing subject of Nurse, “she seems to be an excellent nurse; she seems to be excellent in several departments. A proud piece, too,” he added, with a smile, as if at something in his own recollection.

“She does not wish to stay,” observed Tanzy, tartly.

Mark Kenderdine had disappeared among the honeysuckle vines.

“It would pay,” remarked her father.

“That is not the kind of pay she lives for,” said Tanzy, quickly.

“She would be glad enough of money,” he grumbled.

“For a purpose. Of course, she must have money,” decided Tanzy, who had found the full strength of her voice.

“Ernest.” His wife wheeled around towards him. “Ernest,” very impressively, “I want to take

her with me. She is the most invaluable person we ever had in the house. She always knows, without telling, what you want, and where it is."

Every drop of blood in Tanzy's frame was tingling; her mother had said it!

This was her "wish" for Lucinda: that she should go with them. But this was not all. Might she dare to speak now?

"Take her, then," consented her father, lazily; "we have always had poor old Nurse: take this girl instead. Will she go?"

"If Tanzy asks her," replied Tanzy's mother.

"Ask her, Tan," said her father, in his tone of lazy good-humor. "Your mother cannot take her princess, but she shall have her maid."

As soon as Tanzy flew from the room, her mother said, in a coaxing tone: "Ernest, dear, we must let Tanzy do the very next thing she wants to do."

"As if she always didn't."

"But you must," she persisted. "I am in real earnest. She'll be lonely awhile, you know. Dear, don't forget how young she is."

"She'll have enough to think of. I'm glad he's out of the way. She was plucky, though. If he dares write to her, I'll——"

XXV.

FOURFOLD.

“He that has light within his own clear breast, may sit in the centre and enjoy bright days.”

“GOLD,” summoned Tanzy, at Nurse’s door, “I want you.”

Nurse was still fretful, and Lucinda came and told her stories about the Mansfield people. Mansfield was full of queer people, as soon as Lucinda began to tell stories about them, and Nurse could be amused by the hour.

With her arm about her sister, Tanzy drew her into their dressing-room, and down into a wide chair beside herself.

“Now, be good, and think and speak seriously, Gold, for I’m dreadfully in earnest, and I cannot do it without you, and I will not do it to displease you.”

“Don’t be tragical, Tan!” laughed Marigold, somewhat nervously, however, “do you want my consent?”

“Yes,” said Tanzy, flushing uncomfortably, under the mischief in her sister’s eyes, “I must have your consent to my plan for Cinda. The time has come to ask papa. He is in one of his gracious moods. Mamma asked if she might take her with us, and he said yes. Mamma means as a maid. But I will never ask her to go that way, and be registered with us, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, the Misses Henderson and maid. Mamma shall advertise for some one else. I will never do that. If she cannot go with us as a friend, Miss Mayhew, she shall not go at all. You know my heart is set on it, Gold.”

Tanzy’s lips quivered, her eyes filled, and she hid her face on her sister’s shoulder.

“I’m such a baby,” she exclaimed, after a moment, raising her head with a laugh and dashing the tears away. “I don’t see what ails me to-day.”

Silent, quick-eyed Marigold saw; she felt her sister’s secret. She felt it, and she had been afraid for her; she saw how frankly, how unconsciously, how naturally her sister was revealing herself; she was glad that he was gone. She knew that he did not love Tanzy; she knew that he loved some one else.

“You are a goose, that’s what ails you,” she re-

plied, unfeelingly ; “but you shall have your Miss Mayhew if your heart is set on it ; you shall have all the Miss Mayhews in the world, and I’ll be respectful to them, if it will keep anything from ailing you.”

A close embrace emphasized the consent, with two or three warm kisses, more sympathetic than Tanzy suspected.

“Now I must storm the other citadel, and the city is taken,” she cried, pushing Marigold aside and springing up, “but I am terribly afraid of papa. Mamma will be willing for anything.”

Tanzy went down-stairs, and straight to her father ; he was still lounging in an arm-chair with a Harper’s Magazine thrust behind him, as unconcerned as if there were not a heartache in the world. There was not in his world.

“Papa,” she began, without the slightest introduction, hurriedly and breathlessly, “I wish to adopt Lucinda. This is my third wish. I have had it all the time ; I’ve been waiting for this opportunity, when something had to be decided. And I wanted you and mamma to understand her full value——”

With surprised eyes her father looked at her. “So this is your royal pleasure ?”

At another time the sarcasm would have hurt.

“She has been adopted once—from an Orphan Asylum.”

Tanzy hurried on, not noticing his interruption. “I would not like to be adopted that way. Miss Lynn was very kind in her way, but she has no right to her now; she has her niece; she does not care for Lucinda as she did. She told her last Sunday, coming out of church, that she thought it would be a good idea for her to find work in Falkland. Maria must have made her do it; it hurts Cinda. My plan is this: treat her like a cousin. Mr. Fiske thought she was a cousin when he first saw her. She has won her place, she will keep it. I don’t mean a *poor* cousin, who’s snubbed and made to do drudgery, but a cousin who has a home with friendly cousins, who share all their rights with her, and dress her handsomely, and introduce her to everybody. She will love to do things for mamma and for us; nothing will be really changed, only everything will be changed. Instead of monthly wages, I will give her a monthly allowance, as you used to give us, and she will register everywhere as Miss Mayhew. She isn’t a *poor* cousin; she’s a rich cousin.”

A light shot across her father's eyes at her last words. This *would* be a perfect way out of his difficulty; his promise would be kept to his grandfather; the girl would have "fourfold," with every advantage it could give her; he would lose nothing, she would gain all. He would be a freed man.

In Tanzy's hand the "fourfold" would increase rather than lessen; the responsibility was shifted to her. Was the Merciful One helping him at last? Might he hold up his head and breathe as he did when he was a boy?

"O, papa," giving a spring into his arms, "you splendid, darling, dearest papa!"

"Don't choke me to death. I haven't consented yet."

"Yes, you have. I saw it in your eyes. Mamma come and help me thank him. It is the loveliest thing he ever did for me. I am almost too happy."

"Don't spoil her with sudden prosperity," he warned.

"It shall not be sudden. I have thought that all out. She will simply consent to go with us. I shall give her money to pay her grandfather's bills, and she will think it is advanced. Papa, I want

her to come to dinner to-night. I want her friends in Mansfield to know that she comes to our table."

"Very well," he assented; "she has a pretty manner, and a sweet, modest face, but don't let your enthusiasm betray you. Do not let her feel her adoption too soon. Mamma, do you consent to all this crazy girl is talking about?"

"Yes," said mamma, with a congratulatory glance at the crazy girl. "I hope she will let her do my hair, for I like the touch of her fingers."

"I feel as if it had happened all in a minute. I cannot believe it is all over. I *know* she will go."

"Let me ask her to dinner," he replied. "I'll do it in a business fashion. I cannot trust your flighty brain."

"Well," assented Tanzy, disappointedly, "but I almost grudge you the pleasure."

"She will like to think papa is willing," said her mother, placidly. "Tan, look at this; I don't *like* this darkest shade of red, do you?"

"Tan," cried her father, "did I ever quote to you that prayer of Socrates: 'I pray thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within'?"

"He did not know about Christ," was Tanzy's answer. "Oh, I wish he had."

“Is it too red?” was her mother’s anxious question. The anxiety was assumed; but Tanzy did not suspect it.

“No, it is not too red;” Tanzy gave her decision, and then went to tell Gold that the citadel had surrendered.

“Helen,” said Helen’s husband, joyously, “come here and kiss me. There’s a load off my life.”

Awake in the stillness that night, he remembered the Guest who invited himself to the house of the rich man who restored fourfold in the Roman fashion to him he had wronged; if this Christ invited himself to *his* house, would he receive him joyfully?

He was afraid of him, as he turned upon his pillow; he knew this fourfold work was none of his; but he had consented—would he not accept that?

And, then, not knowing any other, he prayed the prayer of Socrates.

The name of Christ, the thought of Christ was not in his prayer; he had no more understanding of the work and death and intercession of Christ than had this Greek philosopher, who prayed his prayer centuries before Christ was born into this human life.

XXVI.

THE FIRST PLACE.

“Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden.”

TANZY moved about the house feeling as if she stood outside of herself, holding on to herself; for she must hold on.

She could not tell her mother; mamma never understood.

This mother had let go her hold upon her children so long ago, they had forgotten that she ever had any, and in letting go this hold upon them, she grew every year as they outgrew her, more and distrustful of herself and more and more shy of them.

Whenever she was alone, and she kept by herself as much as she could, without rudeness, Tanzy took the life out of herself by dissecting herself; this being vivisection (which she did not at all believe in), it *was* painful.

"Some girls would go wild over your prospects and opportunities, Tan," said her father, coming upon her suddenly and finding her doing nothing, with a dismal look in her eyes.

"I fail to see what they are," she answered, raising herself to speak.

"You will look back sometime and see," he returned, patiently, for the look in her eyes touched him.

Pale, listless, heavy-eyed! Was this the sparkling girl of ten days ago? And she had her wish for Lucinda! What ails the girl? What could be poured into her life that was not in it?

If Daisy Fields and the Kenderdines had done this for her, it was well she would soon be off and breathing a healthier atmosphere.

Nothing seemed to hurt Marigold. She was eager to get away; *she* knew these Kenderdines were not good for her sister.

To-day was Saturday; they were to sail next Wednesday; only four days more of the Kenderdines. They would winter in Paris. Tanzy was young enough to shake off their influence; and he would take precious care that such people never crossed her path again.

“ Winter has not come, Tan ! ” he went on, teasingly, “ the temperature of hibernating animals sinks to ten degrees, and yours is almost down there. What shall I do if you lose your beauty ? ”

“ It has never done me any good.”

“ It has done *me* good ! I cannot spare it. Pale-ness is not becoming to you. Will you drive with me this morning ? ”

“ I expected to go over to Mrs. Kenderdine’s ; I have not seen her for three days.”

“ Then mamma must go. Dr. Stevens told me of a woman in Falkland who will be glad to take Nurse ; she is a widow, and has a pleasant room for her ; she will be kind to her ; does the plan suit you ? ”

“ Does it suit Nurse ? ”

“ I have not inquired. I am doing the best I can for her, and she does well to be grateful, if she may be taken care of the remainder of her life. Does she expect the family to devote themselves to her ? She had been faithful, and she has been well paid. Don’t you put sentimental notions into her head. To Falkland she goes, or I wash my hands of her. I will break it to her myself.”

“ Oh, no, papa, please let Gold or me. We can promise something to make it easier.”

“I want no promises. Do not speak of it to her. I will see her after I have seen the woman. Come here and kiss your father, Tan, and don't let him see any more of this pale face.”

She kissed him, sobbing, then ashamed of herself, laughed and struggled to free herself from his arms.

“Mamma has to see about a frame for her princess, too; Gold will have to go, for she must have one of you to help her decide. What will take the place of the princess to her? You must find some new work for her as soon as we are on the other side. Oh, that I could find one spot on this earth for you all to settle down in and be contented.”

“We are—at Daisy Fields,” Tanzy could not help saying; “mamma loves it as well as we do.”

With something like impatience, he pushed her from him; had he not the right to go somewhere to catch his breath, once in a while? Daisy Fields was suffocating him.

The load was not taken from his life; a forgotten sin was not a forgiven sin.

“Papa, if I were dying, would you do one thing for me?”

“ You are not dying ; you will live to be a crooked, cross old woman.”

Her courage failed, as it had failed twice and thrice every day since she had told Marigold that she would plead with him about his opium ; and now when he laughingly put her off, she had no heart to speak of it ; she knew he would be sternly angry, and then, what could she say that Gold had not said ? He did not love her any better than he loved Gold. They would go on, and on, around the world, and around the world, and never be contented anywhere, and mamma would do her fancy work, and papa would read and take opium, and never let them live their own life. He would always be getting them away from the Kenderdines or some one else ; still, what good had the Kenderdines done her ? If she might go back to that Sunday before she had gone over to them—but, then—how much dearer and sweeter everything was because God cared for her and everything that happened to her. And all her trouble now was because he did not have the first place in her heart. If he had the first place—she had not lost him—she would be singing like the birds this perfect morning.

Her father had left her ; she stood, as he found

her, doing nothing, listless, heavy-eyed, despairing. There was one question she must ask Mrs. Kenderdine ; what it was that she must have to fit her for work ; for now, work was all she could have, or desired to have. That must be in the world somewhere. There would not be danger in that ; that would not push itself into the first place.

“Tanzy,” called her mother from the bay window, where she was putting the finishing touches to her princess.

“I think I want a very deep frame,” she said, when Tanzy appeared.

“Deep and dark, I would have. Mamma, it is a success. I congratulate you.”

“My first one, then,” half in jest, half in earnest.

“No ; Gold and I are your first ; you used to make pictures out of us, dressing us, Nurse says. May Cinda go with you this morning ? She has her grandfather’s affairs to attend to. I gave her the money yesterday. I like to have her friends see her as one of us.”

“Oh, yes, certainly. Papa says you are going to Mrs. Kenderdine’s. Don’t stay long.”

“I cannot, if you all go. I must stay with poor Nurse. Mary Ann is cross to her, and Cook is

rough. Mamma, *don't* let that woman in Falkland take her unless she is gentle. You will know if she is gentle. Let Marigold talk to her and see the room."

"Oh, yes; I don't want to be bothered. My frame is all I can attend to. If I can't get it in Falkland, papa says he will drive on to some large town, where I can surely get it. I must see it framed and hung before I go. I wish I could take it. I think it must be very pleasant to have a home and have all your own things around you all the time."

She did not sigh; she seldom sighed.

"Gold and I are your own things," comforted Tanzy, "we will always stay around you all the time. And Cinda belongs to us, now."

A listener, not seeing to whom Tanzy spoke, would have believed her speaking to a child.

"Miss Tanzy," said Lucinda, when she was ready for the drive, in a becoming brown dress with hat and gloves to match that Tanzy had given her, "I would like to buy something for Auntie before I go—I am so rich—and for Maria. It's easy to forgive Maria, now. She has been wishing for ruffles and ribbons. Would it be very extravagant?"

“Not very,” said Tanzy, smiling at the small perplexity. “Get anything for yourself that you like. Your allowance is in my hands, now, and I am to be the judge. I shall not be jealous if you make yourself look prettier than I do.”

“I know how to be economical.”

“You do not need to be. I shall not be satisfied if you lack anything; you must have everything I have if you belong to me. And you *do*; you have given yourself to me.”

Then Tanzy stopped herself, fearing her “enthusiasm” was too sudden for the child of her adoption. Lucinda’s grateful surprise was all in her eyes. Tanzy said she had the most expressive eyes she ever saw.

“I think you make a lovelier cousin than if you had been born at Daisy Fields. And I shouldn’t wonder if you are happier.”

“I *couldn’t* be happier,” said Lucinda, her voice as expressive as her eyes; “you must keep me humble.”

Yesterday, in her pastor’s study, Lucinda had told him of her changed position at Daisy Fields: “I am almost like one of them. It is like a fairy

story ; I cannot understand it ; I wanted to be faithful, and the reward is more than I can think."

"You are grateful, you are faithful ; now learn humility," he said, "and no prosperity can harm you."

XXVII.

ANOTHER CRAZY THING.

“If wishes were horses then beggars might ride.”

MRS. KENDERDINE lay in her hammock ; Margaret had cuddled her in and wrapped a bright afghan about her ; with her eyes closed she was far away in her husband's land, and in his home, watching him as he wrote in his study, and seeing his face as he lifted it to speak to some dark, white-turbaned interruptor ; and then she saw Agnes, not small like Margaret, but tall and well-proportioned, in the white muslin, with pink spots (that she had written about, enclosing two or three inches for her mother to touch and think of) sitting back from the verandah, listening to the story of the dusky mother who had come to her for comfort. Agnes would say—what would she say ? what she had heard her speak—was her child taking up her work where she had left off ? But how could she do her whole day's work with but half a day's strength ? Adapting

Milton's plaint she comforted herself: "Does God exact day-labor strength denied?" Her face had a withered look this morning, withered and somewhat worried; to Margaret it was pitiful and very patient. She almost wished Agnes had not sent that piece of pink and white muslin. It was in her fingers hidden away under the afghan; now and then she had kissed it.

"Mother, there's Tanzy," exclaimed Margaret, stepping out at a window.

The withered look slipped off her face like a veil pushed aside; the color came faintly; Margaret was satisfied to leave them together.

Tanzy's lips brought deeper color to the lips she touched; the kiss was not quite as full and frank as that last time; Tanzy was shy under her eyes.

"I've been so busy," was Tanzy's apology, "but I've been thinking of you."

Margaret's chair was near the hammock; Tanzy pushed it nearer, and caught at the twisted ropes as she talked.

"I told you about Cinda, and what was in my heart to do. It's done. Some of it, most of it; but she only has glimpses now and then. Are you glad, Mrs. Kenderdine?"

“Very glad. You will not be disappointed. Cinda is true.”

“My only fear is that she will be disappointed in me. I am so full of faults.”

“We have a way in this world of loving faults and all.”

Tanzy's eyes met hers fully ; then the girl's were dropped with a deep flush of some secret consciousness.

“It is not the loving that makes the heart ache ; it is the not loving enough. If I loved Agnes better, I should not so long for her this morning. I should be too glad for her, that her life is so complete and completed.”

“But we do not like to have people we love, happy away from us,” faltered Tanzy.

“Not even in Heaven, sometimes. We human folks are very queer. Human nature is very human.”

Tanzy laughed : and then she spoke more easily.

“As I was packing my books, my padded *Aurora Leigh*, and white kid edition of *Gold Dust*, papa said he would like to make my life an *edition de luxe*. But he cannot ; unless I am an angel. I think I like to be human better, if it is so hard. Susie Hart-

well gave me my *Gold Dust*. Bess had one that I admired. Do you think Bess is so much like Susie ?” she nerved herself to ask.

“Not strong like her ; but very sweet. She is very loving, and easily influenced. I am glad she is willing to see Mark ; that they are willing to see each other. I had a letter from him this morning. He writes that she turned very white when she saw him ; for a moment he could not believe that Susie had not come back to him. They both loved Susie better than any one else in the world. They are both affectionate and impulsive.”

“Yes,” assented Tanzy, not knowing that she spoke at all. And then, not bitterly, but wonderingly, “why did he not go to her before ?”

“Ah, why not ?” echoed Mrs. Kenderdine, but not aloud.

“I suppose he was interested in his patient,” said Tanzy. “He most certainly was—as was very natural.”

“Mrs. Kenderdine.” Tanzy thought she had been interesting herself in the colors of the afghan. Somewhere in it she found the question she had come to ask. “You have not told me, and I have not within myself, discovered, what

it is that must come before I do my work."

"I think you know."

"I do not. I do not think I fully know what a Christian is."

"Paul was a Christian. John was a Christian."

"But they were not like us."

"How do you know?"

"I *know*. They were not selfish and jealous, and disobedient, and quick-tempered, and deceitful. I feel as if I deceive papa."

"A Christian growing from such small beginnings as you find in yourself, as I find in myself, as Paul found in himself, grows to know Jesus Christ more intimately than he knows any other being in the universe; who understands him so well that he knows exactly what he would have him do, and who loves him so well that he cannot do anything he would not have him do. That is consecration. That is the preparation for service."

"But, oh, how can I ever get up to that?" cried Tanzy, despairingly. "That is high above all I can ever be."

"Ever *grow* to be?" questioned Mrs. Kenderdine.

"In this life, yes," was the energetic reply.

“Then you will have it in Heaven.”

“But I would like some of it now.”

“You can pray for that, hoping for it; it is the natural end of growing in grace. Study Christ, his life, his words, everything he did; absorb his life as the tiny blade of corn absorbs the sunlight; live in him, live with him; have no other life but his life, do not live at all apart from him.”

“But I am the tiniest blade in the whole field.”

“The sunlight shines all around the tiniest blade. Be happy, be obedient, and grow. Do not worry about your growing. Forget it.”

“Do you think I show a little bit of green life?” was the earnest, tearful inquiry.

“I see it. God sees more than I do.”

“But, Mrs. Kenderdine, I have everything to hinder.”

“And everything to help. You have the word of God, the will of God, the Spirit of God; you have his Spirit within you, and that is more powerful than anything outside of you. I am not afraid of anything to hinder you as long as you are *willing*.”

“I know I am willing,” Tanzy replied, with her usual positiveness.

“And obedient.”

“I desire to be,” with less insistence.

“Then you have nothing to be afraid of.”

“Then perhaps I shall find some work. You do not know how eager I am for work. I was tired to death of my life before I knew you and Margaret. It was so luxurious, what papa calls luxurious, that I longed for something hard. I used to tell Gold that I would run away and be poor, and have something to work for. I was sorry to be a girl. I wanted to be a boy and have the world made for me. Nothing seemed made for me but to enjoy life. If my life were happiness, I wanted to be unhappy, and when papa said I was ungrateful, and the Bountiful Giver would punish me, I almost wanted to be punished. But he has not punished me.”

Was he punishing her now by taking Mark Kenderdine away? Oh, if she might only ask!

“I suppose my life should look bright to me,” she went on, rather drearily, “if papa were well—if he would—if he were as happy as he pretends, it would make such a difference to Gold and me. It has done some good to come to Daisy Fields this summer. We found Cinda. I suppose you think I am too impulsive about her; that I should have tested her; but she is pure gold, she did not need long

testing. I suppose papa thinks it one of my freaks, and I never shall cease to wonder at his willingness. Gold was sweet about it, too. You must think of me as very happy."

"In your sheltered life ; with so much love about you."

"What may I think about you and Margaret ?"

"We have no plan. Something good will happen to us, it always does."

"May Margaret go home with me a little while ? Can you spare her ? She has not been in our rooms. I want to give her my kitten, if it will not trouble you. She will nestle up to you, and purr about me."

"Margaret loves your home. She is sorry strangers must come into it."

"In winter it is as pleasant as in summer. I remember one winter in it. But the furnace is out of order now, and only summer curtains are up, and summer carpets down. I would like you to see poor mamma's princess. She will miss it. But she will find some new kind of work. She wishes Gold and I loved fancy work. Gold will study languages. I shall study people. What would you like my work to be ?"

As usual when she was moved, Tanzy spoke in rapid, short sentences.

“I do not know; I want it to grow from out the inside of you.”

“As painting does, and music, and poetry. I haven’t any talent; I have only tastes, and some of them are cultivated. I think I would like to *keep house*.”

“St. Paul would approve of that.”

“And he had that preparation for work—what is the name of it?”

“Consecration?”

“Yes. I like that. Separating from everything else and giving one’s self to Jesus Christ, like those men whom he called and chose. I could not be a nun and shut myself up; I want to be consecrated out in the world where people are and where work is. Agnes is consecrated.”

“I believe she is.”

“Could one be, and keep house? Is that real work?”

“Mary and Martha kept house at Bethany.”

“But we haven’t any house except Daisy Fields!”

“And Margaret and I have no permanent house,

yet we 'keep house' wherever we can. So can you."

Over Tanzy's face passed a swift light; in an instant it was gone.

It could never, never be! Why did she have to think of it to be tantalized?

"I'm always thinking of things!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "I *wish* I wouldn't. But, oh, how I wish I could give Daisy Fields to you and Margaret, until we come back!"

Mrs. Kenderdine smiled. That was Margaret's air castle.

"I should feel as if I were in a palace."

"I will not think of it again," decided Tanzy, resolutely. "I shall get wild again, as I did about Cinda. I will call Margaret; we will not stay long. You should have any rooms you choose—there, I *am* thinking of it again," she said, laughing. "Margaret! Margaret!" she called.

As Margaret appeared in her kitchen apron with flour on her hands, and a keeping-house air from top to toe, Tanzy coaxed, seizing her about the waist:

"Come over home with me! I wish to take you into every room; you must know all about dear

Daisy Fields. And see mamma's princess ! Mamma is coming to see you, Mrs. Kenderdine, before we go ; she says she must thank you for being so kind to her naughty girl."

"She doesn't know how I will miss her naughty girl."

XXVIII.

AT DAYBREAK.

“Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God ”

THE girls went off in high spirits ; Mrs. Kenderdine listened to their laughing voices until the sound was lost in the upper rooms of Daisy Fields.

She had been “blue” herself this morning ; as soon as she awoke, she called Margaret to her, to tell her that she must not mind if she were “not cheerful” to-day ; it required effort, and she was not strong enough for the effort.

Margaret’s energetic “Nonsense” brought a smile to her eyes that lasted some time.

“I am so idle in the Lord’s vineyard,” had been her waking thought. So idle, with her life so crowded with plans and purposes. And yet she had no real fear that she would be allowed to fall into unblest idleness.

“If the Lord takes me away from my work, or my work away from me,” she wrote to her husband

yesterday, "it must be for a fuller blessing on some worker or some work. His work, like his will, cannot fail to be done. How far off those strange times seem when our three children were under four years of age, and with one ayah so inexperienced, and the other so deceitful, and baby so often ill (dear little Mark), and after a night of wakefulness I would go into the seminary and teach two hours. I do not quite wish our girls to do that. Send me a flower from Mark's little grave."

The unshed tears were near her eyes when she awoke. Tanzy would not have believed that Mrs. Kenderdine was ever depressed or discouraged.

"Mother was so blue before you came," Margaret confided to her, "I was about to come for you."

"I am glad," was Tanzy's quick reply, "but I can't believe it. Now I don't feel so wicked! Are *you* ever blue?"

"Not when mother is awake," said Margaret, with a break in her voice. "Agnes and I were like you and Marigold."

"It doesn't seem *right*," cried Tanzy, passionately.

"What doesn't?"

“For you four to be so apart !”

“I know a girl who is married in Chicago, and her sister married a Swedish count and lives in Sweden. Their father and mother are in London. What do you think of that ? Is that right ?”

“They *chose* to do it.”

“As if we did not ! Do you think we are *compelled* ?” Margaret asked, with a flash as quick as Tanzy’s own.

“You do it because you think it is right, and you must,” persisted Tanzy.

“That girl stays in Sweden with her husband because it is right, and she must.”

“But that is *natural*.”

Then Margaret laughed.

“Can you not understand how you could love some one well enough to leave Gold and your mother and go to India or Sweden ?”

Yes, she could understand that.

“Can you understand, then, how you could love strong enough to have your husband leave you and stay away ? Would you stay in India and let him come here to Gold, to save her life—stay one year or five ?”

Yes, she knew she loved Gold well enough to do that.

“Is that all the love you understand?”

“Yes, Margaret, I think it is,” said Tanzy, thoughtfully. “I do not understand at all how your mother gives your father up.”

“I do. I know *how* she gives him up, because I see her suffer.” Margaret thought she was learning something that came nearer home still, in giving up since Mark went away; Mark, brother, cousin, friend and almost lover—whom she knew now in these desolate days that she loved better than she loved her mother. And yet—she could not understand how her suffering made her hard and unforgiving towards Tanzy; for what right had this strange girl even to suffer for his sake? That was *her* right.

The tour of the rooms was made; Margaret lingered in each beautiful room, examining and admiring to Tanzy's heart's content.

Now Margaret would know how she loved Daisy Fields.

“Papa and mamma show me all the places where they used to play, and where they used to read together, and where they found out they could not do without each other. Mamma would die if he should go away, like your father. They have not been sep-

arated twenty-four hours at one time since they were married."

"Is that your ideal of married life?"

Tanzy thought, and then she said, "Yes," very decidedly. "I think they should so give themselves to each other that one should not have a thought the other did not share."

Margaret laughed again; Tanzy's ideal seemed so "young" to her; she had outgrown that long ago.

"I would almost like to be Cinda, and go abroad with you," she said, as they stood in Tanzy's dressing-room.

"Perhaps you will find us on your way to India."

Margaret could not reply; that would not be while her mother was with her.

"I am staying too long; you have allured me—I wonder if I ever *could* get tired of your home."

The laughing voices were coming to her again; Mrs. Kenderdine brushed the last tear away, put the bit of pink and white reminder of Agnes into her book, and was ready to listen and respond to any amount of light talk. But Tanzy was ready for something serious. It might be the last opportunity for a long talk; next week would be full of

business. They expected to leave Daisy Fields Tuesday morning, spend the night in a hotel in New York, and sail the next day.

“Next Saturday morning! I do not like to think of it. I never left so much behind me, before,” Then she hurried herself into explaining that she and Gold would miss poor Nurse so much.

“This is only a little round world,” said Mrs. Kenderdine. “I fly out to India and back so often that the journey seems like nothing.”

“But that is so unsatisfactory.”

“It gets to be a great deal—you know, dear, that when two people are with God, they cannot be far apart.”

But poor Tanzy did not feel that; she only felt her heart-ache, and home-sickness, and the long distance between.

“Mrs Kenderdine, about my work—I feel so confused about it. I do not know at all what to do.”

Margaret wondered what her mother would tell her to do; she was ready to tell her about Agnes’ girls’ school. She might make pretty things for rewards; and they always needed money. Why, there was everything to do!

“The householder in the Lord’s story—how he loved to tell stories!—went out early in the morning to hire laborers to go into his vineyard. The only command was, ‘Go.’ He did not tell them what they must do.”

“In a vineyard they would know,” said Tanzy.

“They would know they were not to stand and watch or walk around and have a good time, even if the vineyard were filled with beautiful things, or to eat and be satisfied!”

“But they wouldn’t know exactly what they were to do,” Tanzy objected. “I suppose there is hard work and easy work.”

“And work for the learner, and work for the experienced. I think these laborers must have found themselves fitted for something. They had to be willing and keep their eyes open. Then suppose you had been sent into that vineyard, what would common sense lead you to do?”

“I should look around and see what was to be done, and I hope I should do the first thing I saw to be done,” said Tanzy, energetically.

“When the even was come the steward called the laborers to give them their hire. One day’s work at a time, you see. Do the first thing, a day

at a time, and the Lord of the Vineyard will be satisfied with you."

"Where is the vineyard?" questioned Tanzy.

"Just where you are when you are called. Yours has been Daisy Fields. Dear child, your work is already begun, you have been working day after day. Wherever he puts you, even for one day, there is your work for the day. Whatever you do, do it for him, and then it will not matter—to him, whether it be something for your mother, or your father, for the person next to you, or for somebody on the other side of the world."

"Does he care for such things? Does he notice them?"

"What is the smallest thing you can do for any one?"

"Giving?" Her first thought was giving. "The least money? Why, a penny, I suppose."

"He noticed two mites once; two mites make a farthing. And he speaks of a cup of cold water."

"A sparrow, a cup of cold water, and a farthing," repeated Tanzy; "my service is all like such things."

After a moment, Mrs. Kenderdine said: "I may

not hear you play and sing again. Will you go in and sing and play all you know ? ”

“ All I know,” laughed Tanzy ; “ you would beg me to stop.”

She had played an hour, when Margaret, who had been busy somewhere about the house, went out to her mother.

“ Mother, don’t be frightened,” she began, quietly. “ You must tell Tanzy. Cinda came to the door and found me in the hall. They were in Falkland—Gold and Mrs. Henderson and Cinda were in a store, and Mr. Henderson was in the carriage alone. He had sent the coachman on an errand, and while Mr. Henderson was holding the horses—Cinda doesn’t know what happened, but one of them got frightened, and started off, and then both ran away and he was thrown out. He was unconscious, and they have taken him to Dr. Stevens’ house. Mrs. Henderson fainted, and Gold is with her. The doctor told Cinda to come for Tanzy. He had not moved or spoken when Cinda left. The doctor’s boy brought Cinda. She is very self-controlled, but you must tell poor Tanzy. Just hear her playing a march ! Mother, you are so brave, and you have so much faith, I know you can do it.”

With a laugh Tanzy sprang through the window out on the piazza.

“Oh, *don't* laugh !” cried Margaret, catching her with both arms. “Tanzy, darling, God knows all about it. Your father is hurt and has sent for you to come.”

“Hurt!” repeated Tanzy, with dilated eyes.

And then Lucinda came, and in a few unexcited words told the story of the runaway and the accident.

“Gold is not hurt, nor your mother.”

“But poor papa ! Did he send for me ? I know he wants to see me. He always wants us all if the least thing is the matter. Did he seem much frightened ? He is so afraid of pain.”

“No,” evaded Lucinda, “come home a few moments and I will tell you all about it. I must stay here. He must have a room fixed down-stairs.”

“Is he so bad as that !” she asked, with an alarm that she sought to keep herself from feeling.

But her throat was so dry that the words were husky and almost inaudible.

“Tell me *all*, Cinda. I must know all,” she cried, more clearly ; “is he—is he—”

“No, oh, no ; he is only hurt. But he was un-

conscious. You must tell me what you want done before he comes."

"He will not sleep down-stairs, even for one night," said Tanzy, as they were hurrying across the street. "He likes his own room best. Is his leg broken? Or any ribs? Or is it his back?"

"The doctors did not know. He did not even groan. Do not let that boy talk to you."

"Cook will be frightened. Are the horses caught?"

"Oh, yes. They were not hurt!"

"Don't let Nurse know," said Tanzy, still in her dry voice. "I did not look at Mrs. Kenderdine: I hope she wasn't too much startled. How is mamma?"

"She fainted when she saw him. Gold has her up-stairs in Mrs. Stevens' bedroom. She spoke before I came away. Your father is in the doctor's office; two other doctors are there. Let me pack up some things. You may stay over to-morrow."

Not only over to-morrow, but Monday and Tuesday. They were all with him, his wife holding his hand; Marigold and Tanzy standing together; he was still in the doctor's office; he knew them all,

and moaned whenever his wife moved from his side.

At daybreak, on Wednesday, Marigold led her mother away. He had, indeed, left Daisy Fields. He would never come back again.

XXIX.

MRS. KENDERDINE'S STORY.

“Thy hands have made me and fashioned me. Give me understanding.”

“I AM so *tired* of myself,” cried Tanzy, in despair, “Mrs. Kenderdine, I know I shall run away, some day.”

“I wish you would,” was the reply, “I wish you would run away from yourself.”

“Gold is always with mamma, now-a-days ; they have talks together, and I feel left out ; but she grows stronger by the day, and she says it is Gold’s nursing. Cinda is always busy—with poor Nurse, who cannot sit up yet, or about something, and I feel so left out of everything. I do not believe anybody loves me.”

“And you do not even love yourself!” with a smile at her rueful face ; “you do have a doleful time. Child, you are too much *with* yourself. Suppose it were possible for you to know some person

as intimately as you know yourself; all her down-sitting, and up-rising, every secret fault, every hidden motive; suppose you were with her night and day, and all day long, would you not be weary of such constant and close companionship? Would not her absence be a refreshing change to your spirit? In the same way, how can you but become weary of your own personality? There is nothing unexpected in yourself, and it is the unexpected that keeps alive one's interest. The sameness of your inner self, and your outer self, wearies you. I have been so tired of myself, that I have been in a frenzy to get away from myself. Now if you wish to live on the most satisfying terms with any friend, do not see too much of her; and if you wish to live on the most satisfying terms with yourself, give yourself changes from yourself. Do not take yourself with you everywhere you go; it may be a refreshing change to come back and find yourself."

Tanzy listened with intense earnestness.

"Mamma is finding new things to live for—I did not think she could. She says Gold and I may have a houseful of friends this winter. She wishes Daisy Fields to be the happiest home in the world. It is to Cinda. And to Nurse. And to her and

Gold. — am the lamb outside the fold ; I prowls around outside, and even wish a wolf would catch me and eat me up.”

“ I would like to be the wolf.”

“ I wish you would—and carry me off.”

There was a branch of September golden-rod in Tanzy's hand ; she had been roaming over the fields with Lucinda. The fire in the cunning little stove had died down to coals, but the chamber was warm ; in its western window was the glow of the sunset. It was a week since Mrs. Kenderdine had stepped outside her chamber door. She had written to her husband that she was losing strength, and dreaded the winter. Margaret had written to Mark asking him to come to her mother ; he was in Philadelphia with the Hartwells.

In answer to Margaret's telegram, he had come to Mansfield on the day of the funeral at Daisy Fields ; he had no opportunity to speak to the girls, they were with their mother, and did not leave her to go to the churchyard. He left a message for Tanzy with Mrs. Kenderdine, and the next day rejoined his friends at Lake George. Tanzy had not spoken his name to Mrs. Kenderdine or Margaret.

She told herself that she had stayed at Daisy

Fields as she had wished, long enough to see the end of something.

"Mrs. Kenderdine," breaking a silence, "does God care for all our prayers?"

"So much so that he does the very best with them; he remembers them even when we outgrow them."

"*Outgrow* them?" Tanzy repeated.

"Lucinda's grandfather might have prayed once: 'Lord, help me to find pebbles.' Suppose his right mind had been given him, would he not have outgrown that prayer? I prayed for a winter in Florida—for this winter—now I do not ask it. I am waiting for something better. The report of a friend is not encouraging. I cannot wish for it wisely. In gaining knowledge I have outgrown that prayer."

"Yes," said Tanzy, "but everything is not like pebbles and Florida."

"Only this morning I found a part of a poem—I think it must be a part. I cut it out and put it in this book I chanced to be reading. I expect to send it to my husband."

The paper fluttered in Tanzy's fingers, as she read:

“’Twas long ago
When I was young. Alas! I did not know
A better way. I said it must be so,
Or God cannot be good.
Alas, alas, my poor, weak, human pride!
How differently would I have quickly cried,
If I had understood.
And now I bear
A thankful heart for that unanswered prayer;
And so I think it will be, when, up there,
Where all is known,
We look upon the things we longed for so,
And see how little they were worth,
How soon they were outgrown.”

“But it isn’t *soon* now,” she faltered, “it seems ages.”

“If we grew faster it would be sooner, wouldn’t it? If we knew all God knows, the time would be now.”

“But we can’t; he doesn’t tell us.”

“Perhaps we do not learn all we may; if I had asked my friend before, about Florida, I should have known that it was not the best place for me. I prayed without waiting to learn.”

“But suppose nobody can tell you.”

“Then wait till God tells you. Meanwhile, trust him.”

“And suffer,” said Tanzy, huskily.

“We must suffer, sometimes.”

“I shouldn’t think he would like it. I should think he would rather we would be happy.”

“Christ suffered—sometimes.”

“But he did not make mistakes. He did not think something was true when it was not.”

“We are not wise. We learn wisdom in making mistakes. A mistake, a wrong way of taking, you see—and through this wrong way we learn to take it right next time. We think it is the wrong way ; instead it is God’s right way for us to learn wisdom.”

“But,”—Tanzy’s face was bent over her bunch of golden-rod,—“it makes one so humiliated to make mistakes. It hurts so hard.”

The words filled Mrs. Kenderdine’s eyes ; she knew how mistakes hurt so hard.

“Tanzy, I must tell you a story. I am a middle-aged woman and I have never told it. It hurt so, I couldn’t. I’ve been waiting ; had my girls had need of it I should have brought myself to do it. It was such a wrong, wrong way of taking one of God’s providences. I was older than you. One winter in a house where I was visiting, I met a gentleman.”

Tanzy's eyes were inspiration enough for all Mrs. Kenderdine had to tell.

"I had had a fall and was kept in the house all winter. His home was across the street; he had private classes in Greek, Latin and German, and a boy in the house had a Greek and Latin hour every day, and my girl friend had a German lesson three times a week.

"It was more convenient for him to come to the house. Having a taste and some knowledge in his pursuits, he soon came to take some interest in me and liked me to be present at his lessons. It was a great treat to me.

"I used to lie on the sofa and watch him and listen. He was very handsome, but so much of a bookworm, that he was shy and awkward, and never talked about anything but the lessons. But that was more than enough for me. Being so shut in and rather lonely, how I watched for his coming.

"Mr. Kenderdine came often, he was a cousin of the house. But I never thought of him, or cared to hear him talk. Sometimes I hurried away when I heard his ring. In everything he seemed to me the reverse of the bookworm.

"I loved him before I knew it; I was frightened

when I knew it. And I prayed to God to make him love me. And I asked God if he were answering my prayer, to make this silent, shy man show it by his attentions to me.

“The very next day I thought my prayer began to be answered, for he brought me a book I had spoken of—with my name written in it.”

“That *was* an answer, wasn't it?”

“I thought so. I watched for other answers. They came. Not large things, but in little usual ways. Now I can look back and see that he could not very well have avoided doing exactly what he did do. But I took every single one of them as my special answer. Now it seems to me that I was bereft of common sense.

“He had to come, he was engaged to come and paid for it. But I believed that he came for my sake, that he tarried after the lesson for my sake. Perhaps he did. He may have had a warm friendliness for me.

If Mr. Kenderdine were in the house at the same hour, I would not see him; I stayed, under some pretence, for the German or Latin lesson. My enthusiasm, infatuation — my silly-wise foolishness went on all one year, and then my eyes were rudely

opened. In the mean time I refused Mark Kenderdine."

"Oh, how *could* you!" exclaimed Tanzy, thinking only of the father Margaret was proud of.

"Because I did not see him. I had no heart for anything but the mistake I was suffering through. You can guess how I suffered. You can guess how I suffered when I learned that he was engaged—engaged to a girl that I had never heard him mention, that I did not know he knew. I think he knew my secret and was very sorry for me.

"But how did you bear it?" asked Tanzy, in a smothered voice.

"It took me to God as nothing ever had done. It was the sweetest trial I ever had. It made me ready for my husband, it made me ready for my work. I was taught a hundred lessons. It lasted three years; every hour hurt, and was a discipline."

"I should die before three years," cried Tanzy, passionately. "Is that an outgrown prayer?"

"It certainly is. Oh, how different, and so much more blessed my life has been! I count that wrong way of taking God's providence one of my joyful blessings. I had no consolation but himself, and he gave it to me abundantly."

"Still, I don't see how you lived through it," Tanzy persisted. "I couldn't breathe through three years of it."

"I did not see at the time. Mr. Kenderdine loved me silently and patiently through it all. It was a hard three years."

"Was it your fault?" demanded Tanzy, in her young indignation, blaming somebody.

"Whose fault was it?" with gentle rebuke.

"Didn't he ever act as though he cared for you—a little bit?" asked Tanzy, huskily and hurriedly.

"I thought so at the time; I know it, now, when I remember some words he spoke. But he was simply my friend; friendship did not mean much to him; it was my very life to me."

"Was *that* your fault?" Tanzy demanded, fiercely, with a blaze in her eyes.

"I was not wise, I did not see with clear eyes."

"I think he was wrong," insisted the girl, biting off a plume of golden rod.

"In some measure; but he did not understand. He was flattered and pleased and selfish."

"Selfish!" repeated Tanzy, scornfully.

Mistakes are often made through nobody's fault.

Wrongs are done when every one means right. He was not unselfish enough to see any one clearly—excepting himself.”

“Then he wasn’t worth loving,” said Tanzy, who did not believe in loving any one who was not worth loving.

“I felt that, at times, and then my pride was hurt. I was hurt when I found I had a worshipful love for one who seems now so very commonplace.”

“Pride *helps*,” Tanzy said, with a proud quiver of the lips.

“God helps,” was the low, sweet reply.

“You are very good to tell me. If such things helped every girl so I could understand why they were allowed to happen.”

“Now, whose fault is it if they do not?”

“Can anybody have it made so good?” asked Tanzy, with the pride all gone.

“Anybody who takes it to our Father in Heaven and keeps it with him.”

Tanzy went away, leaving her golden-rod in a pitcher on the table; she was not at all sure that her friend understood how she had helped her.

Mrs. Kenderdine had not told her the news about Mark; in a letter received to-day he said that

he had put out his shingle in Philadelphia ; he was boarding with the Hartwells. Neither of them knew that Margaret had written to him to come.

Tanzy burst into her mother's room with her "crazy" plan on the tip of her tongue.

"Mamma, oh, I *do* so want the Kenderdines to come over and stay with us all winter ! It would be *lovely* for Mrs. Kenderdine—she would like it better than Florida ; we have sunshine everywhere, and we will have flowers and oranges, and she wouldn't bother you one bit. O, mamma, if you will, I'll be so happy and good !"

Mrs. Henderson was making fancy articles for the church fair in Mansfield ; she lifted both hands to draw Tanzy into her arms : "I'd do anything to make you happy again, my darling. If Gold is willing, they shall come."

"Oh, yes," laughed Marigold, "and I'll help towards the Florida atmosphere. Mamma was wishing you would do something crazy. It frightens her to have you so good."

"Can they have the south rooms ?" Tanzy would not stop to notice Marigold.

"Everything you choose, dear."

“Tan, have you thought of it all in a minute?” asked Marigold.

“I never think of anything all in a minute. I think and wait for the time to come to explode with it. They are my guests; Gold, you shall have your own.”

“I want a share in yours. I do not want anybody but mamma.”

“Cinda, *you* shall have somebody,” said Tanzy, generously, to the busy girl in a corner.

“Like Gold, I want a share in yours.”

“I’m so glad you all love mine best. That house is not cheerful like this. How soon may they come, mamma, dear?”

“As soon as every comfort can be put into those two rooms; I am glad they open into each other. Tan, it is a lovely thought.”

“And now we can keep you at home,” said Marigold. “Your madness certainly has method in it.”

“If you will only enjoy them as much as I do. They will be perfect guests,” sighed Tanzy, out of her full content.

“I think they will have a perfect hostess,” said Cinda, who found something new every day to admire in Tanzy.

“And mamma, will *you* go over and invite them—to-morrow?” coaxed Tanzy, still cuddled in her mother’s arms, and crushing a velvet piece of prettiness embroidered with asters and golden-rod.

“A note will not do?” asked her mother, shrinking from the outside world.

“Wouldn’t *you* rather your hostess should call and give the invitation—especially as it is somewhat unusual, and she has not seen you many times? They will not be proud about it. They know I love them well enough to give them Daisy Fields. And it will make it such a happy winter to us!”

Tanzy, in her eagerness, was not watching her mother’s face; slowly, drop by drop, the tears fell on Tanzy’s hair; how could any winter or summer ever be happy to *her* again? The girls were growing up to new happiness, but where was hers?

Mrs. Kenderdine had a word, a *living* word now and then from her husband, but no voice ever spoke to her from out those dead, dead lips.

“Mamma, darling,” cried Tanzy, penitently, “they shall not come if it will worry you.”

“I am glad, Tan;—but I couldn’t help it—her husband is not so far away as mine.”

Where her husband was, she never dared think; she did not dare ask the girls what they thought; not one ray of hope or comfort concerning his life or death or present existence had the old minister spoken to any one of them. His soul had been required of him.

After the first shock and loneliness, Daisy Fields settled down into outward content; they all loved to be safe and still, and best of all, at home.

Their mother often sighed, “Dear papa.” The girls, when they could trust themselves to speak of him, said, “Poor papa.”

When Mr. Fiske opened the will, the girls trembled for fear of being in some way bound, but they were free; their money was their own, with not one restriction; there were several bequests to benevolent institutions, and one thousand dollars to the minister who should preach his funeral sermon.

“Gold, do you think money did it?” asked Tanzy, the night the will was read.

“Did what?”

“Spoiled papa’s life.”

“Money doesn’t spoil everybody’s life.”

“It shall not spoil mine. I ask God every day to make my money a blessing to me, or take it away.”

“I will—after this,” promised Marigold, solemnly.

“Gold, *I miss papa out of my prayers.*”

XXX.

IN, THROUGH, AND FOR.

“Let others miss me,
Never miss me, God.”

THAT evening, Tanzy, Lucinda and Margaret, in the late twilight, walked to Mansfield to attend the Friday evening service.

These Friday evening services were one of Tanzy's many ways of growing.

“I'm not doing anything this summer, excepting grow,” she said to Margaret.

“How do you do it?” asked Margaret.

“I don't know; I feel it.”

“We see it,” was Margaret's answer.

Miss Lynn stood in the doorway peering about and making loud remarks. Maria and Hoyt Wayland passed in before them; Lucinda stopped to speak to her aunt, and Tanzy and Margaret went in and seated themselves in one of the back pews. The audience was very small. An old man in con-

sumption, a deaf old man, several old women, two young men, half a dozen girls and three children. Tanzy whispered to Margaret: "How *can* they keep away?"

"If the Lord were in Palestine to-day," began the old minister, "healing the sick, forgiving sins, teaching his disciples, and feeding the multitude, and he should send word to your dearest friend to come to him and stay with him, saying that he might never return to you, would you hinder his obeying the call? Would you be willing, gladly willing to say farewell to him forever for this life, knowing that you would see his face no more? Would you be willing never to hear from him again, never to hear how he fared, never to know whether or not he were thinking of you?"

"All that you could know would be that he was with the Lord, perhaps leaning on his breast at supper, as John did, walking with him, talking with him, learning his will and doing it, and growing into his likeness. No word from him might pass to you, no word from you to him. Would you let him go to-morrow—would you let him go to-night, if the message came that he must go to-night?"

"And when kind friends came condoling with you

in your sorrow, would it be your sorrow? Would it not be his joy? Would it not be your joy every morning when you awoke, to think of him so near the Lord that he could see his face, and touch his hand?

“What would be your sorrow? That he is no longer with you? that he cannot see your face and touch your hand? that he cannot know what you are thinking? Would you call him back from the presence of the Lord for this? Is your sorrow that you are not with him? Ah, you will be, sooner than you think; when the message comes to you, will you gladly obey?

“Oh, how much dearer to be with Christ in his Father’s House, than to be with him in Palestine! Your sorrow is not that he is taken, then, but that you are left. Who leaves you here a little while longer? Even he who has taken him there.

“He has taken him because he wants him there. He has left you because he wants you here. He has something to do there. You have something to do here. He is growing there; you are growing here. He is working there; you are working here. To grow here and there, we must suffer his will to be done in us. To work here and there,

we must suffer his will to be done through us."

That was all; Tanzy waited, feeling as if holding her breath for his next words. A hymn was sung, and then the deaf old man arose, and bowed his head and prayed; after that the other old man arose and began to talk—in a wheezing voice.

But Tanzy had her word; she could listen no further. God's will *in* her; God's will *through* her; that was her work.

"One word more,"—her heart beat faster when the minister spoke again. "God's will *for* you will be done by his will in you and through you; you need never think about his will for you, he will take care of that. It will grow out of what is in you and through you. According to his will in you and through you, will be his good pleasure for you."

In the prayer that followed, Tanzy had no petition, save: "Give me all thy will." And then she was almost frightened at herself for daring. God's will had taken her father, and she did not know where he was—she could not think of him with the Christ he had not believed in or loved. Sob after sob came, and faster and faster; Lucinda's hand upon hers brought her to herself; when she lifted her head she was quieted.

“The carriage is here,” she said, as they passed down the aisle.

“Oh, let us walk,” cried Lucinda. “We are not afraid.”

“Mamma wouldn’t like it.”

“Not with an escort?” said Margaret. “Mark is waiting at the door.”

Before Tanzy could ask a question, she explained that he had walked from the station and run upstairs to her mother as though he had come in from an ordinary walk. He had promised to come to the church for them, and asked her to let him be a surprise.

Tanzy was not sure that it was a pleasant surprise; she had given him up forever, not ten hours ago, and here he was walking at her side, talking in his old familiar way, as if nothing had happened, and everything had happened.

“How good was it to-night?” he asked.

“Too good to talk about,” she answered, with so much feeling that her voice seemed harsh. Margaret could only exclaim, “Then you cannot tell me?”

“I couldn’t. I can scarcely tell it to myself. You have known it always. It is so new to me that it overpowers me.”

“Then I will tell you about Lake George.”

“I would rather know what you think of Mrs. Kenderdine.”

“Oh, yes, Mark,” Margaret’s voice broke in eagerly, “you can tell me now, you have seen her long enough.”

“There is no real change, nothing to startle you. She will pick up again. I do not think that house is good for her. It is too low. If it were high, like Daisy Fields—”

And then how could Tanzy keep her secret any longer? It came bubbling out, the words so tumbling over each other, that Mark laughed and begged her to begin again, and Margaret was too delighted to dare to understand.

“Cinda, help me to tell it,” cried Tanzy; “you and I have planned it all. Margaret, I am to have you and your darling mother to stay all winter at dear Daisy Fields; you are to come to-morrow, if you only will! And Cinda and I are to put every lovely thing in the house and in the world, in your two chambers; we are to be your waiting maids. And I *never* can thank you enough for coming. Mamma wants you, and Gold is glad.”

“O, Tanzy! Tanzy!”

“Miss Tanzy, you are a fairy,” said Mark. “If I were a millionaire, I could do nothing better for her. Will you let me come once in a while?”

“That is for your patient to say.”

“She will not need to be my patient, or anybody’s, under such treatment.”

“Margaret, do you *really* like it?” asked Tanzy, in anxiety, “do you really care for Daisy Fields?”

“I can’t answer; I’m too glad. I’m afraid I shall cry and make a goose of myself. Mark, don’t let mother know to-night; she will not sleep one bit. Tanzy, I can’t think what makes you do it.”

“I don’t see how I can help it. I want it more than anything. I didn’t know how I could live without your mother! I was dreaming last night about her going, and awoke sobbing.”

“She was nearly as bad about going; but she knew she couldn’t stay in that house all winter, even with fires. Daisy Fields is so much higher. Your lawn has such a pretty slope. I do not know how I feel. It doesn’t seem to mean anything to me. I shall be afraid to have morning come. Mark, are *you* here? Am I dreaming?”

“It is all a phantasy. Miss Tanzy will lift her wand and wave it, and it will all disappear; there

will be no lawn with such a pretty slope, no Daisy Fields full of sunny windows, no gentle mother, no golden-headed Marigold, no riotous Tanzy, no willing Lucinda, no to-morrow morning. No nothing."

The laughter in four different keys rang out over the dark, still, country road; Tanzy bubbled over all the way home.

The same girl who sobbed in church; but she was always sobbing or bubbling over.

"Mother will say it is just good enough to be true," Margaret said to Mark, after they left the girls on the piazza at Daisy Fields. "Mother's faith is my fortune. Mark, what do you think of Tanzy Henderson *now*?"

"I think she's growing into a splendid woman."

"Her life has been very hard."

"She thrives on it. She is growing as corn grows in midsummer heat."

"Mark, is it easy to be a good doctor?" asked Margaret, with a sudden and sharp feeling, that it was not quite fair of Tanzy.

"It requires a deal of wisdom not learned in doctor's books, Sis."

XXXI.

HELPING AND GETTING READY TO HELP.

“Beauty of character comes only from loving obedience to every known law of God in nature and in grace.”

SOMETHING else helped Tanzy about this time ; it was a very simple talk in Sunday-school ; she told Mrs. Kenderdine that nothing could be too simple for her ; she would love to be in Mrs. Ransom’s infant class.

The talk was given by a lady who was visiting at the Parsonage, a lady whose life was given to girls ; Tanzy thought her name suited her : Grace Maxim. The Sunday-school room was not large, and she was talking to girls ; she said she did not feel at all as though she were “speaking in public,” that would have frightened her.

I am not sure that Marigold would have cared to listen ; but she had not yet become a little child. Tanzy said it would have suited mamma. Lucinda hoped that it was the story of her own life.

The lady began to talk in such a lively voice that everybody thought a story was coming :

“ When God sends an angel down into this world, he sends him down to help ; when God sent every one of you into his world, was it not to *help* ?

“ And not only to help, but to help him. You know what God is doing : he is comforting the comfortless, he is giving strength to the strengthless, he is teaching the ignorant, he is making wise the foolish, he is giving repentance and faith to sinners, and building up the saints, his holy ones.

“ God is doing this ; but, strong and wise as he is, all-strong and all-wise as he is, he cannot do it alone—cannot, because he will not—and he has sent you into his world to be his helper. Would you rather do something else ?

“ Can you think of anything more glorious ? Can you think of anything that will last longer ? Now, if you have decided to be one of God’s helpers, the next thing to do is to get ready to help.

“ Some of you have had ten years, eleven years, twelve years, and perhaps ten or fifteen more, to be getting ready to help ; you have had so many that you are already a helper.

“ There is another thing that God does : *he makes*

us ready. He makes us ready, and we make ourselves ready ; and one blessed thing about this work of preparation is that no time is lost : while God is working for us, and we are working for ourselves, we may be doing something to help him ; we may begin to be helpers immediately.

“ Everything we do helps us to do the next thing and helps us to understand what the next thing is.

“ God is comforting the comfortless. Now, how are you helping him to do that ? Must you go into the tall tenement-houses or down on the wharves or out into the crowded streets to find comfortless people ? Must you go away from home ?

“ You are not ready for that, but you therefore need not wait to be ready before you begin to be one of his comforters. Frank is crying because he cannot find his gloves : can you comfort him by telling him that he is a careless little fellow, and deserves to be scolded, and then to be late, and hurry off yourself and forget him ?

“ But you remember how you were comforted once when you lost something, and you comfort him in God’s way. (It may be his fault that he lost them, but God comforts us when it is our fault.)”

In saying this over and over to herself, Tanzy

lost the next illustration, but as that was for the girl next to her it did not matter.

“I know a father who has three dear girls, and last year he failed in business.

“ ‘Mamie must have something to wear,’ sighed overworked mamma, ‘and I can’t make her dress, nor afford to pay a dressmaker.’

“The older sister went about the house meditating. ‘Might *she* try? She had helped the dressmaker.’

“Two hours afterward, having counted the cost, she went to her mother, and proposed doing it herself.

“The next Sunday morning, when Mamie stood ready for church in the made-over dress, mamma whispered to the little dressmaker, ‘Carrie, you are such a comfort!’

“Carrie turned away with quick emotion; she did not like to tell mamma how she had prayed over the sleeves and the trimming, and especially the draping of the overskirt. She knew God had helped her; she did not know that she had helped him.

“ ‘I am so glad I heard that sermon!’ said Mamie, when she came home from church.

“ ‘You couldn’t have heard it but for Carrie,’ returned her mother.

“ ‘Me and the minister,’ laughed Carrie, with a flutter at her heart.

“ God gives strength to the strengthless.

“ The doctor says Jennie will lose the use of her limbs if she isn’t rubbed every day; she must be rubbed and encouraged to step and use her hands.

“ ‘Oh dear!’ sighed the mother, ‘if I only had a trained nurse!’

“ Then up spoke Lizzie: ‘Mamma, I’ll make it my *duty* to rub her every morning, and every night, and coax her to walk a little, and do things with her hands.’

“ ‘She is so stubborn, I’m afraid you’ll give up.’

“ Jennie was stubborn, but her sister was persevering; to-day Jennie walks five blocks without help. Yesterday, when she was out, she saw at a window, a pale face in a wheel-chair. Coming down the steps were two gentlemen; one remarked to the other, ‘I told her father ten years ago that if she was not *forced* to exercise, she would become helpless. She can just lift a spoon to her lips; has not dressed herself for years.’

“ That night Jennie threw both arms about her sister: ‘It is God and my sister who made me strong.’

Margaret said to herself, thinking of her mother's weak limbs and tender spine: "It is God and my daughter who have made me strong."

"God teaches the ignorant.

" 'I have such a splendid book to read this afternoon! Let's read it together,' cried Harriet.

" 'I can't; I must go out.'

" 'You will miss something, if you miss this.'

" 'But my Chinese boy will miss me.'

" 'Oh, that heathen! What do you do it for?'

"Harriet knew. But she knew better when that missionary from China examined her Chinese boy and said that he gave satisfying evidence of a renewed heart, and the Session allowed him to unite with the church. What she did was so little, but that little was a part of God's great deal."

Was her little a part of God's great deal, Lucinda wondered. God makes wise the foolish.

" 'That girl talks nothing but the silliest nonsense,' exclaimed Sarah's teacher one day. 'If some girl of her own age would check her and show her disapproval and help her to talk sense, she would be a great blessing. She is the greatest giggler in the class.'

"Julia overheard the despairing remark and

hopeful suggestion. 'I don't like her,' she wavered to herself, 'but I would like to be the 'great blessing.' She likes to hear me talk, and perhaps we might write to each other, and I could help her that way.'

"When Sarah was two years older, a lady told Julia that she had chosen a very sensible girl for a friend.

"God gives repentance.

"You cannot give repentance.

"But some one you know has done a wrong thing and does not seem to be sorry for it. Ask God to give her repentance, and then write to her about it or talk it over with her.

"God gives faith; you cannot give it. But did you never feel that you had more faith after talking with some one about it?

"You surely have had stronger faith after reading about some one's strong faith, and the good that came of it.

"It is hard for girls to talk about themselves—not about their music-lessons, or the book they are reading, or the way their new dress is to be trimmed, or the journey they expect to take next week; but these are all outside things, and I find no fault with

you for finding it so difficult that at times it is impossible (the comfort is that it will grow easier); but when you *can* tell some dear friend of an answered prayer, you will be helping God to make her faith grow.

“God builds up his saints.

“I suppose saints have very weak moments—perhaps hours; they feel that they are only on the foundation—not *built up* at all. I know a lady, whom people called a saint, who was built up higher by a weak, sweet little prayer a young girl prayed in a girls’ prayer-meeting.

If God asks you to help him and promises to make you ready, will you, all you can?”

In that hour Tanzy gave herself with full self-surrender to any work that God would show her was his work; and she knew now what his work was.

XXXII.

BY THE BROOK.

“Sorrow is often misquoted. It is only one step in a long journey, one stage in a long growth.”

MARK came Friday afternoon, and had promised to return Monday morning. The girls, Tanzy, Lucinda, and Margaret, found him waiting for them at the church gate, when they came out of Sunday-school.

Lucinda strayed away to go into the churchyard; Tanzy, sometimes, gave a shivering glance towards the monument that her mother had erected to the memory of her little playmate, her friend and cousin, and husband; at Tanzy's insistence, the words he had spoken of had been cut upon it: “Because the way is short, I thank thee, God.”

In this short way he had been everything to her whose love had placed the stone above him.

Tanzy could not think of him there in the ground. She could not think of him anywhere but at home

with them—as he was before they came to Daisy Fields this summer, before Marigold told her the weakness and sin of his life. Christ knew where he was.

“I haven’t any father,” her heart was sobbing this afternoon.

Her eyes touched Mark anew as she stood beside Margaret, not speaking at all, waiting for Lucinda. Her carriage was driving up and down the long village street. Lucinda returned with a rose in her hand; Mark and Margaret refused to ride, Mark saying it might be his last summer walk along the country road. Margaret smiled at Tanzy, Mark lifted his hat, then the two who were to walk started leisurely off.

Margaret remembered that last look at Tanzy; the next time she saw her she was too shy and glad and ashamed and sorry to look into her eyes.

“That store is a queer place,” observed Mark, with something like constraint in his voice.

The store was directly opposite the church; a half-dozen rickety steps led up to a long covered piazza; within, beside the post-office department, were straw hats, men’s clothing, ice cream, shoes and boots, colored glass ware, groceries and dry-goods.

“Yes,” returned Margaret, glancing into his self-absorbed face.

But he was not self-absorbed, he was absorbed in his companion; an hour ago her mother had told him that Margaret had been drooping; she was not drooping to-day; she was the busiest, the blithest little woman a man ever had to walk at his side, and the sweetest, with her loving pale brown eyes, and woman's instinct of self-sacrifice. She was not a society woman like Bess Hartwell; she would never be a splendid woman like Tanzy Henderson, she had not quite the strength of Susie, the promised wife he would never forget, but she was little Margaret, sweet and wise, and he loved her, or he could never love any one else in the world.

He was not sure that he loved her until he went away from her, and then he was not at all sure that she loved him.

That afternoon, in reply to Mrs. Kenderdine's question: “Do you know why you do not love Tanzy, much as you admire her?” he had replied, “Yes, I know why. It is because I love your Margaret.”

“My Margaret,” he was saying, as he walked along beside her.

“Mark, don’t you want to see the brook once more ?”

“Twice more.”

“It is a longer way around, and mother will miss us.”

“No, she will not. Mrs. Henderson is with her. Mrs. Henderson sent word asking if she might come. What a sweet comfort she will be to that little silly-wise mother! Do you know I think Daisy Fields has the best of it, getting you both there.”

“Tanzy says so. But I know *I* have the best of it. Will it be pleasant for you to come ?”

“I shall not come if your mother is well. Not soon. Will you mind ?”

“Your not coming? Not if it is best not. You will write to mother, as usual ?”

“Not if I may write to you.”

They had turned into a cross road on the way to the brook.

“Oh, yes, if you care to ; but I do not write interesting letters like mother.”

“One word from you has more interest to me than a foolscap sheet from your mother, unless, indeed, the foolscap sheet be full of you.”

“Mother would not do that,” said Margaret, with the shadow of a troubled smile.

His words and his manner startled her; it was not like him to be vehement with her, and to flatter her—his little sister.

If it were not Tanzy that he cared for, she had decided that it must be Bess Hartwell.

“Your mother is very wise,” he returned, not thinking at all of what he was saying.

“Isn’t Cinda another girl since she went to Daisy Fields?” Margaret began, with new animation.

“She dresses with more style.”

“That isn’t all; it is her manner. And, oh, do you know about our Indian?”

Her tone was rapid and eager. She was afraid Mark might say something like that again, and then he might guess, although it was so little to him, how much it was to her!

“I was not aware that you owned an Indian.”

“We do. For awhile. In our missionary society. Tanzy has joined it, and has been made secretary, and writes to him. He has a royal name—Charles Stuart. He is a real Indian.”

“In war paint and feathers, with a scalping-knife and tomahawk?”

“He hasn’t sent his photograph. He has asked for ‘clothes to wear.’ He wants a coat ‘slick and black,’ to preach in.”

“I saw an Indian girl at Lake George in a jersey. Think of Minnehaha in a jersey!”

“And Hiawatha in a slick black coat, writing good English, and asking for ‘Ryle on the Gospels.’ He thanked Tanzy for her loving letter. I know it was sympathetic. He has been burned out, and asks for all the books he has lost. Mari-gold says Tanzy wishes to build him a Queen Anne house, and send his wife black silk stockings! But that’s her nonsense. She knows Tan has common sense.”

“Isn’t mamma interested?”

“O yes, indeed. She is rather afraid of him. Gold says she is afraid he will scalp Tan with a sheet of letter paper. I believe *she* would send all her handsome dresses to his wife, but the girls take care of that. Isn’t it touching to see them in white, so as not to sadden their mother draped in crape? That was Gold’s thought.”

“What will they do in winter? Can girls wear white in winter?”

“Wear white at home, and plain, dark colors

when they go out. Mrs. Henderson couldn't be happy unless she were muffled in crape."

During the pause that followed, Margaret dared not glance into the face that she felt to be so grave. Was she displeasing him? Was he watching between her words that he evidently did not care for, to tell her about Bess? She had been sorry for Tanzy. She could not be glad for Bess. Mark always helped her in trouble, but he could not help her in this—the hardest that she had ever had.

Her next quick words were about Nurse.

Mark had seen her twice, and advised her to sit up awhile every day, and even step, saying at Christmas he expected to find her making pies in the kitchen.

The doctor called but once a week. She had not learned to like him, and persisted that she would have been about the house if Dr. Kenderdine had not gone away.

When the topic of Nurse was exhausted, they had come to the brook. It flowed through the woods behind Daisy Fields, dashing over a bed of stones. The sunlight, falling on the leaves, threw their shadows on the water; Margaret stood looking down into the brown and yellow of its stony bed.

Taking her hand, Mark led her to a place where the rocks were piled as if thrown together, and the water rushed through and over them. Seating her on a rock, he found a place for himself beside her; their feet rested on a fallen tree trunk, that reached from the bank to a flat rock half way across the riotous little stream.

She called his attention to a bit of bright green moss on a flat rock below the fall, a single grass stalk growing out of it was glistening with spray.

“Straight and strong on its foundation, in spite of the water about it; noise and force do not seem to disturb it.”

“It has a mind of its own,” he said.

“It has a foundation.”

“Have you a mind of your own?” he asked.

“About some things, yes; haven’t you?”

“About some one thing, I most assuredly have. Margaret, how much do you love me?”

“I—don’t—know,” she faltered.

“Then how can you tell me?”

“I—can’t.”

“You must. I must know. I know how much I love you.”

“How did you learn it?” she asked, looking away from him and gaining confidence.

“By going away from you, by being away from you. It kept me from loving some one else.”

“Then I should be sorry.”

“Are you sorry?”

Stooping, she dipped her hand in the water.

“Are you sorry? You must tell me before I let you go off this rock.”

“Then I’ll stay—like that grass.”

“Then I’ll stay, too—like that rock.”

She laughed, and threw the water up into his face.

“Are you sorry?” drawing her into his arms.

“I am sorry—for somebody.”

“That proves that you are glad for yourself. Kiss me, Margaret, and we will go home and tell your mother.”

“O, Mark, dropping her head on his arm, “I am so sorry; I’m afraid it is my fault.”

“It is,” he said joyously, “it is all your fault; I do not feel to blame at all.”

“But you must promise me something,” she insisted, with her face still hidden.

“After you have promised me something.”

“What is it?”

“To let me take you and your mother to my home in the spring.”

“I cannot promise for my mother.”

“No, you saucy little creature, but you can promise for yourself.”

“I will, then.”

He lifted her face to kiss her lips, then let it hide itself again.

“Now what shall I promise you?”

“Not to act—as if—”

“I will never act as if!”

“Wait till Tanzy doesn’t care. She doesn’t care as much as she did at first.”

“It was a fancy. She has something else to think of now,” he said, magnanimously.

“That is true, and the secret of it. I do believe that if she had had as much to think of then, she would not have cared.”

“Tell me true, dear, have you drooped for me? Have I made you suffer *any*?”

But Margaret would not say.

“I will be very good to you,” he said, as they arose. “I am selfish, and I do not see clearly.

I am stupid. Now I am blessed beyond everything."

Margaret was sure she was.

"I suppose I must write to your father."

"And if he says 'no,' I won't."

"If he says 'no,' you needn't."

XXXIII.

THAT WINTER.

“Not unfrequently, the most important years of a life, the years which tell most on the character, are unmarked by any notable events.”

WHAT a house it was that winter ! Four girls ! Marigold and Tanzy, Lucinda and Margaret. The two mothers looked on.

Marigold felt as if she, also, were standing aside, looking on ; as if her story had not come yet.

Every thread of her life was interwoven with her mother's : sad colored threads they were, many of them threads of reminiscence ; every night and every morning, as the two sat together, devoted to each other, and to some work they held in their hands, Marigold patiently listened to the same stories : how papa lifted her down from a stone wall when she was a little thing, and hurt his foot by the falling of a loose stone ; how he laughed at

her when she shed bitter tears over her fractions, and did the hard examples for her ; how glad she was, without half understanding anything about it, when he took her to grandfather's study to ask his consent ; and then how queer it was, and how nice, to find herself the little mistress of Daisy Fields ; what a cunning, darling baby Marigold was, with her puffy cheeks and thin red hair ; and how frightened she was one night when she cried a whole hour, and Nurse could not quiet her ; and then Tanzy came, and such a dark little creature, with such a temper—only papa could manage her ; and the sad change in papa, and the constant going somewhere, and his strange moods and freaks, it took her so long to understand them !

Marigold was very weary of the incessant repetition when they were alone ; but the soft black dress, so different from mamma's pretty pale colors, touched her, and she smiled or sighed, and answered with interest and appreciation.

The entrance of any one of the girls brought relief. She was keeping mamma's year of mourning with her. Tanzy's life was brisk, and alert, and full.

Through her, Daisy Fields was beginning to

stretch out a helping hand in many directions. She always had something to "talk over" with somebody.

Marigold felt that the shadow that passed over her when Mark Kenderdine went away had not left one trace of a shadow. The brightness underneath had grown brighter. She looked up, with interested eyes, when his letters came to Margaret, and asked for the news, even sending messages to him.

One Marigold remembered: "Tell him he hoped I would find something very good out in the world, and I have found it: work with a purpose in it."

Margaret was like a bird in a nest this winter: so sheltered with mother love and lover love. The sweetness of it, she had learned, was that it was God's love coming to her in these sweet chosen ways of His.

But none of the four were happier than Lucinda, the child of Tanzy's adoption.

Every day she discovered more and more what this adoption meant to Tanzy.

Their latest plan was to be "old maids together, and work and do good."

Lucinda's indignation had not cooled toward Mr. Fiske. He was a spy, and had tried to get her away from Tanzy out of pure selfishness; he had no right to do a mean thing, even for his mother.

With it all was a hurt little feeling that he had not sought her for her own sake, only for her services and for his mother. And she had listened and waited for his step, and cared to hear him talk!

About Christmas, he spent a day and night at Daisy Fields, at Tanzy's invitation. She had business to talk over with him; but Lucinda steadily avoided him.

She was proud that he felt the change in her position. She did not think he would again urge her to become nurse to his mother! And then, how ashamed she was, remembering Mr. Ransom's words about gratitude and humility.

Maria said Daisy Fields had spoiled her. That she put on airs, and acted as though she wanted a servant to stand behind her chair at dinner.

In her contrition she prayed: "Please don't let Daisy Fields spoil me."

Daisy Fields was good for every one else, why should it spoil only herself?

Her grandfather's Bible and the box of pebbles

on a shelf in her closet would keep her from forgetting those old days in Auntie's kitchen and that old house up in the woods.

One day that full winter Tanzy asked the minister a question. She had been thinking of it all winter.

He called, and she had taken him into grandfather's study. It was her work-room.

"If a person has something on his mind—some wrong he has done, or some good he has not done, and feels condemned for it, must he confess it to somebody, and make it right to have it forgiven?"

"He must confess to God."

"But not to the one he has wronged?"

"If a man bring his gift to the altar, and then remembers that his brother has something against him—something that he has a right to have against him—he is commanded to leave his gift and go his way, *first* to be reconciled to his brother."

"Like Zaccheus and his fourfold. But suppose a man does not"——

"You know as well as I do."

"Then must he bear his sin?" Tanzy said, with eyes of anxiety.

“Every man must bear his sin unless Christ bear it for him.”

“But we do not know — no one can ever know—any man’s repentance as he knows it himself.”

“No.”

“I do not know why I have been thinking about such things. I do not mind saying to you that papa did love his money, and I sometimes fear he may have wronged somebody, and had not time to make restitution. And grandfather, too. It makes me hate it, when I think I may have inherited a love of it. I am more afraid of wronging some one, of being unjust, than I am of any other sin. I am afraid of what may be in my blood. I want to give what papa should have given. I want to do for Mansfield church what my great-grandfather did not think to do. And, of course, it seems like a kind of poetical justice to give gold to Cinda for her grandfather’s pebbles. But my great-grandfather did buy land in Missouri before she was born, and before I was; and I like to think I am giving somebody’s fourfold to her. No one could love her, and love to give it as I do. So it doesn’t matter, really, whose fourfold it is, does it?”

“Not to you; not to her. But it does matter to the man who failed to restore it.”

“But we cannot help that.”

“Like every other man’s past, it is with God—the God of justice and mercy. No, my dear young lady, that is not your responsibility.”

“I cannot know, in dollars and cents, what Cinda’s fourfold portion should be; but I can give her so much of life’s pleasant things, that she cannot miss anything.”

“See you do not spoil her,” he cautioned.

“Mr. Ransom, is God spoiling *me* by giving me Daisy Fields?”

“Indeed, I hope not.”

“Then I don’t believe he is spoiling her.”

“It would be hard for her to go back to Miss Lynn.”

“Why should she?” with a flash of indignation.

“She belongs to me.”

Notwithstanding this belonging, in March Lucinda did go back to Miss Lynn. The old lady had an attack of rheumatic fever, and sent for her in haste. “Maria joggled the bed,” and she “couldn’t get a wink of sleep, unless Cinda came.”

So Cinda went and stayed eleven weeks. She

kissed Auntie after she died, and brushed her thin, iron-gray hair, and forgave her for not trusting her, and talking against her to the neighbors.

“Maria says you’ve got enough,” she said to her two days before she died.

“I would be rich with half,” replied Lucinda. “Don’t worry your dear heart about me.”

“Not that I grudge leaving you a shilling,” the faint voice went on; “but I haven’t got much to leave, and Maria is my own flesh and blood.”

“I am Tanzy’s flesh and blood,” said Cinda, in fond, proud gratitude. “Now it is time for your mutton tea.”

“And don’t you go to sleep if I do?”

“No. I promise. Shut your eyes.”

Maria and Hoyt Wayland were talking over the kitchen fire.

“Your farm and mine will not be bad to have.”

Opening the door softly, for fear of disturbing the sufferer on the same floor, Lucinda heard the half-earnest, half-playful remark.

She was sorry it was Hoyt Wayland who said it.

She went back to Daisy Fields "to stay forever," Tanzy said, joyfully, with a gingham-covered "Daily Food," Miss Lynn had read every day for thirty years, the only token of remembrance of all those young, hard years of service.

But for Tanzy she would have been lonely and homesick that first night. All her old life was behind her. But for Tanzy her new life would have had no sweet human interest. Her heart felt burdened with gratitude as she thought that God had given her to Tanzy for such a time as this. She never knew about the "fourfold" that was being made many fold.

"Mrs. Kenderdine," Lucinda said, standing at her bedside one night to say good-night, "even Daisy Fields isn't enough to make me perfectly happy. I am glad I did not come any younger: because I might have thought so. I think I am as glad for the years with Auntie, when I think soberly about it—as I do at night and Communion Sundays—as I am for being here, and having everything as though I had a right. I'm so sorry you couldn't go to church to-day. It was Tanzy's first Communion, and she has been so still ever since."

"But the Lord has promised to come and 'sup'

with us at home. Just think what that means! It is our dearest and most familiar friends who stay with us and break bread with us. I think of him sitting at our table, listening to the merry talk, the serious talk, knowing all the plans and work from day to day, from meal to meal — tasting with us our daily bread.”

Lucinda gave this thought to Tanzy.

“Yes,” said Tanzy, looking up from her New Testament, with the sweetness of her first Communion in her eyes, “that is what he did in the house of that rich man—Zaccheus.”

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